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THE AVALANCHE

ERNEST POOLE

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THE AVALANCHE

BY
ERNEST POOLE

BLIND
DANGER
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HIS FAMILY
BEGGARS' GOLD
THE HARBOR
THE DARK PEOPLE
HIS SECOND WIFE

THE AVALANCHE

BY

ERNEST POOLE

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THE AVALANCHE

CHAPTER I

NEW YORK was almost still, that night. It was early in the evening, only about seven o'clock; and although it was the middle of March, a light snow was falling, and Park Avenue was white; the occasional motor cars slipped by almost without a sound; and the lights, from the globes along the way and the apartment buildings towering on either side, were blurred and softened. Breathing deep, as he walked along, young Dorr was thinking with a smile: "I wonder why the devil it is that people don't get out of doors, and admire the world, on a night like this?" But even as this question was passing idly through his mind, he himself unconsciously quickened his pace; and turning into a side street, he soon came to a grey stone house, about midway in the block. He rang the bell, and a few moments later was shown into a large pleasant room, whose panelled walls and old-gold mirrors, yellow curtains, Chinese rugs and deep chairs of blue brocade, had been in some subtle fashion so assembled and composed that the obtrusive richness, which might so easily have been here, had been avoided, and instead there was an air of gracious charm. In the marble fireplace were several softly burning logs—freshly lighted, as it seemed. And through a wide doorway at the back, which led into the dining-room, two men could be seen setting the table for perhaps a score of guests.

As he sat down and waited here, the young visitor threw about him a quick curious boyish glance, as though all this were new to him—and though obviously not interested to examine the details, he seemed to feel the charm of the room, and contentedly to relax and rest. This relaxation was so swift as to be rather striking, in fact. When he entered, a few moments before, his lithe, slightly stooping figure had been just a little tense—but the tension now all dropped away; and though he did not close his eyes, he appeared to be sinking into himself, oblivious to his surroundings. Nor did he seem to belong in this room. The loose brown homespun suit he wore needed pressing, and one of the pockets bulged with a little book he had crammed inside. His shoes were still wet from the snow. His hair was a bit rumpled, and his homely narrow face gave a feeling of crudity and youth, though his age was nearly thirty-one. The mouth was strong but sensitive, with a slight ironic droop of the lips. In the hollow of one cheek was a jagged little scar, which would have given an effect of gauntness, if it had not been for the gleaming fresh vitality in the dark, magnetic eyes. The face had been pale, with lines of fatigue. They had vanished now, as by some inner magic. Quite unconsciously one lean hand went into a pocket and came out with a leather cigarette case. But as its absent-minded owner put a cigarette in his mouth, he seemed to remember where he was. With a smile he put it back and turned his eyes to the burning logs.

As he did so, his sensitive ear caught the sound of a key in the outer door. The door opened and closed with a jar, there were steps in the hall, and presently a tall lumbering man of about fifty-five, with a round, heavy face and strong-set jaw, wearing gold-rimmed glasses

over shrewd, small, twinkling eyes, looked into the room with an anxious air, which changed to a glance of keen appraisal as he caught sight of the visitor.

"Good evening," he said, as he entered the room and the stranger rose to meet him. "You're Lake's assistant, I take it."

"Yes, sir—one of them."

"And your name?"

"Llewellyn Dorr."

"I'm Paul Farragut. Sit down, won't you? I'll try to give you the facts in this case."

As he sank heavily into a chair, a sharply dubious little look came on his round, florid face, and with vexation he told himself: "Good God, they've sent me a mere boy!" And as though he caught this thought at once, a faintly ironical light appeared in the dark grey eyes of the visitor —just for an instant. Then it was gone.

"It's my daughter, as you probably know," the older man began to explain. "She was taken ill three days ago. It was nothing at all alarming at first—only a headache—but the next day it grew so severe that our family physician was called."

"Who is he, Mr. Farragut?"

"John Whittaker. You know him, of course."

"I know of him."

"Well, he looked her over—very thoroughly, I should judge—and said it was nothing serious—merely a little matter of nerves." At this last phrase, the lips of young Dorr gave a barely perceptible twitch of amusement, but Farragut missed it. He went on: "But nerves or not, to-day it grew worse—the headache, I mean—and by afternoon she was in such excruciating pain that my wife got me on the 'phone. Whittaker was out on his rounds,

and it took some time to reach him. When I did, he insisted that her case was one for a neurologist—and on his advice I called your chief."

"I see," said Dorr. "Well, sir, I'm sorry he is out of town—but he'll be back to-morrow, I think."

"Good. And in the meantime—suppose you see my daughter now." But as Farragut started to rise, he was stopped by the quiet voice of the other.

"One moment, Mr. Farragut. A few more questions, if you don't mind. How old is your daughter?"

"Twenty-six."

"What has she been doing lately?"

Though the older man's replies, to the questions that were asked him now, were brief at first and rather impatient, rapidly, as he grew aware of the deftness of this probing, his impression of the visitor changed. A lawyer himself, quick at measuring men, he sensed the smiling, quieting force that had come with this youngster into the room; and behind the low, clear voice, which had a slight New England accent, he felt some subtler questioning from the dark, magnetic eyes. "Why so worried?" they seemed to ask. "Is there anything behind all this, any serious trouble here? Or is it just the old story again, of a strong man off his ground—and scared a bit—perhaps for nothing?" The frown disappeared from Farragut's face; and abruptly, to his own surprise, feeling that tormenting snarl of little worries in himself loosening their fiery hold, in relief he told himself: "Here's a chap who knows his business."

They were just about to go upstairs, when Mrs. Farragut entered the room. She had been dressing for dinner, at the time young Dorr arrived; but in the brief interval since then, she had finished, with the help of her

maid; and her almost youthful freshness now gave him a slight start of surprise, which she caught at once, with a glance of amusement. She was so accustomed to that. Nearly twenty years younger than her husband, for she was his second wife—she had had no children; and though nearly forty now, had kept her beauty with an ease that was the wonder of her friends. Blond, smoothly coiffed, the expensive charms of her still ravishing figure demurely enhanced by the gown she wore—from her small, jewelled slippers to her lovely shoulders and her gracious soft brown eyes, there was something sleek and self-assured, and an air of serene contentment that brought another quick look from young Dorr. "You're not very worried, are you?" he thought. After greeting him, she had turned to her husband.

"Paul, dear—she's in frightful pain, poor child. Suppose Dr. Dorr comes up at once."

As the two men turned to go, in a calculating way her glance went to the small French clock on the mantel, and from there to the dining-room with its table being laid for guests. Then she followed her husband; and as they went together upstairs, she said to him in a low tone:

"You'd better dress for dinner now. You've only half an hour, you know—and besides, it's just as well, I think, not to have too many in the room. I'll tell you what he says, of course—but I doubt if it's anything serious, dear."

And so, having sent her husband to dress, she showed the young physician into a large room at the front of the house.

* * * * *

The room was cool and shadowy, with only one soft-shaded light. By the large low bed an old woman was

sitting—once perhaps a family nurse; she looked slowly around as they came in, and then turned back to the bed again. A slim white figure was lying there, a girl with soft luxuriant hair of reddish brown. Her oval face was set and pale; with hands pressed to her temples tight, she seemed immersed in waves of pain. Mrs. Farragut gently spoke her name:

"Dorothea."

At the sound of her mother's voice, her hands were sharply drawn aside; two brilliant light blue eyes looked up, as though half blind with suffering, and saw the young physician, who stood at her bedside now.

"Who are you, may I ask?" Her voice was low, but it had a vibrant quality.

"A doctor—my name is Dorr," he said, before Mrs. Farragut could explain. He laid a hand on the girl's wrist. "I've come to help you out of this," he added, with a little smile. "You've an awful headache, haven't you?"

"Ache? It feels as though it would burst! And me with it! Burst to atoms!"

"I see it does. Pain anywhere else?"

"All over my body! But I can stand that! What I can't stand is this in my head!" She gave a violent shiver. "It just pounds—and pounds and pounds! I can't get above it—you understand? I've had headaches before, God knows—and I'm neither a child nor a coward—I can usually manage pain. But this, I can't! It's in so close and hard and strong—grabbing and crunching me—into small pieces—and every minute it's getting worse! It's driving me crazy! I'm frightened, I tell you! I'm doing my best to hold it in—but I'll soon be screaming—out of my mind—delirious—mad!"

"Oh, no, you won't."

"How can you tell?" burst out of her.

"I'm going to tell," was the quiet reply. "Let's find out what's the cause of this. I'm going to examine you now, and I may have to hurt you some. I'm sorry—but it won't be long."

Carefully, deftly he began—his eyes half closed, but his sensitive face strongly alert and attentive now, as his lean hands did the questioning. At the same time, in a low voice, he was making further inquiries. In a few minutes he was through—and suddenly his whole manner changed.

"Now, Miss Farragut, look up, please—straight into my eyes," he said. "And keep on looking. It will help in what you and I are going to do."

With her whole small figure quivering still, she looked directly up at him. "What's the matter with me?" she asked.

"I'm not yet absolutely sure. But I find no physical trouble here. I don't mean I'm such a fool as to think you are not suffering now—I can see you're the sort of girl who makes no fuss for little pains. This is damnably sharp."

"It stabs like a knife!"

"I know," he said, with a poignant gleam. "I know all about pain, I've had it myself—but I'm going to stop yours very soon. If I have to use a drug, I will. In less than an hour your pain will be gone—and with it this fear of going mad. That's simply absurd. You're not going mad. But the fear that you were has acted like so much tinder for the pain. You said to yourself, 'I'm getting worse. In a few more hours I'll be mad.' But you know now that you're not getting worse—I tell you that you won't go mad—and that in a short time this headache

will stop. And by telling you this—removing the fear—and keeping you looking straight into my eyes—even now you're beginning to feel the effect. The pain is less than it was when I came. Only a very little less, but wait and you will feel it go. I'm going to take it all away." As he spoke, he bent over and laid one hand, cool and quiet, lean and strong, on the girl's hot, throbbing temples. Though still relaxed, in a curious way he seemed to summon from himself some inner deep magnetic force. His expression grew intent and still. "Now?" he asked her.

"Yes!" she said. As he quietly took away his hand, into her eyes leaped a look of relief—and then with an eager inquisitive flash—"How the devil did you do that?" she asked.

But before he could answer, he felt Mrs. Farragut's touch on his arm, and he turned and went with her to the door. Her beautiful face now wore a look of quiet curiosity.

"Please tell me what it is," she said, in a low voice, as they went outside.

"It's simply a nervous headache, I think, brought on by some hard emotional strain." With a barely perceptible frown, she asked:

"No chance of a serious breakdown, then?"

"I don't think so—but I don't know what lies behind it," he replied. He glanced suddenly at her face and caught the repressed anxiety there. "But whatever the cause," he said, "it had better be left alone for to-night. I'll give her something to put her asleep, and come again, if you wish, in the morning."

"Please do."

But a voice in quick appeal came to them through the open door:

"Don't leave me, please—it's coming back!"

"I won't leave you," he replied, looking into the room again. "I can stay here this evening as long as you like."

"Thank you," Mrs. Farragut said. "That will make it all so much better, I'm sure."

And with a charming, grateful smile, she left him there and went downstairs, where her guests were just about to arrive.

In the meantime, as young Dorr came quietly back to the sick girl's bed, she repeated, in a plaintive tone:

"Don't leave me, please. It's back again—nearly as bad as it was before."

"Of course it is," he answered. "But we're going to put a stop to it now." As he turned to the small medical bag, which he had left on a chair, she asked:

"Can't you do it without a drug?"

"I think I could—but why?" he rejoined. "I'm tired to-night, I've had a hard day—and so have you, Miss Farragut. So I'd rather have this to help us now." After a little silence, he came and jabbed his needle into her small, slender arm. "In a very few minutes," he said, "you'll begin to feel the effect of this. It's pretty strong stuff."

"Please stay till it's sure." She closed her eyes. "And talk to me—in the way you did when you first came into the room. It was queer beyond words, the effect that it had. In less than a minute the pain was gone. How did you do it? Hypnotism?"

"No," he said, "you did it yourself. I had to steer you a little, of course—but if you really knew yourself,

you could have done it all alone." At this, her eyes came open, with a bright, inquisitive flash. "You think you've always known yourself—don't you?" he said, with a smile. "It's easy to see you've been sure of yourself, and bright, and used to succeeding in almost everything you try. But all this time, behind your mind has been a larger stranger you. All you've ever seen or heard, dreaded, wanted, is piled up into perfect mountains there —and there are gods and devils, too. But you've never taken the time to explore, and really understand yourself —and so when one of the devils, Fear, rose up, it nearly drove you mad."

The slim young girl looked up at him.

"I've never been a coward like this——"

"No, I see you haven't," he said. "But this wasn't just a terror of pain. There was something behind it —some deeper dread that started this whole nervous strain—something you knew you had to meet—or decide, perhaps."

On her face the tension had come back, and he was quick to notice that. But then, with a little smile, she asked:

"Are you a psycho-analyst?"

"I don't like to call myself names," he said, with a good-humoured irony. "And whatever it was that caused all this, you mustn't let yourself think of it now. If you do, the pain will soon be worse."

"I won't," she said, with a little sigh. Wearily she closed her eyes, and there was a long silence. As he took a chair and sat down, he noticed the stout old woman who had been here when he first came in. She had moved to a seat by one of the windows, and from her shadowy corner was watching him uneasily. She

seemed like some old peasant woman looking at magic. With a humourous glance at her, he turned back again to the bed; and the look that he saw on the young girl's face, as the lines of pain were smoothed away, the mingling of deep relief with an appealing wistfulness, so drew him that at once he began to watch again intently, with an almost boyish eagerness now. But soon she opened her eyes again, and, instantly catching his look, she smiled. He coloured slightly. In a drowsy tone she asked:

"Where did you learn so much about fear? Have you ever felt it yourself?"

"I have," he said. She noticed the jagged little scar on his cheek.

"In the war?" she inquired.

"That wasn't so bad. The most damnable scare came when I was a little boy, up in New Hampshire," he replied.

"Tell me about it."

"I'd rather not. We've had enough talk about fear for to-night." He paused. "But I'll tell you, if you like, what it was that cured me——"

"What?"

"A mountain."

"How?" she asked. He smiled at her.

"It isn't so easy to describe."

"Please!" she said, with an intimate look, which made him colour a bit again. "He isn't used to this," she thought, with a drowsy little flash of amusement. But as though he read her thought, again his expression quickly changed.

"All right," he agreed, with a quiet air, "I'll tell you a little about it now—while you get ready to fall asleep.

. . . That drug is taking hold, I see—so close your eyes, Miss Farragut. Relax and listen—keep your mind a perfect blank, and drift away." With barely a pause, he went steadily on, in a low, clear and even tone: "Imagine yourself in an old log cabin—halfway up a mountainside. It's a place you've known about for years. You and your dog discovered it once, and you've kept it a secret ever since—and in summer you've come here hundreds of times, alone with your dog, to spend the night. There's something about it you don't understand. You've found you can bring any pain or fear or worry up here and get rid of it—lose it, like your little self. For lying here, as you go to sleep, you hear faint drowsy stirs and whispers—of the night wind in the trees—the murmurs of brooks, some far away. And then you hear a deeper sound—like that of the ocean—drowsy and deep—all along the mountainside. 'Hush—hush,' it seems to say. 'You're nothing but a little boy. Come and be a part of me.' And then, as you let go of yourself, and go drifting into dreams—you do become a part of it—part of the life of the mountainside—and of the earth and of the stars. Life so inexhaustible—resistless, quiet and serene—that no little worry or fear or pain can stand against it." Again he paused. With his eyes on her face, he saw that she was now asleep. In the same low voice he said: "That life is in you now to-night—and as you sleep, all fear is gone. It wasn't this little headache of yours that scared you—it was something else. But I'm telling you now—and you are believing what I say—that whatever you were afraid of, you can meet and settle right—and that whenever fear or pain rises up in you again, instantly there will rise by its side this

certainty which is in you now. And you will be steady —and quiet—and strong."

He sat there a few moments still, as though watching his suggestion go down into her innermost self. He saw her features all relaxed, her breathing slow and regular. Over her face had come an expression of ineffable relief.

In the meantime, from her corner, the old woman sitting motionless there had been watching with surprise and dread and curiosity. But these emotions seemed to change to relief and a feeling of pity now. For a perfectly human look of fatigue had come in his dark, expressive eyes; she saw his face suddenly contract—and, as from some sharp clutch of pain, one of his hands went to his heart, and he appeared to breathe in gasps. But only for a minute or two, and then the spasm seemed to pass. He rose and went to one of the windows, drew back the curtain and sat down, and appeared to be drinking in the cool, quiet life of the night. The snow was still falling. Up the street came softly a large limousine, and it stopped at the carpeted steps below, with some belated dinner guests. A man stepped out, and then a woman in a cloak of rich brocade. As he watched them coming up the steps, on the face of young Dorr the expression changed. That strange magnetic quality was gone, and in its place was a look of boyish interest. As though his hearing were acute, he seemed to listen intently now to the barely perceptible murmur of voices in the rooms below—curious as to the life of this house—all new to him apparently. But soon again he seemed to forget, and leaning slightly forward, looked out again. Through the falling snow he saw a great soft glow above, made by the reflections of many million little lights. Through

weariness his vision was blurred; and, perhaps because of that, presently over the housetops against the glow in the northern sky, it seemed to him as though half in a dream he saw the shadowy outlines of a vast mountain rising there. Unconsciously smiling, he closed his eyes, as though waiting for some familiar sound. And it came to him—clear, rough, fresh and cool—the sound of a brook on a mountainside. As he listened, his whole face relaxed into an expression of quiet and peace. At last he rose and went back to the bed; and then, after a few directions in a low voice to the old nurse, he went out and softly closed the door.

CHAPTER II.

He came again the next afternoon, and found his patient still in bed. When he entered the room, she shot a glance that was both inquisitive and aggrieved.

"What did you do to me last night?" she began abruptly. "It was quite wonderful, in a way, and I thought I'd be all right to-day. But I'm not, it seems —far from it! I feel as though I'd been beaten with rods! Every nerve in my body is aching now——"

"Look here," he quietly interrupted, "let's get behind these aches and pains. You haven't been thinking of them all day. Please tell me if my guess is wrong. It is that you've been lying here, thinking over and over again of the thing that brought this trouble on. And that, of course, has tired you out." She gave him another little look, this time of dislike for his penetration.

"I've got to think of it!" she said.

"Then why tackle it alone? Isn't there anyone who can help?"

"No—there isn't," she replied. "I can't talk to my parents—they don't understand. And I won't discuss it with my friends. There's been gossip enough about this as it is."

With a tired little breath of impatience at her weariness, Dorothea closed her eyes; and in the pause that followed, once again he watched her face. In the daylight it looked pallid, blue shadows showed beneath the eyes —and yet there was not only a distinctive beauty there

but a vital strength as well; though small and slim and almost fragile, she looked restless and alert. His interest in her quickened now. Meanwhile she felt an impulse to tell him all about herself and what it was that tortured her. She liked to talk about herself, and had already talked to her friends about this troubling love affair till they were sick of hearing it. Moreover, she was in a desperate mood. No nearer a decision than she had been weeks ago, nervous and strained from a winter in town with its endless rush of gaieties, her unexpected illness had given her a shock of alarm. The headache had gone, but all day lying here and facing her problem, she did feel terribly tired now. She wanted distraction and relief, and she saw a chance of that in this young neurologist. The queer magnetic force he had shown, in giving swift relief from pain, had roused her curiosity. Dorothea, all her life, had been eager for new things. Here was something decidedly new, and instinctively she wished not only to see it closer but to attract it to herself. "Why shouldn't I talk to him?" she asked. "I'll probably never see him again." Why not talk out this whole affair, and keep him here for an hour or so? She dreaded the approaching night. . . . Dorothea was impulsive, and she acted on her impulse now. Suddenly opening her eyes, with a look of frank appeal she asked:

"I wonder if *you* could help me in this—this wretched thing that worries me so?"

"I might—perhaps," he answered, "if you care to tell me everything."

Dorothea began at once:

"Somebody wants to marry me."

"I thought that was it," he said. And then, after a little pause—"Has he wanted you very long?"

"Ever since the war," she replied. He smiled at her.

"Is that so long?"

"It has seemed long enough to me. I'm so sick of the life I've led since then."

"So you want to be married."

"I didn't say that," was the quick reply. "I've had chances enough, God knows."

"And you turned them down," he said. "But this one has kept coming back—and you're not quite sure you're in love with him."

Amused at his businesslike dispatch, Dorothea gravely said: "You don't like to *drag out* a talk like this, do you?" Then, as he coloured a bit, she added, "But you've got it just about right. To begin with, he's ages older than I—past forty. You've probably heard of him." A slight hesitation, and then she said: "He's the man who runs the *Chronicle.*" Young Dorr did not appear impressed.

"He's the editor, you mean?"

"Yes," said Dorothea, with a diverted little glance, amused at his evident ignorance, "and practically the owner, too. It has been in the family, you see."

"Well," was the quiet answer, "if he runs the *Chronicle,* he must be a busy man. It's one of the biggest papers on earth, isn't it?"

"It is," she said. She missed the irony in his eyes, for she again had closed her own. "It reaches all around the world." He caught the note of satisfaction.

"And that interests you," he said. "You'd like to be a part of that."

Quickly again the girl looked up, as though startled a bit by his penetration.

"I would—and I could help him, too. I've always had

a flair for news. And besides, there's the social side, of course—money—position—all the rest——"

"And you like all that."

She smiled at him. "I do—decidedly," she said.

"And you like his work. Then why don't you take him?"

"Because it would lead me right straight on—in the sort of life I've led for years! And I'm not at all sure that I want it!" she said.

His attention again arrested, he looked at her more closely now. In her brilliant light blue eyes he felt a kind of hungriness almost wistful—yet with that, a quality of hardness, too.

"But you told me just now you like all that."

"I know I did—but I have two sides."

"What does the other side of you want?"

She said: "I wish to God I knew."

"You know of nothing else you want?"

"Nothing definite—no," she replied. With his curiosity increased, Llewellyn Dorr came back to the question.

"Then why not try this out?" he asked. "If you married and found it was a mistake, have you any scruples against divorce?" With a smile she answered:

"None at all. But I happen to know this man, you see. He's the kind it would be very hard for me to break away from."

"Why?"

"First, because he's really strong—and second, because I'd hate to hurt him. I'm not quite so hard as you seem to think." He took no notice of that little thrust.

"But why should you *want* to break away? If it's the life you've always liked——"

"Because, as I told you, I have two sides—and one part of me is sick of all that! The marriage part would be new, of course—but not for long—and when it was no longer new, I'd tire of it! I think I would—at times I'm almost sure I would!"

"Why?"

"I've always been like that—insanely hungry for new things! And you don't change—at my age——"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six. I mean I was born that long ago. But I've lived a good bit more than that. I've packed it in."

"I see you have."

She flashed another smile at him. "This is a curious conversation. Do you have many talks like this?"

"Quite a few."

"And yet you say you're not a psycho-analyst."

"No—a plain neurologist."

With sudden gravity she said: "You seem to me more like a priest."

"Do I?" he answered, rather amused. "Well, I guess I might have been one, if I'd lived a few centuries back."

It was her turn to be curious now.

"You think you could have swallowed that creed?"

"I don't think I'd have had to. It's a pretty wise old Church, and they've never been too particular—if a man was good at his job——"

"What would yours have been?" she asked.

"The Confessional."

She looked at him. "Yes," she agreed, "that would have been quite interesting. Interviewing people's souls."

"But not putting them in headlines."

Dorothea smiled again. "That brings us back to the *Chronicle*."

"Yes. Do you want to go on with this?"

"Confession? Why not?" she retorted. "I find it quite diverting—don't you? Are you very busy this afternoon?"

"No—I've plenty of time."

"Then I'll try to tell you why I'm so sure that I can't stick to anything long. It's been the story of my whole life. Do you really want to hear it?"

"Yes."

"Well," she began, "from the very start it has been grasping—hard as nails—a fight for one thing after the other." He smiled. "You don't believe it? Wait." She settled farther back on the pillows. "My mother died when I was ten, and my father turned to me," she said. "I had quite a wonderful four or five years. I was smart in school and I got on fast, while at home I managed things as I wished—a spoiled, precocious little girl—with a father who worshipped at my feet and gave me anything I liked. In return, I adored him—bossed him—and in the summers, out at our place on Long Island, I ran his week-end parties—nearly all of them of men, who flattered me and made me feel as though I were a little queen." She paused a moment, and went on: "But then my father married again. He was about forty-six and my new mother twenty-eight. I can speak of her now more fairly, because I've grown up and can understand how suited she is to be his wife. But at the time I raged and cried, and sobbed myself to sleep at night. The way he acted—looked at her! She was even more lovely to look at then than she is now—and he, an old man, from my point of view, just about ready for the grave! Instead of that—a lover—apparently forgetting me for the ravishing charms of his young wife—almost eating her

—with his eyes!" Her voice was low and hard and tense. Young Dorr spoke up abruptly.

"So that's where it began," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"This aversion which is holding you back—from marrying that friend of yours—a man so much older than you are," he said. Dorothea quickly looked at him, startled and yet eager, too, taking hold at once of this new idea.

"Yes, I suppose that may have had quite a good deal to do with it." Just for a moment she seemed to forget him and sink into thoughts of her own. But he did not further push that point; instead, he quietly probed for more.

"Your life since then has been a good deal of a fight, you said."

"It has—for one thing after another. I didn't waste time in crying long. Even then there was something hard in me, which sprang up and grew like a weed. I told myself I'd have to fight for anything I wanted in life—and even then, I wanted so much. The social game, to begin with—from the Baby Elephants right on up."

"The Baby Elephants?" he asked.

With a little look which placed him as some one from another world, "The Baby Elephants," she explained, "is a dancing class, here in New York. If you get in, you're started right. I'd got in when I was twelve, and from there I now went on, taking step after step in the social climb. I needn't stop to tell of it now, for I'm through with it—except to say that, by the time I was twenty years old, I thought it the greatest game on earth, and was proud of myself for what I had done. In a sense, I had a right to be. Against girls who had millions,

and parents behind them, I had fought every inch of my way—with a lawyer father whose yearly fees barely met expenses here, and a gay young mother wrapped up in herself, and who would entertain for me only with a gun to her head. Oh, I understand her now, and I don't blame her in the least. The only point worth mentioning is that I had to develop my own resources. And I soon found that my strongest point was the sense I had for publicity. I could take up a school play, or later a charity dance or bazaar, and get it talked of, sell the tickets. That isn't easy in New York—but I slaved at it—till it came to be known that when Dorothea Farragut went into a thing, it would be a success." Again she shot a glance at him out of her brilliant inquisitive eyes. "Do you know anything," she asked, "about how the social columns are managed in this gracious town?"

"In the papers, you mean?"

"In the papers," she said, "by clever young men and cleverer girls, who are called 'social secretaries,' you know, but are really hired by anxious mammas to advertise the blooming charms of their daughters, and their bank accounts—to see to it that their photographs are frequently seen on the social page, together with a full account of the large expensive dance their parents are giving at Sherry's that night. Then there is the more intimate stuff, Southampton snapshots and the like. And always, always, day and night, summer and winter, spring and fall, the unremitting vigilance to see that the names of the dear young things are in the lists in every account of all big parties really smart."

Quietly he took this in.

"No, I didn't know about that."

"Well, it's done," she continued, "and you've prob-

ably no idea of the money and time that go into it. But in my case there was none. I managed my own publicity—and as I boasted a minute ago, the fame of my successes spread till even my enemies let me alone, and I was being spoiled by my friends. For quite a time, it went to my head. From a ball or a bazaar, I would dash on into something else, and lift it by sheer force of scheming up into the limelight. And all I ever asked in return was that the name and picture of Dorothea Farragut should be given its due place. I thought it the most diverting game, and the most important, in the world—till after my second winter out. I began to get sick of it then, it went flat; and so I turned a little aside, looking for something fresh and new; and I began to find it soon in older or unusual men, who would just look in on a dance now and then but refused to give their lives to it. One of them was a man downtown, one of those innumerable vice-presidents of trust companies. He had nice brown, ironic eyes, and I saw a good deal of him for a while. Then there was an actor, and later on a surgeon, and a young politician, too, who was starting up the Roosevelt Trail. Through these men I began to get a sense of various things in life that made my own look very small. In the meantime, from the very start, I had seen a good deal of my *Chronicle* friend. His paper had helped me at various times, and it interested me enormously. Well——"

She stopped again, with a sudden smile. "I'm telling you an awful lot. I wonder just exactly why?" As she threw a challenging glance at his face, she caught an expression there, which gave her a pleased little glow.

"I'm interested," he answered.

"Are you?" with a friendly flash. "Well, so am I,"

said Dorothea. "I'm getting interested in this. I'm honestly trying to paint myself exactly as I see myself—not much better and no worse."

"I see you are. Now go on, please. What new thing did you take up next?"

"The war," she said. At that one word, he gave a slight but violent start; dark shadows seemed to come in his eyes. And noticing this, she continued, in a quickly altered tone: "That sounds more absurd than what I meant. As a matter of fact, it took up me. In the summer of 1917, it swept me in to such a degree that I wanted to go over at once and run an ambulance or a canteen. But my father was against it; and before I could bring him around to produce the necessary cash, the name I had made in publicity work had drawn me into the first big drive for the Liberty Loan. . . . Were you in the war?"

"Yes," he said.

"I thought you were. It's plain to see that you had a pretty tragic time. But for me it was a glorious spree—with one big job after another, summer and winter, day and night. Drives, parades and war bazaars, all to be given colour and dash—and I knew how, I was on old ground. But behind it all was something else—something so much bigger and grander than my little life, that it felt in those days as though I were rising—right straight up into the stars! A glorious spree! Then it was done—and that first winter after the war there came a deadly sickening drop. Though rushing about very much as before, I felt all in pieces, ages old. I tried a job—it was stale and flat. Then some of the ambulance girls I'd known formed a club that met two nights a week, in a room they had rented over a shop; and

there they drank straight through the night, till some of them rolled on the floor. It was rather disgusting. I tried it a while, and not only lost at poker and bridge a lot more than I could afford, but got so thoroughly into the dumps that a nice young Episcopal clergyman almost caught me on the rebound.

"I escaped, however, both virtue and vice, broke away and went out to a ranch in Montana, where I got back my strength and nerve and had quite a really wonderful time, with a big new feeling of the West. My *Chronicle* friend had followed me there—and he very nearly got me. He didn't, though, I still held back—for he didn't really thrill me then; and before I married, I wanted to see what I could do, all by myself. There had been so much I wanted to do—I had felt so hungry and so strong. So when I came east I went on the stage. In amateur acting, I'd always been considered remarkable by my friends, and they predicted marvels now. But as I drudged night after night in my tiny little part, saw all the applause go to the star, and realized how I'd have to work for years before I could arrive—I gave it up." She looked at young Dorr. "Do you understand? One more new thing—with the newness gone. So I looked about for something else; and when I couldn't find it, I grew so restless here at home, that in the last year my wise young mother, tired of having me about in this unhappy frame of mind, has set herself to encouraging this pertinacious friend of mine. He has been coming to the house and kindly but firmly making me see that the one and only thing I should do is to help him make the *Chronicle* the greatest newspaper on earth.

"Well, and that appeals to me—and it's not so cold-blooded as it seems. Here's a man whom literally dozens

and scores of girls and young widows have tried to marry. They've all failed—he wants just me, and he wants me hard—so hard that at times it frightens me. For though, as I told you, I like him a lot—and sometimes feel it's more than that—still there's something that says, 'Look out. This attracts you now because it's new—but it won't stay new—you've never yet been able to stick to one thing long. And in this, when you want to break away, you'll find it the hardest job of your life. If he gets you, he'll keep you. He won't let go.' "

Dorothea threw out her hands in a little gesture of impatience.

"There you have me—my whole life. It's a pretty desperate case—and if you can't see that my soul is in torment, you're not very much of a priest. In three whole months I haven't had a single night's good solid sleep—and instead of getting nearer to any clear decision now, I've become so fearfully muddled that I don't know *what* I want—in this world or in the next. . . . And so I have a headache."

He answered her grim little smile with one of his own. "Too bad," he said. "It's aching pretty hard, I see."

"Oh, nothing like last night," she said, "and I'm not in the least afraid of it now. . . . I want to know what you think of all this."

"I think," he answered quietly, "that you do know just what you want. You want that *rising* feeling again. You had it, up to the time of the war—then lost it. Now you want it back."

"Yes," she replied, "that's true enough." He thought for a moment.

"Now how about this? As I said before, this aversion

against marrying a man so much older than yourself may quite easily have begun at the time your father married again—and it has been strengthened ever since by this passion of yours for standing alone. You've worried to the breaking point because you're afraid to let yourself go—to give yourself. But how do you know that this very giving yourself won't be the newest thing of all? If you do it for a man who attracts you, and whose work and interests are all exactly in your line——"

"Yes, yes, yes—I see all that—but that's just the trouble!" she said. "His paper fascinates me so that I'd soon be a part of it, for life!"

He looked at her quickly. "Well? And why not? If you like it so much——"

Dorothea gave an impatient sigh. "Oh, can't you see that's just the reason? The whole newspaper frame of mind—the habit of gaily leaping on, from one big story to the next, is just what I've done all my life! It's making me old—and tough and hard! Every now and then, when I glance at my face, I see that New York look on it! And I don't want to be like that! If I marry this man, in another two years I'll be like some newspaper women I know—a regular hag, in body and soul—with nothing new left under the sun!"

He shot a glance of interest. "You've got this feeling very deep, haven't you?" he said to her. "You really want to break away."

"I want to find one thing," she said, "and stick to it —for years and years!"

"Then how about a child?" he asked. She made a little grimace. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know, I know—you look at home and babies now as being nothing but a bore. But how do you know that having a child may

not be just what you crave—an escape from this three-ring circus of yours?"

"Three-ring circus?"

"Yes," he said. "It keeps your eyes so busy they ache. You get so you can't live *any* real life. I haven't been in New York very long, but it seems as if half the people I meet are either all or partly mad—under the strain of doing things that never need be done at all."

"And you class me with them!" she said.

"Oh, I don't think you're very mad." He was smiling now, and she smiled back, in rather a rueful way, and said:

"But a little mad, you must admit—to have told you so much about myself."

"You haven't told me very much."

"Haven't I? Then I wonder what you'd consider a really intimate talk?"

"Oh, something much more than this," he said. "But in your case there was no need. You had two troubles, pain and fear—and you've shaken both of them off. You'd better get up to-morrow, I think, and——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "but what about the cause of all this? If this one big decision of my whole life is still in the air——"

"But I don't believe it is."

"Just what do you mean by that, may I ask?"

"This man will be coming to see you soon—and when he comes I think you'll find that you've made up your mind to take him," he said. She started slightly.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because everything you've told me seems to be leading straight to that. You want to find one thing, you say, and stick to it for years and years—and you've noth-

ing else that's definite. All this reaching out of yours is very vague, and you're in a state where I doubt if you're likely to wait very long. You know this man and you know his life—and of course it needn't make you stale, it may be just the chance you want. I still think the main thing that holds you back is that old aversion you got as a child. But whether it is or whether it isn't, I'd sleep on it now, if I were you—for I don't believe that any more thinking will do you any good," he said. "These things are decided deeper down. You've been through a good deal, in these last days—you've ploughed yourself all up, you know—and as a result, when you meet your friend, you may feel a flash of certainty."

"But suppose there isn't any flash?"

"Then," he said, as he rose to go, "I guess you'll have to make up your mind to remain in the dark for a while." She gave a plaintive little sigh. "Tough, isn't it?" He smiled down. "But I don't believe it will happen that way. . . . Do you want me to come again?"

"Yes, please do—to-morrow at five."

"All right—if you wish."

And he said good night.

CHAPTER III

It was late the next afternoon, and Dorothea had come downstairs; her friend of the *Chronicle,* Tom McKane, had just arrived, and was sitting watching her while she made tea. Up in her room, before his coming, barely thinking what she did, instinctively Dorothea had made herself look "interesting"—small and fragile, rather pale, as though from some hard struggle with life, and yet so plucky through it all, and unconcerned about herself—in short, a trifle baffling. And she could feel the effect on her friend. The hungry look in his brown eyes, which she had come to know so well, brought a glow of liking now. How familiar and how real this liking was, she told herself, and how thoroughly real and genuine Tom was, too. With all his money, he might have led such a smooth and tame and easy existence. Instead of that, look at him now. A short, rugged man of a bit over forty, his blunt face was grimly lined by the hard, exciting life he had chosen—and the disillusionments. Long before, when he was a youngster, he had worked for years like a dog for the ideas of Roosevelt—and then for the Progressive Party—and, later on, for Victory First. But the great victory over seas had left the world in such a state of bitter disillusionments that Tom had grown as hard as nails, and had come to believe in nothing at all, except the New York *Chronicle.* But that had absorbed him so of late that he felt the need

of nothing else—except the young girl beside him now. She looked up at him quickly, with a smile.

"Oh, Tom, it's so good to feel better," she said.

"Is it, Dodo?" His grim face lit up with a smile that answered hers. "But you don't want to think you're out of this yet; you've been going too damned hard," he said. "You're in no shape to dash around this summer all along the shore. Why not try the ranch again?"

"Suppose I did—would you come, Tom?" she asked, with a glint in her blue eyes. His solicitous look grew hungrier still.

"Oh, I guess you know about me."

"I know you're quite a dear," she said; and with an intimate little look of friendliness, she gave him his tea. "Let's talk about the ranch," she added. "Not about this summer, though—I don't want to decide about that just yet——"

"Why don't you? Why not end all this?"

"I don't want to, Tom," she pleaded. "I've been feeling so rotten this week—and all on your account, you know—that now I want to rest a while. Let's talk about two years ago. It may help me to decide about this summer—and you and me."

"All right, old girl." And they began to bring up memories of the weeks they had spent on the ranch in Montana. And while they talked, her nimble mind, which felt keyed up this afternoon, pictured him as he'd been out there—on a pony by her side, or behind her on a mountain trail, and again at night in the ranch house, talking over the wire to the *Chronicle* office in New York, grimly happy and engrossed in some big story in the news which had broken during the day. And again she pictured him here in town, at dinners and dances, to which

he had come because she was there—not liking them, by any means, and yet so thoroughly at his ease, so obviously "belonging" to that world in which she lived, not only because of his millions but through birth and family. She remembered long talks with him in this room, or again in his office late at night, when in some emergency she had gone to him for help. For Tom had been her publicity man, had advised and helped her scores of times—and in return she had helped him, too. There had been sensations that involved the names of people they both knew, and he had come to her and asked how far to go. Why had he come? Often at first Dorothea had guessed he was doing it simply to flatter her; but later, as she came to know more thoroughly the points in the game, she had felt that he did really count on the quick intuitions she had. She had loved to be with him down at his office, to feel the speed, the crowding in of countless questions, large and small, and the way he decided them on the spot. He had been so quiet through it all. In the midst of sensations, he himself had been so cool and matter-of-fact, so at home in this racing life he loved, this rush and pounce for the next new thing in the vast muddy torrent of the news.

All these varied memories now came up in fragments from beneath, and flashed across her mind and were gone. But they left behind them this warm and ever-deepening glow which she'd felt when he first came into the room. Here was the life she really wanted—and the man, she told herself. Abruptly then Dorothea recalled that the young physician, the day before, had prophesied this very thing, this feeling of certainty which would rise from the deeper self which ruled her life. And the memory made her frown a bit. It had been rather weird, say

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what you please, that clear insight flashing down into the very depths of her. And yet, as, somewhat piqued again, she held for just a moment the image of Llewellyn Dorr up before her fancy, he seemed remote and very unreal, a mere boyish shadow beside the man who was sitting here this afternoon. Yes, here was the life where she belonged. The very truth of the prophecy made her forget the prophet now; and as she glanced again at Tom and sensed his force and hungry love, she felt a rush of attraction that very nearly swept away all her caution and her doubts. Impatiently, she told herself, "Oh, why not end this, here and now? I'm going to take him!" Before she could stop it, this resolve showed in her lips, which quivered a bit, and in her excited, blue eyes. And McKane, who all this time had been quite aware of her preoccupation, now felt the change and saw his chance. Leaning forward in sudden appeal, he demanded bluntly:

"Look here, Dodo, you've been sick—you've had the devil of a time! Hasn't it shown you anything—hasn't it helped you to decide? You know damned well how happy we were—out there on the ranch—and every time we've ever been together! I want you to stop this torturing yourself, and me, before we go mad! Make up your mind to marry me now—and let's get out, away from all this—to the ranch again, or anywhere else—I'll take you around the world if you like! I want your help with the *Chronicle,* too! You know what I mean, and you know you can—you know just how you would fit in! We'd make it between us——"

As he talked on intensely, picturing the work and life that he was asking her to share, Dorothea felt again the sheer joy she would have in being his wife, and in play-

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ing that big game with him—the same she had played all her life, but now upon a scale world-wide: helping him by her shrewd advice, and being hostess to his guests, men who were moulding world affairs—hostess to the headline names, the inside stories of the earth! She trembled, her small hands grew cold, and her sight a little dim. Dorothea was only twenty-six.

"In ten years more," she heard him say, "we'll have made the *Chronicle*——"

She did not listen to the rest. For at those words, "in ten years more," as though in her excited mind some electric current had forced her thoughts another way, her flying fancies pictured now how they would both grow old in the game. In ten years more it would have begun. In a flash she remembered old Bill Gaines, who had run the *Chronicle* before Tom—so tough and dry from the life he'd led that there wasn't a news story left, in business, politics or love, that could draw from him more than a grin. Suppose that Tom became like that? "He's nearly twenty years older than I," Dorothea told herself. "And he takes life hard! Look at him now! A love scene—for the *Chronicle!*" Her face had hardened; she drew back. And as he caught the glimmer of doubt and calculation in her eyes, the exultant light in the face of her friend changed to a look of exasperation.

"What's the matter now?" he asked. She stared at him, still excited, perplexed. Then sharply:

"Just a minute, Tom! I'm all mixed up, I tell you! I do and I don't! Just give me time—a chance to think this over a while!"

"I've given you months!"

"Just one minute more! We'll settle it now—this afternoon!"

But before she could even start to face those damnable doubts and force them down, Dorothea heard the low buzz of the door bell.

"Oh," she thought, "there's that young Dorr."

* * * * *

She felt relief at the interruption; and a few moments later, when the visitor came in, she saw with satisfaction the keen annoyance of her friend. For it made her still more sure of him. "If I want him, I can have him," she thought. And glad to slip so easily out of this situation with Tom, Dorothea proceeded at once to bridge over the awkward gap. Ignoring her lover's irritation, she heightened it by telling him what the young neurologist had done for her, two days before; but then, without going too deep into that, she came to what Llewellyn Dorr had said of her three-ring circus life. She knew this would appeal to Tom, as a reason why she should settle down and marry him. And so it did. Soon she had the two men talking and could relapse into thoughts of her own. When Llewellyn Dorr came into the room, she had caught his first quick glance at her face; she had felt him read at once that she had not decided yet, and she'd seen that he was instantly glad—glad his own prophecy hadn't come true. But how nearly it had! With a slight frown, Dorothea began to compare the two men—Tom, with his blunt driving force; the other with his subtler strength, his finer, clearer intuitions. Rather to her own surprise, she felt his attraction once again stealing quickly over her. Watching his dark, expressive eyes, she sensed his interest in McKane; and she saw that her lover, feeling the keen, subtle mind of the younger man beneath his apparent simplicity, was distinctly curious now. Led on by his questions, Llewellyn Dorr had widened his concep-

tion of the three-ring circus life to include not only rich but poor—and then, with a little smile, he said:

"There's such a dizzy jumble of melodrama in this town, that I don't see how you rake it all in."

It was his turn to question now; and he soon had the publisher talking of the workings of his mammoth news machine. McKane went on to speak with disgust of the ways the yellow papers used, to make a thing sensational. He hadn't any use for that. The news itself had kick enough, even when you kept it real.

"But can you ever get it real? How do you know? How can you tell?" asked the young neurologist.

"I know when we've got the facts," said McKane. Young Dorr looked back at him quietly.

"I was thinking of something deeper down, and more exciting," he replied. "Let me try to show you what I mean. Last week I spent half the night in a cell, with a dull, respectable, middle-aged man, who was there because he had killed his wife. They wanted to know if he were insane. He didn't care to talk at first, but I got him to trust me, after a while; and later, when I had put him to sleep, he gave me a picture of jealousy that made me feel as though he and I were gorillas sitting up in a tree. Now, that was a murder story—while, when I read the ones you print, I feel as though I were standing beneath a cliff and looking up. Over the edge they come tumbling down—little black shadows against the sky. And I don't know why they tumbled. Why did they get so near the edge? What big instincts made them blind? Your reporters ask those questions, too, and they make guesses, often shrewd ones—but on the whole they're not the kind of thing that we can count on. For they haven't time enough. We know so very little yet about

these deeper lives of ours—the beasts and devils, and the gods, that are inside each one of us. It is still so dark down there, and the little lanterns with which we explore are still so dim." He looked at the puzzled older man with a quiet and disarming smile. "And you don't give us time for that," in a low voice, he continued. "Your paper pours into our minds thousands of new facts a day, about this three-ring circus show—jerking our distracted eyes this way and that, until they ache—while what we want to learn about you don't tell us—you don't know."

"We've been running a lot of that psychic stuff," the publisher interrupted.

"But so much of what you run is lies. There are plenty of fakirs in our work, and they're just the ones who rush into print. Every now and then, I will admit, you get a good man to write for you. But it's only now and then—while the work is going on day and night—in every country of the world."

"And you'd like us to *run* it day and night!" Over the grim, strong face of McKane had come an expression piqued and challenged, yet still curious and amused. "Look here," he said, "if you and your friends had the *Chronicle* to make up for to-morrow, what news stories would you run?"

With a whimsical smile, young Dorr replied: "I'm afraid we'd be slow editors. We wouldn't go to press to-night—we'd wait a month—a year, perhaps."

"In a year," suggested the publisher, "some of the stories might be cold."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't—they'd be warm!" replied the young neurologist.

"Tell us some more of these stories of yours!" said Dorothea, suddenly.

Coming into the conversation now, she began to question him. She felt again the fascination of this queer, ironic, poignant view he had of life; and once more she sensed the force behind his simple friendliness, the subtle probing, sharp and deep. Meanwhile, she was conscious, too, of how McKane sat listening with the smile of a veteran newspaper man, who knew that this queer youngster was only one more novelty in the big city's torrent of life. But later, as she questioned on and her watchful suitor grew aware of her deepening interest in this boy, a look of real exasperation came into McKane's brown eyes. And she caught that, and liked it—it gave her a pleasant little thrill she did not stop to analyze. She only sensed that the reason why both men had so revealed themselves was the fact that they had felt her here; beneath their consciousness they had been stirred by her warm presence in the room. Dorothea was smiling now and her colour was high. She saw that young Dorr was ready to go, and she did not try to stop him—for she had learned what she wanted to know. She had seen McKane in this new light, and she had found him lacking. Why not be interested in this, and really open-minded? Tom's attitude toward it all simply proved what she had feared, that he was already getting old. Not that she didn't like him still. "I'm probably going to take him," she thought, "but not just yet. I need more time." And without expressing it to herself, she knew that the reason she wanted more time was to see a little more of young Dorr, in a way which would be impossible if she were just engaged to be married. Besides, a little jealousy would be rather good for Tom.

So, when the young stranger rose to leave, Dorothea

told him how interested she had been; and she asked him to come and see her again.

* * * * *

But when she was left alone with Tom, instead of the jealous outburst which she had expected, Dorothea saw in his face again that smile of grim amusement; and she felt a guilty qualm—as though caught in some old dissipation. She shot a glance of annoyance at Tom. "How well you think you know me!" she thought.

"Well, Dodo," he asked, "how about it? Are you going to take him up?"

"What do you mean—take him up?"

"You know what I mean," was the retort. As he eyed her, she coloured, then flared a bit:

"You consider him just one more little fad in my existence! Is that it?"

"Oh, no—he's much too deep for that. He's a preacher in the wilderness."

"He doesn't preach! All he asked you to do was to leave him alone—to stop dinning your news into his ears and give him a minute's peace now and then, to look down into his soul! I could stand a little of that myself!"

"My God, Dodo," he rejoined, "has it gone as far as that? You really think you have a soul?"

"I don't *know* that I haven't," she replied, "and I refuse to be bullied by you into calling myself an atheist—just because it's the thing, these days!"

"Oh, no, it isn't; that's old stuff. The big thing nowadays," he said, "is to try to find a new kick in religion."

"That's rather cheap!" was her sharp retort. "And it won't stop me in the least from doing what I want to do—explore into myself a bit!" Suddenly she turned

on him, with an exasperated light in her brilliant light blue eyes. "Can't you see this is on your account? I say I want to look into myself and see what's there—and by that I mean my feeling for you! In these last weeks, it has put me through the very tortures of the damned! I know so little about myself that my ignorance is a ghastly joke! When I saw that you were getting impatient, and tried my very best to decide, I found myself all one grand mixture—which at once began to boil. And after dozens of nights of that, I got myself into a state where my head was ready to burst with pain and I thought that I would go insane! Then this new kind of doctor came—this man you call a preacher, but who instead of preaching only questions and explores—and by some strange force that's in him, he stopped the pain and then began to help me untangle myself inside. And I propose to go on with that; I mean to see him again and again, just as often as I please! I'd like a bit of that power he has! Once you get me bound and tied to yourself and to the *Chronicle,* I know I'm there for good!" she cried. "So before I take the plunge, I want to be sure I want that life—and if I do decide to come, I want to give you all I've got! All the hidden——"

"Let it hide. Oh, Dodo—come to your senses," he said. He leaned over, smiling, and took her hands. "I don't want any sixty-soul-power bride, I want you just as you are!" he appealed. "And you want me—and all I can give! We're made for each other—we fit right in! For God's sake come to your senses now! I can't go on waiting and waiting like this——"

"Please, please, Tom—just give me time!"

"I've given you too much already!" At the ominous change in his voice, she felt a thrill of uneasiness.

"Can't you wait a little longer? Don't you think I'm worth it, Tom?"

He stood looking down at her.

"Yes," he said.

But after he had gone, she thought: "If I take him, it will have to be soon." Back again she felt herself come to the old tormenting quandary; but a look of impatience came on her face and drove away the uneasiness there. "I'm getting sick and tired of this—it doesn't get me anywhere! No," she decided, "I was right—I've got to learn to know myself a whole lot better than I do, before I can tell *what* I want!" Besides, what a relief it would be. Yes, and the very change of thought would let her come back to her problem fresh. . . . So, taking a brief vacation from this vexing love affair, she turned again to Llewellyn Dorr; and after she went to her room to dress, Dorothea felt again that pleasant glow she knew so well, the sensation of starting something new. . . . Llewellyn Dorr. It sounded Welsh. She began to remember things he had said. How did it feel to be like that? So deep and strong, one part of him; the other part, a mere crude boy—knowing practically nothing of her world. "I wonder what he thinks of me?" She smiled a little to herself. She knew she had attracted him. "Yes, but in that queer life he leads, he'll fly right off, if I don't stop him."

She decided to stop him for a while.

CHAPTER IV

About a fortnight had gone by, and it was early in April now; the day had been warm, and by afternoon the air was lifeless and oppressive. Dorothea had just arrived at the dingy little hospital to which Llewellyn Dorr was attached. He had been to see her the week before, and during their talk she had asked him to let her come to one of his clinics. He had warned her that she would be disappointed—and now that Dorothea was here, she began to feel that he had been right; for, as she sat in this hot, stuffy room, and eyed the commonplace faces of the people waiting here, she did feel rather disillusioned. Nevertheless, she decided to wait. He had admitted that wonderful cures had been effected in this place; and moreover, Dorothea remembered what he had done for her that first night. So, as she sat waiting now, her hopes began to rise again, that before she left this afternoon she would get an inkling, at least, of something really interesting and mysterious, in life.

And she did get such an impression here—so much deeper and stronger, in fact, than all her expectations, that she went away feeling humble and small—and even more curious than before. But it did not come as she had thought, nor did it happen in this room. For growing impatient at waiting here, she stopped a young nurse, who had just come in, and inquired for Dr. Dorr.

"I have an appointment with him, you see, and it's already getting late," she said.

"You're a patient then?" inquired the nurse, who seemed to be in rather a hurry.

"Yes," said Dorothea.

"Then I'll tell him," was the reply. "He won't take the clinic this afternoon; he's on a desperate case upstairs."

"Oh?" said Dorothea, with a little flash of interest.

"But just at the moment, I think he's free—I saw him up there in the hall, as I passed. So I'll take him up your name, if you like."

"Thank you. It's Miss Farragut." Then, on a sudden impulse, as the other turned to go, Dorothea added: "I hate to bother you like this, for I can see how busy you are. If he isn't with a patient now, let me just run up for a moment myself, and save the doctor's coming down. He's an old personal friend of mine."

And before the young nurse could stop her, she went quickly up the stairs. She found the upper hallway dark and still, she saw nobody there; and uncertain of her impulse now, she paused; it might only annoy him, she thought. And she was about to go down again, when she heard a sibilant whispering voice through the open door of a room close by. It sharply held her. What was that? The whisper sounded far from sane! Then, listening, she heard other sounds—a low, strange laugh from down the hall, and after a silence a quick, shrill cry. What was this place? A madhouse? No—they did not handle insanity here—only nervous cases, he had said. "Well, they're certainly nervous!" she thought. Other whispers and feverish sighs could be heard from all over the weird little building, packed with its mental strains and fears. She shivered a bit. What an awful place! It repelled her. And she was about to leave, when, with eyes

grown used to the dim light, she caught sight of a figure in a chair, just outside an open doorway. Softly she drew a few steps closer, and saw that it was Llewellyn Dorr.

He sat bent slightly forward, his figure appearing younger now, almost boyish, thin and frail. But in the light from the doorway, his narrow, almost delicate features, sensitive mouth and wide-set eyes, showed strong and gave a feeling of deep, still intentness. He was listening to a voice, which, as Dorothea slowly drew a little closer, came to her from the room inside. It was vibrant, low but clear. Suddenly some instinct told her that it was the voice of a priest—and of no ordinary priest; and drawing still closer, as under a spell, she glimpsed a tall black figure in there. Dorothea stopped now and would have drawn back, had she not seen in the face of young Dorr that he was as oblivious to her presence as though in another world. The look on his strong, sensitive face, the glowing absorption in his grey eyes, kept her motionless, holding her breath. She realized now what was about to happen in that little room. Mystery? Yes, mystery! Though what was about to happen in there was simply the ending of a life.

For several days, and most of the nights, Llewellyn Dorr had been fighting hard for a man's life and sanity. He had failed—and yet now, with his sense of defeat, was relief in the thought that the patient had at least been spared the tortures of insanity. His sick mind had cleared at last, its brooding terrors had flown away, and plainly he was suffering neither in mind nor body now. Llewellyn's quick ear told him that; and moreover, he could feel besides the man's ineffable relief, and his increasing hope and trust. How had the change been brought about? The tone of voice of the priest in there,

the words and the ideas conveyed, the whole method of suggestion and its effect on the dying man—were new to the young neurologist, and his interest was stirred. And yet, as he sat listening now, there was nothing hard in his eagerness. In fact, he looked almost as though he had put himself in the sick man's place, and were himself experiencing this deep comfort, hope and faith. Unconsciously, his sensitive lips had parted in a strange little smile, poignant, sharply wondering. Now he heard whispered replies from the bed—as, with a tremendous power, the clear, magnetic voice of the priest seemed reassuring, steadying and guiding this weak, tired soul out into immensity. A sense of the fathomless mystery of human existence was in the room; and Llewellyn Dorr had a feeling as though rising upon wings up to misty mountain heights, where the air was rare and thin. He felt the chill of little winds and the damp breath of passing clouds. . . . Then he felt them clear away, to be replaced by a radiant glow—as from a burst of sunshine. . . . But at the same moment there came a drop and slackening of his tension. For while his imagination soared, all this time his sensitive ear, trained by many years of work, had been unconsciously listening for certain physical signs of death. He heard them now, and he heard the nurse move quickly to the bedside. He felt the sudden silence. Slowly his whole frame relaxed—and then, from deep within himself, he heard a sound that he knew well. It had come to him so many times—relaxing, cooling, freshening, always bringing him new life—the clear, rough sound of water tumbling down a mountainside.

* * * * *

In the meantime, quite unconsciously, Dorothea had drawn back. She saw him rise and go into the room, and

a moment later he reappeared with the priest, a man of middle age, slender, tall and slightly grey. As they passed without noticing her close by, she saw that the faces of both men wore a look of absorption, lighted still. They went into an empty room near by; and Dorothea, trembling, started for the stairway. But a sudden feeling of faintness came, and sinking into a chair in the hall, she made a quick effort to fight it off. She must not be discovered here! "I should never have come!" she exclaimed to herself. The faintness soon began to leave; but before she felt it safe to rise, she began to distinguish clearly the voices of the two men close by; and before she knew it, her whole attention had once more been gripped and held. It was the voice of Llewellyn Dorr that reached her first.

"You feel sure," she heard him say. "You know his spirit is not dead."

"Yes—I know."

"I don't know. Death is still an open road to me—or a blind alley," said young Dorr. "But I know how this man would have suffered if you had not been here to-day —I feel the power that you have—to give such a spirit peace." There was a brief silence before the reply:

"You have been interested, then, in this power of mine —which comes from God."

"Deeply."

"It is new to you."

"Yes."

"You would perhaps be interested to know it better."

"Yes—I would."

"Then I hope you and I may meet again," replied the quiet voice of the priest. "For the work you are doing is new to me, too; and if you are curious, so am I. I've

been interested in the methods you used—in some ways so close to mine. And I hope that you will help me now to understand a little more—by recommending books to read."

"I'll be glad to—of course." Again a slight pause. "But," continued the voice of young Dorr, in a tone frankly inquisitive now, "does your Church allow you to read such books?"

"Yes," was the answer, "for this world is getting to be a place, you see, where a man must have large views, if he is to understand. And the Church, always wise, allows some of her sons to be like scouts—explorers into the various movements, which—whether they be right or wrong, wise or very foolish—are like advance guards of humanity's army, as it marches on in the night. Such men as I lead travelling lives, learning, always learning. So here I ask, what are you doing—and I am made at once to feel that if I'm an explorer, so are you. You belong to the advance wing of your science. A medical man, your interest is no longer in the body. Unless I am mistaken, you think you are trenching on our field—that of the spirit. You're charting it out—as we did centuries before."

"Not as we are doing it." The reply was abrupt, but the low voice of the younger man held nothing hostile in its tone.

"No—your methods are not the same," the Paulist father answered, "and not so strong, it seems to me, because you lack the greatest thing. But even your methods are based on ours—prayer and the confessional; and if you develop anything new, we shall welcome it. We shall gather it in, as we always have." Another little silence. "I'm not afraid of your science," he said, "nor

are you of my religion. So we should meet again, I say —for I know that I can learn from you—and you perhaps may learn from me."

"I'm quite sure that I can," said the voice of young Dorr, "for during the war I went to Lourdes, to watch the so-called 'miracles'—and it was plain enough to see the interest of them for my work. I found fascinating puzzles there—a force I couldn't understand. . . . And I found the same force, in different forms, later on, in India."

"You have been in the East?"

"Yes, for some months. It was a mere beginning, of course——"

"I should like very much to hear what you found."

"I'll be glad to tell you—and in return, I'll ask *you* for some books to read. For example, I should like a book dealing with the confessional—with all its methods, its technique. I should like to compare it with the work which Freud and Jung have done of late. Such books must have been written for priests; and there must be other books that teach the methods of suggestion I heard you use this afternoon. I'd like to read them, and to see what all this means for work like mine."

"What it means?" Into the voice of the Paulist, although it was friendly as before, came a note of quiet authority now. "From what I have heard, I believe it means that you and all the men of your kind are closer to us than most of you dream—like all the other seekers in this troubled modern age. Many drifted away from the Church, in a hard, dogmatic, material age, in which the natural scientist seemed to dominate the minds of so many million thinking men. But man cannot live by bread alone; the new civilization had no faith; and so, in the

war, all the works of the scientists were turned into the service of death; and the whole immense structure they had reared was shaken and came tumbling down. And now, as a result of that, all the honest searchers are gradually, half-consciously, turning back to God again."

"We may be," was the quick reply, "but by different roads from yours."

"All roads lead to Rome, my brother. The whole world is disorganized now—with class against class and race against race—while within the souls of men, old hopes and faiths are growing dim as phantoms that are left behind. Through all this vast confusion, one faith only holds its course, and slowly, steadily marches on—still sending its scouts ahead on the road, watching, listening all the time, gathering all the good we may find and pouring it into the life of the Church. We can do this," he ended, "because in this broken, scattered world, we have the one cohesive force—the force we call the power of God—immanent in that Church alone to which was given the keys of Heaven."

There was a sudden silence. Then—"But I felt it on a mountain," said the low, clear voice of Llewellyn Dorr.

"Did you?" asked the older man. "It would interest me, I am sure. Was it a brief experience?"

"No—not brief—it lasted years. I spent hundreds of nights up there alone." Again a pause. "I wonder if you are busy to-night? There are so many questions I'd like to ask."

"I shall be free till nine o'clock."

"And now it is only six," said Dorr. "Would you care to come and dine with me, in some quiet place, and talk this out?"

"Yes, indeed—I shall be glad. I'm sure you and I have only begun."

"Thank you. Will you wait here, please? In a few minutes I'll be back."

The next moment, Llewellyn came out of the room and went quickly to the stairs leading to the upper floors. As, in the dim light of the hall, he passed close to Dorothea, she caught once more that look of absorbed and eager intentness in his face. She rose from her chair, when he passed, and went down to the floor below. There she met the young nurse she had seen before.

"Well? Did you find him?" the girl inquired.

"Yes." Dorothea hesitated. "But there's something I forgot to tell him. I wonder if there is some place where I can write a little note?"

At a desk, in a small visitor's room, she wrote, on an impulse: "I'm glad that I came. I saw you at work exploring to-day. It was wonderful!" She noticed then that her hand was trembling slightly. She frowned; and after reading the message, she tore it up and wrote this in its place, in a more careful, steady hand:

"My dear Dr. Dorr: I am so sorry I missed you here this afternoon. But I don't blame you in the least—for I know how terribly busy you are. I am so interested in your work. Won't you come to see me some afternoon soon?"

Then she went out to her mother's town car, which was waiting at the door. But just as she settled back in the seat, she saw the young doctor, with his new friend, coming out of the building. With one hand on the arm of the priest, he went off down the street with a long, swing-

ing step; and catching once more a glimpse of his face and the almost boyish eagerness there, Dorothea got a sense of how many different roads this strange young man was exploring. With her curiosity deepened by what she had heard this afternoon, she wanted more than ever to know him better. "But can I?" she asked, feeling suddenly humble now. She remembered that he had told her only of men friends of his. Did he know any women or girls, she asked, and did he care to? Yes—he cared. She remembered his visit to her last week—how long he had stayed, how clear had been her certainty that she attracted him then. She knew she could do it still more, if she liked. And she smiled to herself. It was rather exciting!

CHAPTER V

One evening late the following week, Dorothea was dressing for dinner. Quite a number of people were coming that night, and among them was Llewellyn Dorr. Since her visit to his hospital, he had been to see her twice; and with her interest in him increased, Dorothea had asked him to dine; for she wanted to try him on her friends. He had not wished to come at first, and his unconcealed reluctance had made her realize again how crude and awkward he could be. How would he act, this evening, and what would these people think of him? With a little pang of misgiving, she asked: "I wonder if he has a dinner coat?" She had nearly finished dressing now. With a glance at the clock, she hurried on, putting deft, swift touches to her smooth and glossy hair, brown, with just a tinge of red. As she glanced at herself in the mirror and caught the effect of her brilliant eyes, unconsciously she smiled a bit. . . . But then, there was a low knock at the door, and Mrs. Farragut came in; and as Dorothea greeted her, she had again the impression she'd felt so many times before—of how very young and callow and "obvious" she herself appeared, beside this stepmother of hers. "What a beautiful creature she really is, and how absolutely sure of herself! Well, she has a right to be." Dorothea took in at a glance her mother's slender, ravishing figure and her gracious,

smiling face. "She has so many points," she thought. "I have only two—my hair and my eyes."

"Are you almost ready, dear?" Mrs. Farragut had asked.

"Yes, I'll be down in just a moment."

"Then will you see about the cards?"

"Yes, Mother. Have you heard from the Rands?"

"Yes—they're coming."

"Good," said the girl. She had wanted old Colonel Rand to-night, both on account of his millions and what he could do for young Dorr, if he liked—for by instinct she had already begun to promote her protégé. "Then there'll be twenty to-night," she said; and the next moment she asked herself: "Now what is she waiting for?" The reason at first did not appear. With half-closed eyes, Mrs. Farragut seemed to be taking in the effect of her slim little daughter's new gown. In her easy, quiet voice, she remarked:

"You're looking quite wonderful to-night."

"Am I? Then it's thanks to you," said the girl. "You were right about this gown."

"Yes—it is becoming." And her mother turned to go. But then, as with some casual recollection, she turned back again and said: "Oh, about young Dr. Dorr."

"So that's it," thought Dorothea.

"Where are you going to put him to-night?"

"Why, next to myself, I should think—wouldn't you?" Dorothea answered. "I doubt if he's used to this sort of thing, and he may be just a bit appalled."

"I see. And what about Tom McKane?"

"Suppose you take him," said the girl.

"All right, dear, if you think best. Only——" her mother hesitated, and Dorothea flashed up a smile.

"Out with it, Mother!" An answering smile came on Mrs. Farragut's charming face—and remained there, while she probed a bit.

"Are you quite sure you aren't making a mistake about Tom," she asked, "in holding him off so long, I mean?"

"Oh, he has waited two or three years. I guess he can bear it a few weeks more."

"It's rather different now, I should say. I mean it's being talked about."

"If it is," was the quick rejoinder, "whose fault is it? Tom's, of course—for making it all so obvious."

"But I haven't felt you minded that." To this quiet little thrust, the daughter responded with a slight glance of impatience. She was thinking: "Why the devil can't she get to the point of this little confab?" Her mother's smooth voice went calmly on:

"After all, he has so much to give. And when a man has so very much—and he knows it, and knows perfectly well that scores of girls would jump at the chance—it's a bit hard to be kept dangling—with the whole world looking on. . . . You do like him, don't you, Dodo?"

"Yes—I do."

"And so do I. It would be a pity, I think. And he has seemed to me, of late——" Again the smiling hesitancy.

"Seemed to you what?" the daughter asked, with a little twinge of alarm.

"To be getting rather restive, my love."

Into Dorothea's eyes came a glint of real uneasiness. She knew that this young mother of hers, who, for all her gracious ease, was a shrewd, keen observer where her own interests were concerned, would never have given this warning unless she had seen real danger signs.

"Really?" she asked, in a low, sharp voice, which she could not make sound unconcerned.

"I think so."

Dorothea frowned. "I've noticed a little of that myself—but I don't believe it's serious."

"Well, my love, I hope you are right." Once more her mother turned to go. "You know how I hate to interfere—but I do feel you'd be happy with Tom, and so interested in the life he leads. He's so singularly well equipped to give you what you've always liked."

And Mrs. Farragut left the room.

"Why couldn't she have been more clear?" Dorothea asked herself. "But no, that isn't her way at all. Just one tactful little hint, and off she goes, leaving *this* on my mind! How much has she really noticed in Tom? Or is it simply Dad again? Perhaps he put her up to this. They're over anxious—that's the trouble!" Just for a moment she let her thoughts dwell on the life her father led with his beautiful young wife—a life gay, crowded, needing money; and, beneath all its ease and charm, hard and vigilant always, whenever money was concerned. "He knows perfectly well," she thought, "what the *Chronicle* can do for a lawyer." Publicity counted so much, these days. "What an asset for Dad to have the *Chronicle* in the family!" Suddenly Dorothea rebelled. "Oh, it's all so material, hard as nails! Even this love of theirs," she thought, "has become a habit now—a physical routine affair!" For an instant, from her deeper self, of which she knew so little, up came the old hot jealousy of the raging little girl whose father had deserted her. But she quickly forced it down. "Well, that's their affair," she thought. "Mere middle age. But what

about me? Would I ever be like that with Tom? Yes, I suppose so! And what then?"

Dorothea rose impatiently. "I tell you, I'm going to chance it!" she thought. "Tom can wait! If he won't, he can go! I'm going to do as I damn please! I'm still young enough, thank God!"

* * * * *

She went quickly down to the dining-room and arranged the guest cards there—putting young Dorr next to herself, and Tom by Mrs. Farragut. When she came out, McKane had arrived; and both her parents were being so friendly that, as Dorothea came in and unconcernedly greeted him, to all four came a sudden sense of the uncertain state of this whole affair. In the last few months, they had been together on so many evenings, just like this—with nothing settled, nothing sure. It *was* a bit hard on him, say what you please. With a pleasant little pang of remorse, she told him young Dorr was coming to-night. But he grew so decidedly grim at this, that she felt a twinge of real concern.

"Oh, Tom," she said impulsively, "I saw such a lovely horse last week—the most diverting animal! I think I'll buy him, if I can. If I do, I want you to see him first."

And as, with the animation to which she had been trained all her life, Dorothea started to tell him of that, the other guests began to arrive and the slight tension came to an end.

"Mr. and Mrs. Waddington," announced the low voice of the man by the door. And Dorothea's lifelong friend, Kate Waddington, came in with her husband. Kate's husband was enormously rich; and Kate, ever since they were roommates at school, had been Dorothea's follower —both envious and admiring—on the whole, a faithful

friend. A plain but rather attractive blonde, grown a trifle fat of late, Kate was a placid-looking soul, but shrewd and wise enough beneath; and she would not be slow to notice the young doctor here to-night and his place at Dorothea's side. What would she infer from that, Dorothea asked herself. Then old Colonel Rand and his wife were announced. Dorothea greeted them warmly; and adroitly shunting off the wife, who was a tiresome little thing, she was soon on intimate terms with the Colonel, questioning him gaily as to his latest plunge into print. He appealed to her tremendously. So thoroughly big and picturesque. A short, stout man with hair gone grey, and a square, lined and wrinkled face, sardonic eyes, and a low, rough voice that could sound like a snarl—he was so human, nevertheless. He had been an Indian fighter once; and after that, an adventurer on a grand scale in mines out West—and he'd kept his adventurous spirit still, not only in operations downtown, but in his travels, politics, excursions into countless fields. What would *he* think of Llewellyn Dorr?

Other guests were coming now, among them Edith Crane, the actress, an alluring young brunette. Dorothea detested her, in a way, on account of her endless scheming and her constant eye for effects—and also, unconsciously, because she herself had tried the stage, and in so quickly giving it up, had confessed to the one and only failure of her life, so far—while Edith had made a huge success. Still, even Edith could fail at times—her play this year hadn't gone very well; and Edith, for all her gay pretence, was known to be distinctly hard up. So Dorothea liked her to-night, and after a friendly welcome, turned her over at once to Tom—which she knew was what Edith wanted most. "She needs the *Chronicle* in

her business, too," thought Dorothea. Once more it flashed upon her, the power she herself would have, if she married Tom McKane. "And I'm going to, of course," she thought. She had no fears of Edith with Tom. Edith amused him—nothing more.

Meanwhile, in rapid succession, other names were heard from the door—names of such significance to Dorothea Farragut, that as the hubbub of voices from these people, old and young, quickly swelled in volume now, and the cocktails were brought in, and watching her mother, Dorothea saw her glance go to the door, a sudden panic seized the girl. "He's late!" she thought, as she did her best to appear to listen to a guest. "How late does he think he can be with people like these, I'd like to know?" But at that very moment, she heard his name, and saw him quickly enter the room. He stopped for just an instant, at sight of all these other guests, then smiled, as he spied her coming to meet him. Dorothea saw with relief, that, without any pretence to being well dressed, he did have on a dinner coat, and that on the whole he gave quite an effect. Just crude enough to be interesting, but still essentially well bred, and not in the least self-conscious. In fact, when a little later he sat at the table by her side, she saw he had quite forgotten himself and was keenly interested in sensing the personalities here. Now in a low, intimate tone, the girl began to give him their names; and when she discovered that, with one or two exceptions, the names meant nothing to this young man, with a kind of amused compassion, she went on to enlighten him, with points about their backgrounds. Wall Street and Newspaper Row, the civil courts, the Broadway stage, Newport and Southampton. She gave him little anecdotes of the crowded lives they led.

"On the whole, quite a three-ring circus," she ended, smiling, "for a priest."

He turned to her, with a whimsical glance. "Did I ever call myself a priest?"

"At least you said you might have been one."

"Yes—five hundred years ago."

In a flash, she recalled what she had heard, in his hospital the week before; and glancing around the table, a pleased excitement came into her eyes. She liked dramatic contrasts.

"Don't you know any modern priests?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered simply. "I met one just the other day. We had supper together—and quite a talk."

As he went on to tell her a little of that conversation, Dorothea eagerly drew him out. For instantly she saw the chance to launch Llewellyn Dorr to-night. These people were all interested in the psychic sort of thing, you heard it everywhere you went. Well, they were going to hear it now! Adroitly leading him on and on, she soon had him talking of Lourdes, and of the so-called miracles there. By an occasional smiling glance or side-remark, she drew others into their talk; and in a very few minutes, she saw that half of the table was listening. Engrossed in his subject, young Dorr talked on, simply and naturally, in a low voice, but with his pale, strong face aglow and his dark grey eyes filled deep with the fascination of what he described. Though using plain and simple terms, he was getting an effect of vividness in the picture he drew—of Lourdes, the gleaming crosses all about on every hill, the winding river and the cliff and its cave with the miraculous spring. He described the hundreds of people outside, the sick and crippled, maimed and blind, laid on stretchers on the ground, with their

friends and relatives kneeling there, while a young priest led them all, in calling upon the Virgin for aid. At shorter and shorter intervals, they burst out with the refrain, "Save us! Save us! Save us!" He told of the deepening rhythmic strain and of the terrible tension then, the very atmosphere surcharged with a passion of hope and faith. Rapidly, in the meantime, the sick upon their stretchers were lifted by attendants and carried through the dirty, flapping canvas curtains into the cave. Through a letter from the authorities, he was allowed to go inside; and he followed a woman of middle age.

"This woman," said Llewellyn Dorr, "had a temperature of a hundred and two, and a huge swelling on her shoulder—it seemed to be some kind of growth. In the last two days at the hospital, where the most desperate cases are received when they arrive, she had been growing rapidly worse; and when she was carried down to the cave, her breathing was fast and uneven, her pulse weak, her color grey. I followed her into the cave, with a watch and a thermometer, and I saw her dipped into the spring. This took place a number of times, and meanwhile I was given a chance to watch and test what then took place. In twenty minutes her temperature had dropped to about a hundred and one. Pulse and respiration were both stronger, steadier. Ten minutes later, I discovered that the swelling was nearly gone. In ten minutes more it had disappeared. Her temperature was normal then—her pulse and respiration, too—except perhaps a little fast. But she got up and walked out of the cave, with a kind of a glory in her eyes—and the crowds out there fell again on their knees. They thought it was a miracle."

Queer talk for a dinner table, this; but Dorothea, watch-

ing, saw that the interest in his account had by now become so strong that nobody noticed its bad taste—nobody except Tom McKane. With a fixed smile upon his face, he was watching them all as though thinking: "How the dear old public is falling for this stuff, these days." And when the account was ended, he asked:

"Do *you* think it was a miracle, doctor?"

Abruptly, with a little start, young Dorr seemed to come out of a trance, to notice his surroundings and see all these inquisitive eyes. He flushed and grew embarrassed then—but only for a moment. Then he said, quietly, to McKane:

"I neither believe nor disbelieve. I saw—and I don't understand. In the hospital, I'd had no chance for a thorough diagnosis. It may have been mere hysteria—one of those cases the Charcot group in Paris have often treated and cured. But suppose it was? Even so, it was interesting to me to see the same cure brought about by what a good many people would call ignorant religious fanatics working blindly in a cave. For if they were blind, so was I. To me it was simply a puzzle—for Science to study and try to explain."

But Tom McKane was hostile still.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked.

"No, I'm not a Catholic—but I don't need to be one, to be interested in Lourdes. I was there for a week and saw hundreds of failures, but I saw some remarkable cures. There was something there to be explored—not in the cave or the big gaudy church or the crosses that flashed from every hill, but in the minds and imaginations of those people who believed—and in the mysterious force, which seemed to be released by that. As to the source of their belief, I can't see that it matters much.

For example, as you probably know, the life-giving power of the spring is supposed to date from the time when a peasant girl, passing at twilight, saw the Virgin dressed in white, standing in the mouth of the cave, both arms upraised as though blessing mankind. But in the French army, a story is told that many, many years ago, when Lourdes was a little garrison town, a young married woman had an affair with a cavalry officer there, that they met one another in the cave, and that one night at dusk, as the woman came out, she saw a peasant girl staring up—and that, in her fright at being observed, she instinctively threw up her arms, while the peasant girl ran screaming away. And so, they say, began the myth of the world-famed Madonna of Lourdes. But whether this be true or false, the beginning of the myth doesn't interest me at all. The fascinating question, which Science has to ask at Lourdes, is not as to the source of the faith but as to its strength—its power to heal tens of thousands of people—as it has done."

At this point, old Colonel Rand began, with a keen interest, to question young Dorr in detail; and among the other guests, the talk again grew general. But Dorothea —flushed and tense, more excited than she realized—heard low-voiced questions and remarks about the young neurologist, that showed the interest he had stirred. She also saw that her stepmother, far from pleased, behind her smile, by this launching of Llewellyn Dorr and the annoyance of McKane—was about to rise—for the dinner was over. So, like a good showman, seeking to bring the curtain down on a line that would rouse curiosity and carry over to the next act, Dorothea asked her protégé whether he'd ever been interested in the miracles in India.

"Yes—I've been there," he replied,

Her mother rose then and cut him off; but feeling quite sure of the effect, Dorothea left him to the men; while in the front room with the women, she heightened the interest in her friend, by a highly coloured version of the amazing force he had shown, in curing her "almost instantly of excruciating pain." As she talked, she noticed in the face of her friend, Kate Waddington, a look of inquisitive speculation; soon she felt this curiosity spread, among the others there; and she knew that they were asking what effect this was going to have on her affair with Tom McKane. The sense of that uncertainty stimulated all of them.

When Llewellyn Dorr came back with the men, Dorothea could see at once that almost every one of them liked him and had been impressed. Old Colonel Rand came to her and said:

"Dorothea, he's a gold mine. We've hammered your man from every angle, trying to break his story down. Your lawyer father cross-examined till he wore himself all out. But the story held. The boy is sound—and he's on his way to something new. If he finds it, we'll all be happy as kings—and every little germ in the world will have to get out and work for a living!"

When Dorothea's father added his endorsement, then, she could feel at once the effect on the women. They eyed young Dorr with anticipation; and when Edith Crane, the actress, urged him now to tell them of what he had seen in the Far East, several came to her support. He began to do so reluctantly, as though he felt he had talked enough.

"I can't tell you very much," he said. "I was a mere traveller for my health—in India only a few months. But I met a young Hindu surgeon there, whom I had come to

know in New York, when we were at the P. and S. And he showed me various things which I still don't understand."

"What things?" the young actress asked.

"Curious, absorbing things—small on the surface but immense in their implications," he replied. "They were done or said, without exception, by men who belittled what they did, and who showed a sort of amused contempt for the psychic tricksters—who, by the way, are as numerous in India as they are in New York. For the chaps who threw ladders into the air and then sent small boys climbing up to vanish suddenly in the sky, the men that I met had no use at all. They had no time for miracles. And yet, when you were with them, again and again you found yourself unexpectedly face to face with something you could not explain. For example, this young friend of mine took me to the little village deep in the jungle, where he had been born. When we arrived, we went at once to the bungalow of a Holy Man, who had been his teacher long ago. My friend had not been there for years—yet when we came, we found the old man expecting us—and, in fact, with supper already prepared for three. 'Did he have any word of our coming?' I asked. 'No,' replied my friend quite simply, 'but he could feel us on our way.'

"During our long talk that night, the old man showed an amazing knowledge of trends of thought in the world outside. For example, he asked: 'What truth do you find in the things that are said by the European—Einstein?' When this was translated by my friend, I looked at him in astonishment. 'Where did he learn about Einstein?' I asked. 'Can he read? Does he ever go to the towns?'

" 'No,' was the answer, 'he never reads anything but

ancient books, nor for a good many years has he ever left this place, which is walled by the jungle on every side.'

" 'And you have not told him?'

" 'No,' he replied, 'nor has anyone else. And yet he knows about Einstein—so thoroughly that, if you like, he will talk for hours in detail about the Einstein theory. But to try to tell you how he knows would take us into regions boundless as the distant stars, yet smaller than the point of a pin—the world of the spirit where he dwells—and where, without any barriers between his mind and other minds, of men who are fellow-citizens there, he quietly takes into himself all the thought of that world to-day—and goes on seeking for more light.'

"But he had no use for miracles. Soon after we arrived, we noticed an enormous carbuncle upon his neck, so ugly as to be serious and needing a good deal of work with the knife. When we called his attention to it, he said: 'I think you had better cut it out.' Then, because I was callow and young and looking for miracles in the East—it was my reaction from the war—I asked him whether he did not think that he could cure this trouble himself, by that seemingly boundless power he had. But a curious point I had noticed before was that, whenever you asked him a question, he almost invariably replied by one of his own. And so now he asked: 'Why should I use this power of mine? It is something for high places in the world of the spirit, my son. Why should I now call it back for so little a thing as a carbuncle? No, this is a doctor's work.' And he said to my friend: 'Please cut it out.' He refused to take any anæsthetic; and through an operation that would have meant agony to me, this old man sat quietly talking. 'You feel no pain

at all?' I asked. He smiled and asked me: 'What is pain?' "

All this, young Dorr had told at first, in a voice not only low but deeply quiet and subdued, as though he were tired and needed rest. But as he talked, he seemed to find it. The tone of his voice grew vibrant, although it was still low as before; and again his face began to glow. He finished speaking; and after a pause, with a little smile, he said:

"You see? I am a doctor. All my stories lead to pain. But before I stop, I'd like to tell a story of another kind. I heard it up in China, from a mining engineer."

At once a number of voices asked for the story—and he began:

"We were together on a train. It stopped at dusk, and getting out, we found ourselves on a high embankment—in a plain more desolate than any I had ever seen. My friend, the engineer, explained that a river flood some months before had come sweeping through this valley. The waters had subsided now but had left the fields all grey with mud, the grass and reeds all bent and trampled, as from an army marching through, and bits of wreckage here and there—a broken cart, the roof of a house—quite lonely and as dim as ghosts.

"My companion began to tell me then how, in the next valley to this, the flood had been stopped by a village head-man, who had slaughtered a young pig and carried it in solemn procession out to the slowly advancing tide. With prayers and incantations he threw the little porker in, as an offering to the great devil or god who was causing this calamity. Then, as it happened, the water stopped, and within a few hours began to recede! And while all the villagers rejoiced, an indignant American

missionary—who for twenty-seven years had worked faithfully on that spot—packed up his things and went away—knowing that one wretched pig had brought to nothing all his toil!

"As the engineer was telling me this, suddenly, very low but clear, from out there in the misty dark, we heard the clang of a temple gong—then caught one tiny gleam of light. 'Do you hear that?' he asked, with a smile. 'The first concern to open up for business-as-usual, after the flood, is a temple. Oh, it's a queer old land.' And after listening for a while to that low, faint, uncanny sound, my companion told the story which I'll try to tell you now.

"In 1917, when China came into the war, he had been sent by the Allies to help speed up the coal mines there; and in a section of the land not far from where we stood that night, he had come to a mine on the edge of a lake, which was owned by some Americans. The Yankee manager explained that, with the price of coal so high, they were already working, day and night, every gallery in the mine. 'All,' he added, 'but Number Nine.' My friend at once pricked up his ears. What was the matter with Number Nine? 'Nothing,' said the manager. 'It's one of the richest veins we've got.' And yet it had not been worked, he said, for nearly a generation; and when he was asked for the reason why, he explained that many years before, an old Chinese miner, a kind of a foreman, I suppose, was working with a gang of men at the head of this same gallery—when, just as he was about to blast, some mysterious sixth sense warned him of impending danger. He stopped work and took out his men—and nothing could persuade him ever to go back again. In vain the manager showed him the survey of the engineers.

The galleries of the mine, it seemed, ran far out beneath the lake. Its bed had been surveyed, of course, and the survey showed three hundred feet of solid rock and slate and coal between mud bottom and Number Nine. But the old miner still shook his head—and he was held in such respect by the local guild, that from that time on no other Chinaman could be induced to work in the gallery he had condemned. So it had been abandoned.

"After hearing this account, my practical friend directed at once that a second survey should be made; and when it showed no difference from the one they'd made before, he called a meeting of the guild—and after a long argument persuaded them to resume the work. For years the old foreman had been dead, a new generation was coming along, and the wages now offered were so high that at last they consented to go down.

"Then he started back for Peking. But on a crowded train that night, he fell asleep; and in his dream, suddenly an old Chinaman came and sternly shook a warning finger. The apparition was so vivid that my friend woke up with a start; he remembered the story he had heard; and though at first he laughed at himself, he grew worried and nervous and couldn't sleep. Three thousand men were down in that mine, and he knew that he was responsible. As he tossed and worried there, he asked himself what else could be done, to make doubly sure the mine was safe. Suddenly, he told me, he thought of another kind of survey. Just what it was, I can't recall—but my friend, the engineer, grew so eager to have it done that he left his train at midnight, at a large station on the way, got a car and motored back to the mine.

"The next morning the new survey was made—of that part of the lake's bed directly over Number Nine.

And it showed that while there was indeed three hundred feet of rock or coal above the rest of the gallery—just at the point where long ago the old miner had stopped work, a narrow fissure filled with mud ran down to within five feet of the spot. One good blast, and every man in the gallery would be drowned like a rat! On learning this, my friend made off with the manager for the mouth of the mine. Down they went to Number Nine and started running at full speed—hoping to God they wouldn't hear the sound of a blast come up through the dark. Instead, they met a crowd of miners, badly frightened, running out. 'What is it?' they asked. 'Have you blasted?'

" 'No!' the miners answered. For just before they lit the fuse, suddenly into the light of their lamps had come a stern old Chinaman, who shook his finger at them, to stop."

The young neurologist paused for a bit, and then continued, quietly:

"My engineer friend finished his story, and for a moment we stood in the dusk, listening to the faint rough clang of that distant temple gong—which sounded louder to me now—and watching that one speck of light.

" 'How do you explain it?' I asked, for he had seemed the kind of man who likes everything in life explained.

" 'Memory, of course,' he said, 'and the worship of their ancestors. The memory of that old Chink was still so strong and clear in their minds—and they felt so uneasy at going against him—that when that gang of miners got ready to touch off the blast, they had all worked themselves into a state where, if one of them thought that he saw the old Chink, the others would have seen him, too.'

"Then my practical friend and I got back on the train,"

said young Dorr, with a smile. "From that misty, dim desolation, with its single gleam of light, we came into a dining car—all brightly lighted, crowded, warm—and as we ate our dinner there, we left the darkness all behind. . . . Only—later—once or twice—it seemed to me as though I heard the faint low clanging—of a gong."

Still smiling, he stopped speaking now, and sat looking down at his hands—while, after a moment's silence, exclamations and murmurs were heard from all the people in the room. With a thrill of excited triumph, Dorothea asked him then:

"Do you keep in touch with your friends in the East?" He looked up at her.

"Yes—as well as I can."

"That young Hindu surgeon, too?"

"Yes," he replied, "he's here in New York."

There was a new ripple of interest then; and in response to the questions of several people in the room, he told both of his Hindu friend and of other young Easterners who were here. "All students," he said, "who have come to explore our Western civilization—while we have only just begun to inquire a little into theirs. In fact, we barely notice them here. Though they are several thousand now, you hardly ever read of them—in our newspapers, I mean—though their coming and exploring us is one of the greatest news stories, I think, that has ever reached New York."

At the word "newspapers," Dorothea felt at once the eyes of several women dart across at Tom McKane, and then come back to herself and young Dorr. She could feel the gossip about to start—and suddenly she grew angry with Tom for letting his jealousy appear. But this little thrill among the women passed unnoticed by the

men; and in a sharply hostile tone, Tom McKane inquired:

"Just why is it such big news?"

"Because we are going to learn so much from the East," young Dorr responded.

"Swallow all that whole, you mean?"

"No," the other answered, "only look and question it—try to find what's really there. I myself know almost nothing yet, as I think I said before—I was there as a mere traveller. But some day soon we are going to send hundreds of young scientists, who will devote entire lives to digging into that vast heap of superstitions, truths and lies—to separate the true from the false, the tricksters from the Holy Men. One more tremendous puzzle—for a new science to explore."

As he said that, the gleam in his eyes and the ring in his low, clear voice attracted the attention of almost everyone in the room. But the hour was now growing late—or at least it was the time when many New Yorkers, dining out, will not be kept from going home by any mystery under the stars. There was a slight, restless stir, and the talk again grew general; but as the guests began to depart, Dorothea could tell from their faces, and from chance remarks she heard, what a stir young Dorr had made. And she felt drawn to him in a way which would have been impossible, if he had failed with her friends that night. But a curious thing was happening now. While one part of her, a hungry part, was still excited and keyed up to this new adventure in her life, another shrewder, worldly part, still alert and vigilant, felt her mother's hostility to the young neurologist. And Dorothea knew, as well as though her mother had put it in words, that she was anxious and annoyed at what her

daughter had done to-night—at the evident jealousy of McKane, the gossip already starting from that, and the imminent danger of losing him, which such gossip would increase.

"I don't care," the girl exclaimed, "I know I can hold him, if I like! I'm getting into no love affair here!" Looking suddenly into herself, with a scrutiny sharp and hard, she felt nothing of the sort. She was simply deeply curious to see more of this young man and his queer new challenging view of life. "Why shouldn't I look into this? It's my last chance, for ages, for anything of the kind again!" For she knew that, once engaged to Tom, all such adventures would be barred. And she wanted this—it was so new! The old familiar pleasant glow, which she had so often felt before when taking up some novelty, came to her now with a force tenfold, and with it an equally pleasing sense of her own power to promote. She had managed cleverly to-night, and moreover, she had just begun; she saw endless possibilities. As she lay in her bed that night, she was already planning her campaign; she thought of various little affairs and ways to rouse interest in her new friend. But later, growing weary, she thought, "What a fool I am to plan all this." It was past the middle of April now, and her friends would soon be out of town. And Dorothea was glad of that. "For he's simply bound to succeed," she thought. "Thank God, I've a chance to know him first—before he's invited everywhere."

CHAPTER VI

It was an evening early in May; and in a crowded little room, in a building up near Columbia, Dorothea sat listening, with a half quizzical puzzled air. The room was very small indeed, and what few furnishings it had were commonplace, to a degree, all except a golden Buddha, over in one corner. It was the home of Ananda Takoor, Llewellyn Dorr's young Hindu friend; and the guests, in addition to herself and the young neurologist, were several other Hindus, four or five Americans and a most intense young English lad, with a Russian girl who had brought him here. The only refreshments to be seen were a large dish of cherries, a pitcher of water and glasses, and a wicker tray piled high with queer wafers from the East. For this feast of the gods was confined to food and condiments for the soul. They plunged with the warmest interest into any topic affecting the inner lives of men, their thoughts and feelings, waking, sleeping; they had a long argument about dreams; they launched into the most vivid accounts of inner experiences they had had; they positively gossiped about their souls or those of their friends.

She kept glancing at Llewellyn Dorr. He did not seem to belong in this group; he was watching, smiling and detached. "Still exploring," she told herself. In these last weeks, she had felt, when she was with him, a kind of mountain atmosphere, rare and bracing; she'd had a sense of climbing up to sudden views which

opened from this planet right straight off into the blue. And this had had an effect on herself, so strong and yet so baffling, too, that in spite of the uneasiness which came to Dorothea at times, as to where all this was leading her, she had impatiently shaken off her qualms and continued this affair. Far more stimulated than even she herself was aware, she had exerted in every talk her own fascinations on young Dorr, in order to draw him close to herself, to test him, search him and find out what he really had to give.

But as for this little group to-night, she had seen quite enough of them. Although there was much in their talk that Dorothea did not understand, that did not bother her in the least; she was used to not understanding details; she had always liked to swoop at a thing, get the gist of it and then move on. She had sensed the main feeling of this group, and that was all she wanted now. But just as she was about to leave, a curious incident took place which made her decide to wait a while. Young Dorr had taken little part in the discussion here to-night; but now, when the Russian girl declared that "the soul can learn to leave the body, just at any time it likes"—quietly he challenged her—and she swung around and appealed to their host.

"Takoor, you show him—now—at once—what your soul can do!" she cried. "Go to your home—in India!"

"But why shall I go?" was the quiet retort.

Takoor was short and strongly built; and out of his dark oval face looked two luminous clear black eyes, which were gravely smiling now. "I do not like such tricks," he said, "and never would it convince our friend Dorr. Proof, proof—he must always have proof. How can I prove to him I was there?"

"Wait," spoke up Llewellyn, and he turned to the Russian girl. "I will show you that at least I am willing to explore. I'll try to send Ananda now upon a shorter journey—one I have helped him take before—but never yet has he been able to take it without some marked effect on this body of his, which he believes is left behind."

"It can be done," said Ananda Takoor. "I do not like these tricks, you know—but some day I shall do it—just as a reply of the East to the West. For we have known for a thousand years that the soul can leave the body so absolutely as to leave no evidence of where it has gone."

"Are you ready to try again to-night?" Llewellyn still challenged him, with a smile.

"Oh, yes. Why not?" was the quiet reply.

"Shall I help you go?"

"You must, if you would speak with me there."

"Yes, I want to speak with you there—and to watch your body here."

"I am ready," said Takoor.

"He is going," Llewellyn explained to the others, "about three hundred miles from here, to a certain mountain that I know." Dorothea gave a little start.

Meanwhile, as he settled back in his chair, Takoor's whole body seemed to relax, so suddenly and strikingly that everybody in the room leaned forward, closely watching his face. With his eyes upon Llewellyn Dorr's, quickly and smoothly he appeared to sink into a quiet sleep—or dreamless trance. With a slight sigh, he closed his eyes. But still young Dorr continued to magnetize him as before; and glancing at the face of her friend, Dorothea felt with a thrill the sharp, deep concentration there. Presently, in a low, clear voice, he asked:

"And now?"

"I am there," was the answer.

"What do you see?"

"It is very dark."

"What do you hear?" A moment's pause.

"I hear the sound of running water. But it is muffled —very low."

"Yes—a brook beneath the snow—for high up there where you are now, the spring is very late this year. Do you hear nothing else?"

"Yes—now I hear a great piece of ice fall into the stream."

"And nothing else?"

"The cry of an owl." Again a pause.

"It must be very cold up there. Do you feel nothing yet—no cold?" Although his voice was quiet still, Llewellyn Dorr was leaning forward, vigilant and eager now.

"No—no cold."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes—quite sure." As yet, the Hindu's body showed not the slightest sign of chill. After waiting a moment, Llewellyn asked:

"Is it still so dark you cannot see?"

"No—now I can see, in spite of the dark."

"And do you see any building there?"

"I see a little hut of logs."

"Go into it." Silence.

"Now I am there."

"Look on the shelf above my bunk."

"I am looking."

"Do you see a book?"

"Yes, a small one."

"Look at it closely."

"I am looking."

"What is the title?"

"Vital Reserves."

"And the author?"

"William James."

"Good." Once more there was a pause; and then, in a voice intensely clear, the hypnotist suggested, "But it must be terribly cold up there. Do you still feel no cold at all?"

"Yes—I begin to feel it now."

In the silence that ensued, the form which had been relaxed in the chair began to huddle and contract, the lips trembled and grew blue, and the whole body seemed to shake.

"I am sorry," said Llewellyn Dorr. He spoke in a tone of real regret, as though he himself were disappointed that his prophecy had come true. "Come back, my friend, where it is warm. Come back to this room; we are waiting," he said.

Slowly the spirit seemed to return, and at last the young Hindu opened his eyes. But his limbs still shook with cold; and all at once, as he noticed this, a slight expression of regret could be seen in his dark face. He was silent for a moment still, and then he said:

"And so I failed." His voice was quiet as before. "But some day I shall prove to you that it can be done," he said.

"I hope you may. But meanwhile, I shall have to continue to doubt," Llewellyn Dorr responded. "You feel you know what happened to-night. I don't know—I can only guess—that by suggestion I made you feel you had flown three hundred miles from here to my old hut on a mountainside—where it is very cold to-night."

"Did I give you no proof that I was there?"

"You described a book I left there—yes. But this one fact might easily have slipped from my mind into yours—without my meaning that it should—while I had you hypnotized. And the other proof, that chill you had, was quite evidently caused by the suggestions that I made. I don't mean I am such a fool as to feel no mystery here. What just happened is to me as mysterious as life itself. In an unseen universe, your mind met mine and followed it, in the twinkling of an eye, to a spot three hundred miles away. But at the same time these spirits of ours were still back here in our bodies, too—so that the cold you felt up there was reflected in your body here."

The grave, young Hindu smiled at him. "Be careful that this science of yours does not close for you the gates that lead to the world of the spirit," he said. With an answering smile, young Dorr replied:

"I am ready to pass through any gate except that one over which it is written, 'Let those who pass stop thinking here.' "

* * * * *

"Let's walk home," said Dorothea, when they came away that night. "Do you mind?"

"I'd like it," he replied. "It was stuffy and hot in that little room."

"Yes," she agreed, "and crowded—not only with people, but ideas—and some of them so strange to me that I'd rather not talk for a little while."

They came presently into the park, and there in the cool, refreshing dark, they walked in silence for a time. Then, abruptly, Dorothea asked:

"Are those really friends of yours?"

"Most of them—no—only Takoor."

"How much do you see of people like that?"

"Not very much—I haven't time; and most of my friends are patients," he said, "all kinds of people, old and new. But as I've gone about on my rounds, I've heard enough to make me sure that there are scores of just such groups of youngsters as you saw to-night, meeting all about the town. Did they interest you?"

"Yes—they did. But I've been interested more in the way you seem to look at all that—and in all these queer tremendous questions you seem to be asking yourself," she replied. "It's all so completely—new to me! . . . Don't smile at me!" she added sharply. "This isn't just one more new thing!"

"I wonder."

"So you doubt me, too!"

"No—that isn't how I feel—I wonder," was his quick reply. "I'm wondering how far you'll go—on this or any other road. I'm beginning to think you can go pretty far—I'm beginning to feel that you can be almost anything you like."

"Do you? I don't feel like that—I only feel what I've been missing, all these years," she answered. "Not just this little group to-night—it's something so much more than that."

"Yes, I know—but you've made me feel there's no need of your missing anything. If you find you really care enough——"

"I do," she replied intensely. They were walking slowly now. "Do you know what you have done for me? For the first time since the war, I'm getting that

rising feeling again—of going up instead of down—and that's all I care about. And this time, it's different from anything I've had before."

"I know it is," he answered, "for I've been getting it myself—in a way I never did till now." A sudden pause.

"From me, you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Oh?"

And they walked on.

"But let's leave me out of this," he said. "I think you are going to get it still more—so much more that it will surprise you. You've already been a surprise to me. As I've drawn nearer, you have grown distinct and different from the rest. You've grown more interesting to me than any other person alive!" he added, in a low, sharp tone. And she felt a strange little stab of delight. "He didn't mean to say that!" she thought. But as though aware of his mistake, he drew quickly back again. "But how can I tell what you'll be like, if I come to know you closer still? I've made a mere beginning, as yet—just enough to make me feel what a wonderful woman you may be, if only you're willing to take the time—to know yourself, to be yourself. Only—somehow—I'm afraid."

"Go on. Afraid of what?" she asked. Her voice was hard with excitement.

"Of things in you that hold you back."

"What things?" she demanded. Unconsciously stopping short in their walk, Dorothea looked straight up at him, and when, for a moment, he did not speak, "I wish you'd say," she added, "just what you really feel in me—both good and bad—weak and strong!"

"It isn't easy," he replied, as they walked slowly on

again. "You're—rather baffling, you know! . . . You're —fascinating, I'll admit—there's not the slightest doubt of that! But what do you really think of yourself? You seem at times to feel quite small—but then again as though you felt there was nothing that you couldn't do! All your friends have praised you so—and you've let that go to your head at times! How strong are you? How deep can you go? Can you stick to one thing till you reach bed rock—or is this habit of turning from one new interest to the next already bred so deep in you, that you'll never take the time you need, to make good at anything? At times, I'm sure that you'll make good—so good that you will keep yourself young and splendid all your life! You have so much to do it with! But again, I feel that you may fail—harden, toughen and grow old! You have so much to fail with, too!"

Dorothea clenched her hands. Listening to his low, swift voice, she had grown unconsciously hot and cold with the rapid little shocks of surprise that his jabbing thrusts and questions brought. And in the sudden silence now, she felt far from sure of herself—so far from sure that she was a bit frightened. Oh, she had been through moments like this, time and again, with other men. But this was different! Too real! She made up her mind to turn this talk. And so she said abruptly:

"That's all intensely interesting—but we've talked enough about me for to-night. I'm too interested in myself as it is; and if I tried to answer all those questions, we'd get nowhere—while what I want is to talk about you—and this queer tremendous life of yours! You've told me almost nothing yet!"

"I haven't?"

"Not about yourself—you've only told of things

you've seen! We've known each other nearly two months—and all that time you've drawn me out! I've let you do it! I'm that kind—interested in myself! But you are not—or if you are, you hide it, keep it all inside! Why do you people from New England always keep so to yourselves? I want you now to begin at the start and tell me everything!" she said. "You were born in New Hampshire—you told me that—and there was a mountain—and a hut! But how did you ever come to go there? Why did it interest you so?" She stopped, and to her own surprise found that she was trembling. Then in a moment, she heard him say:

"That will be hard to tell you."

"Why?"

"I can give you the bare facts—but the thing that happened there was deeper down than words can go."

"Then give me the bare facts!" she urged. He was silent again for a moment, as they walked slowly on in the dark; and then, in a low voice, he said:

"It was up in the White Mountains. The mountain that I told you of was across the steep valley from our home—and on soft early days of spring, when it rose as hazy as a dream—or in autumn storms when it echoed the thunder, in winter when it gleamed in the sun, all icy white and glorious—I watched it as a little boy. It was a secret place of mine. I—peopled it—with elfs and goblins. . . . Then, as I grew older, I climbed it, with some other boys—or more often with my dog; and I explored it till I knew every cliff and deep ravine. And so one day I came upon a little old log cabin. I spent a long time fixing it up; and in the years that followed, we spent hundreds of summer nights in there—

my dog and I—lying close and warm and snug—with my pony hitched outside." He stopped, with a smile. "I can tell you that—but what happened there I can't put into words."

"Try," she urged, in a low voice.

"You wouldn't understand," he said. "I didn't understand, myself. I only knew that lying there, and listening to the cool rough sound of a little brook close by, I could hear stirs and whispers, as the winds went through the pines—and that later, awake or in my dreams, something deeper, stranger, came. Strange and yet as natural as the very life of the earth—some tremendous conscious life—that would soon become articulate—if only you were patient, if only you kept very still. At times, perhaps in a kind of a trance, I could feel it all around me—breathing, moving, wakening—and streaming deep into myself—like some strange music or some light—which drew me out and upward, took me rushing far away." Young Dorr was silent once again. "You see," he asked her suddenly, "how inadequate this is?"

"Yes," she said, in a low voice, which quivered now in spite of her; "it must have been—too strange for words! But please go on and tell me how you came from that to this—I mean, to what you're doing now!" He seemed to give a breath of relief.

"That will be simpler," he replied. And, after another silence, he said: "By the time I went away to college, the mountain had come to mean so much that, in the utter loneliness which I felt first at Cambridge, it was as though some primal source of my whole life had been taken away. Homesick, lonely, lost at college, I retreated into myself—and my classmates put me down

as queer. But then, one evening, William James, who had been my father's friend, invited me to come to his house—and shut up in his study together, we spent the greater part of the night. With that warm friendliness of his, he soon broke through my reserve, and learned what the mountain had meant in my life. He went back with me in minute detail over those nights in the old log hut—and at the end, he said to me, 'Well, Dorr, you're tremendously lucky, I think, to have discovered it so soon—that life will yield its secrets, its riches, all its mysteries, only to the patient ones who lie intent and very still.' Then he began to tell me of the mountains in ourselves. He spoke of his long, exciting search into that region unexplored, of the emotions and the mind, which looms invisible and unheard in the background of our every-day lives. I listened to him hungrily—my attention caught and held by the magnetism of the man and the fascination of his ideas. We had other talks. As the spring came on, we even took long tramps together. And the end of it was that I found myself. I had thought of becoming a country doctor, as my father was before. I decided to be a neurologist now—and in the years that followed, under the friendly guidance of James, I began to study hard. There was so much of it, this business of nerves, and mind and the subconscious self, and those reserves stored up in us, and only breaking out at times—in madness or in genius."

Abruptly he stopped talking. "Does this really interest you?" he asked.

"Yes!" said a low voice. "Go on!" She had slipped her hand into his arm, and he could feel her tension now. They were walking slowly on again.

"When my mother learned of this——" he said.

"Your mother! You've never told me of her!" He stopped, with a quick look of surprise.

"Haven't I?" he answered. "I live with her—here in New York!" The girl gave a sharp little laugh.

"And you've never told me that!" On they walked. "Well, tell me now."

"She was a bacteriologist. I was her only child, you see, and ever since my father's death, she had been intensely ambitious for me. To get me ready for some kind of a scientific career, she had scraped and slaved to give me a start; and she saw me turning now into paths that she considered dangerous. She herself had come to New York and was doing careful, accurate work, in a big institution for research into all forms of physical life. To my mother and most of the workers there, the whole universe of the spirit was nothing at all but myth and fable. So, when she saw me turn that way, she tried her best to bring me back; and when she couldn't change my plan, we ended by a compromise. If I insisted on becoming a physician for the mind, at least I must know the body first—and so I came to the 'P. and S.' I was here three years, grew interested—and working hard in the college, living with my mother and meeting people with views like her own, I was beginning at last to feel that William James and all his kind were hasty thinkers and unsafe.

"But then I got an education of a very different kind. The war broke out—I went to France—and, working as a surgeon in those first months of wild confusion, I found the gods and devils there, the ones that live deep down in men. Bravery, devotion, fear, fury, hatred and revenge—up they flamed—some like the sun, but others

like a storm at night—a vast astounding clinic of madness and divinity, all mingled with the roar of guns. At times, when I'd had no sleep for days, the whines and shrieks of big shells flying were to me like voices of great spirits on the winds—spirits that we had not known, though they had been inside ourselves. In our safe tidy little lives, we'd been living on volcanoes, deaf and blind to all below, but we were made to feel it now! To the smell of ether and blood, most of us heard and saw things too hideous to be recalled—but at the same time, something else so wonderful that I'll never forget it! For, in the electric atmosphere of that early part of the war, time and time and time again we obtained results like miracles! Men lived when by all our rules they should die! We had the most amazing glimpses into the buried vital reserves, both in our patients and ourselves! An outstanding strength had come to us! We could work forty hours at a stretch and have no feeling of fatigue!"

He stopped, and went on in a lower tone:

"We've forgotten the revelations of those awful bloody years—and we have forgotten, too, the way we used to fool ourselves. We came to believe this strength we had could last and last. I was barely even aware of the strain—till it showed itself in a collapse—so sharp and so disastrous that I didn't think at first I'd ever get back home alive. And when at last they brought me back, I couldn't see the use in living. My heart had been strained, I was broken and ill, and at times I thought I was going insane. Slowly I did recover then, but my mother feared for my sanity still—and remembering the deep effect that my old friend, the mountain, had had on me when I was a boy, she took me up to our old

home. She made me stay in bed at first—but then, one warm, still night in June, when she was asleep, I left my room, came down and out in front of our house; and, sinking exhausted into a chair, for a long time I stared at the mountain. 'What can you do for me now?' I asked. And then once more the mountain seemed to me to grow alive. I began to feel the presence of some prodigious spirit there—which in a kind of a whisper, a voice that might have been the wind's, seemed to speak to me and say, 'But I am here. Life like mine is everlasting—and you are a part of me. I am real and I alone—I am all you need to know. Let go your little conscious thoughts. Let the deeper you awaken. Come with me,' it whispered. Then I fell asleep and dreamed that I was a small boy again—staring at my secret place. And soon I seemed to fly away—to the very mountaintop. A little round white cloud came by, and leaping on it, I rode on —up and up into the stars."

He stopped again.

"And then?" she asked.

"Then," he said, "I began to grow strong, and by autumn I was ready for work—but my mother wouldn't hear of that; she insisted on a good long rest—so I made that journey to the East. Then back I came, three years ago; and, feeling strong and well again, I found work here with the same man who had taken me into his hospital the year before, when I came from France—a man who knows what I'm after here, and who gives me plenty of time—for the deep, exciting, quiet life you lead when exploring people here—people all or partly mad—under the strain of this life we lead —this three-ring circus in New York."

Once more there was a little pause, and then Dorothea

asked: "But what does your mother think of all this? From what you've told me of her work and rigid scientific views, I should think she'd be getting uneasy again —as she sees you dashing gaily into all this sort of thing."

"Yes—she is," he answered, "but not so much as you might think. Because she knows of my deep respect for that scientific method of hers, which she bred into me as a boy. She feels that so long as I hold to that, I'm a safe-and-sane neurologist—perhaps with a big future—not of fame or money, for she doesn't care for that—but one of real discovery—pushing out into the dark, with the kind of steps that Science takes, slow and cautious, peering, testing, always doubting, holding back. She knows how deep that's bred in me. . . . But what my mother doesn't know is the *feeling* I have—about the dark."

Dorothea threw a quick look of surprise.

"The dark?" she asked.

"Out there," he said, "beyond the lines—the everlasting No Man's Land into which we push our way—crawling, peering, listening—with our tiny lanterns growing brighter every year. But the brighter they grow, the darker it is. . . . My mother knows that, but she keeps her eyes on the advancing paths of light. But I—I *feel* that darkness. I have felt it all my life—from the time when I was very small. . . . There was an awful scare I had." Again he stopped abruptly.

"Yes," said Dorothea, in a low, excited voice, "you spoke of that—you mentioned it—the first evening when we met! Won't you tell me what it was?" Both of them were standing still; she was looking straight up into his eyes. "Please do! I want to know!" she said.

"I've never told anyone—not even her!"

"Tell *me—now!*" said Dorothea. Suddenly she felt once more how in an instant his whole being had come back again to herself. But this time she did not flinch. "Don't you *want* to tell me?"

"Yes! But it won't be easy!" he replied. Unconsciously he started on; they were walking still more slowly now.

"I told you that, when I was small, I had elfs and goblins for my friends. They came down from the mountain into my room—in my dreams at night, I mean —but they weren't the ones who frightened me. Some would make me shiver a bit, but most of them were a jovial lot—and I remember one fat little elf who would prance about in a way that made me roll with laughter. So I liked those dreams of mine. The only one I told them to was my father. He was such a human man—much older than my mother was—and he saw no harm in fairy elfs, so long as they didn't frighten me. So I gave him all their names, and what they did and what they said; and when one worried goblin, whom I always called Old George, told me that his little boy had whooping cough, up in his cave, my father told me what to prescribe. I handled the case with such success that my reputation rapidly spread—until sick or injured elfs came to me for treatment every night. I consulted my father each time, of course; but I never gave my mother a hint of these absorbing dreams of mine. 'Sh-h!' said my father. 'It is a secret—only between you and me!' And instinctively I knew that, if I told my mother of this, she would put an end to it. She had no use for goblins —because she had never seen them—even through her microscope. Nor had she any use for gods. Years later

I learned the reason why. As a child, she had been given such a dose of religion, of the very bleakest kind, that she had rebelled against it all. To her it was a great rock in the path of her science, in its search for the truth. But that early Puritan habit of thought had been so stamped upon her mind that it couldn't be erased. It coloured her scientific views—till she was as grimly orthodox as her parents had been before. An orthodox atheist," said young Dorr, with a poignant little smile.

"Well, when I was twelve years old, my father very suddenly died. And his death came like a clap of thunder. Too stunned at first to understand, I did not realize it then, but now I can guess how much worse it was for my mother than it was for me. Loving my father as she did, and with the belief in an after life bred into her as a child—she must have been sorely tempted to turn back to the old faith. But she did not. In her conscious mind, grimly and bravely she held to the views of her grown-up years, and stuck to her work. She worked hard, and forced her grief—and with it all those wild, despairing questions in the face of death—down into her deeper self—where they lived on, in the dark.

"In the meantime, I was left with nobody to share my dreams of fairy elfs and goblins. And quickly now they slipped away, all those jovial friends of mine; and in their place came a shaggy monster, fat and dumpy, like a bear, but with fiery little eyes and a long red tongue which hung far out. He came to me one night and growled, 'I am almost starved to death!' I shook with terror, for I knew it was me he wanted for a meal. But my father had told me, 'Don't you ever let yourself be afraid of them. If you're ever scared, just laugh at them as loud as you can—and pretty soon you'll be brave again.' I

seemed to hear his whisper now, sharp and clear, inside of me. 'Laugh at him!' my father said. So I took a big breath and forced out a laugh.

"'Ha-ha-ha!' I jeered at my monster. And the next instant I heard inside, 'Tell him he has appendicitis!' It was of this that my father had died. 'Ha-ha-ha!' I jeered again. 'Why, you aren't hungry, you poor old fool—the trouble with you is appendicitis!'

"'No,' he growled, 'I'm starved to death!'

"'Wait a minute—oh, please!' I cried, as he drew closer to my bed. 'Haven't you any pain at all?'

"'A terrible pain!' he answered.

"'There! You see? And I'll bet it's right down near your stomach!'

"'It is,' he agreed, 'I'm starved to death!'

"'No, that's appendicitis!' I cried. 'And you are in for an awful time! If you touch a morsel of food, you'll regret it—you'll roll on the floor in agony! Above all—meat!' I added. 'Don't touch it! You must leave it alone!'

"That stopped him. With a spark of hope, I saw the uneasiness in his eyes. 'How about you?' he asked. 'Are you meat?'

"'I am,' I stoutly answered, 'meat of the most injurious kind! My father's a doctor, and I know!' At the thought of my father, I almost screamed—for again I remembered he was dead, and that I was the only man in the house. But then—'Be brave!' I heard him whisper. 'Laugh at him!' And so I laughed. The monster glared. 'What are you laughing at?' he asked. 'At you!' I said. 'I'm laughing at the way you will feel, when you get meat inside of you! You'll simply roll and scratch and roar—all around the mountain! And all

the elfs and goblins and other bears will laugh at you—even your wife and children, too! You will be the only one who isn't laughing—you will roar—roar and roll with agony! Agony!' I repeated this word, because I saw it hit him hard. 'And let me tell you that I know exactly what I'm talking about! I am already the doctor for every one on the mountain but you! Be sensible now or you will regret it. You'd better go straight home to bed and take a good dose of castor oil!'

"In the end, I persuaded him. My nightmare left me, and I slept—but the next night he came again. Heavy, dull and obstinate, he came into my dreams night after night, and again and again I racked my brains—till at last I was running out of diseases. Should I tell my mother, I asked. For some time I held off, afraid she wouldn't understand. But one night, when the only disease I had left was German measles for my bear—when my mother came in to say good night, I suddenly begged her to leave on the light. At the intensity in my voice, she turned with a little start.

" 'What makes you afraid of the dark?' she asked. I shut my eyes without reply, for I did not want to tell. Suddenly then she came to my bed and gathered me up into her arms, and for a time we cried together. But at last, in her firm New England voice, she said that we must both be brave—just as my father had always been. 'And one of the very greatest kinds of bravery in the world,' she said, 'is to overcome any fear of the dark. For there is nothing there at all! Nothing! Only emptiness!' She said this with a sharp, queer sob, and quickly rose as though to go. But I clutched her dress—and to keep her there, and to keep the blessed light of the lamp, all at once I began to tell her how that bear had come to

me. I remember still the look on her face, as she sat by the bed and questioned me. On and on her questions went, until she had learned both of the bear and all the elfs and goblins, too. Only, by some instinct, I kept my father out of it—for I knew he would not like her to know how he had shared my secret. When I had finished, my mother said, as she held very tight my hand:

" 'Poor little lad. What a scare it has been. But it is all over now.'

" 'No!' I whispered.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'and you are going to feel it soon. For there is nothing—nothing at all, in all this queer, big world, my darling—nothing to be scared about. There are no monsters and no elfs—no fairies, and not even gods! Only foolish people bother their heads with such ideas—which have made so much trouble in the world. Oh, there are things we don't yet know—plenty of things to puzzle about—puzzle till we understand. And that's the work of Science, dear. But Science knows that except for these, there is no awful mystery to make us shiver in the dark.'

"She kissed me good night and went away—and I lay back radiant with relief. How clear and deep and bright it was—like a stream of light inside of me, which in a moment washed away all monstrous fears of every kind. She had left the lamp on the table, over by the window, and had left the door wide open, too, so that I could feel perfectly safe. But I did not need it, her words were enough. Exhausted from those nights of strain, I believed what she had said. With no more awful diseases to think of for my monster now, happy and smiling, I fell asleep. 'Science,' I thought, as I dropped off. 'Science knows—that there is nothing in the dark.'

"My sleep was deep; there were no nightmares. It was as though my entire self, deep beneath my consciousness, had been so dispossessed of fear that nothing could scare me, even in dreams.

"But then abruptly I awoke." The voice of young Dorr was still lower now. "I found myself sitting up in my bed—and a curious prickling on my scalp made me put a hand to my head. With a thrill of fright, I discovered that my hair stood up erect. Then I felt that my hands were icy cold. What was it, I asked, what was the matter? Darkness? No—the lamp still burned—and the door was still open into the hall. And yet I sat there listening—and in a few moments, I heard a sound which sent a chill racing down my spine. A whisper, it was, in the hall outside. No—louder than that—a half-whispering voice—strangely piercing into my room—and so lonely and so agonized as to sound to me quite mad! Then, as I huddled under the bedclothes, my mother—walking in her sleep—came slowly groping into the room. Groping, I say, because though her eyes were open, fixed and staring with a terrible intentness, they seemed to see no burning lamp, but only darkness—everywhere—reaching to the farthest stars. Nothing to be afraid of there? No mystery? My mother's eyes seemed to me at that moment to face a mystery so vast that I would have screamed with terror, had I been able to utter a sound. Dumb and rigid, icy cold, I watched those eyes half mad with fear and loneliness. In a whisper, I heard her speak my father's name—and beg him to tell her—where he had gone!

"She was only there a moment longer. Then she turned and went out again. But quaking, and still icy cold, I felt the darkness in a way that I had never felt

before—the darkness that can come to us, with a light burning in the room. . . . And I have felt it all my life. Although my mother does not know."

He finished his strange little narrative, and again they found themselves standing still, in the cool obscurity of the park. For some moments, neither spoke.

"Oh, what a terrible story!" said Dorothea softly. "Oh, what a poor little boy!"

"Poor mother!" was his answer, with a sudden poignant smile. Once more there was a silence, and then the low voice of the girl at his side:

"Will you take me to see your mother, some night?"

Again a slight pause.

"Why, yes—if you like."

And they walked slowly on again.

CHAPTER VII

He took her to his mother's apartment for dinner, one evening that same week. It was well up on the East Side and rather far over toward the river; a little apartment, spotlessly clean. But when Dorothea came in with Llewellyn, and for a moment he left her there—to go and speak to his mother, who was in the kitchen helping the cook—as she sat in the small living room, Dorothea saw at a glance that the woman who had made this home had little or no colour sense. Those curtains—with that rug, for instance; and those pictures—on that wall. Still, the discordance was not strong, and the little room was comfortable. The low shelves running around the walls were filled with a most uninviting mass of books of all sizes, and pamphlets, too. Science, with a vengeance here! Two comfortable chairs, two reading lights. "And here they sit and read," she thought, "by way of dissipation—whenever she can keep him home." Dorothea smiled to herself—and yet she was deeply curious, too, and even felt a certain respect. How must it feel to work like this? Llewellyn returned, and in his face, she caught at once his slight suspense; so she began to reassure him, telling him how she liked his home. And then Mrs. Dorr came into the room, and apologized for being late; she had been kept at the laboratory by an experiment, she said. Her voice was low and rather flat, with a New England quality. A thin little woman with black hair already heavily streaked with grey, she had

a strong, attractive face, which made Dorothea guess she must have been quite pretty once. It was marked by work and struggle, yet it was still alert and keen, and her eyes of a light-greyish blue were vigorous, clear and searching. In them, her young visitor read a repressed uneasiness now. "I'm the first girl he has ever brought here," Dorothea told herself, "and she's wondering just what it means. She's putting me down as a dangerous vamp. Why did I ever come here to-night? I'm bound to show at my worst, of course. She'll see to that," thought the girl, in annoyance. They had gone in to dinner now, and the food was not inviting—plain and rather badly cooked; while as for the conversation, it had been awkward from the start. Praise from Dorothea, for the power Llewellyn had shown, in her own case two months before. Brief replies from Mrs. Dorr, and talk about the weather. But as the son, in increasing dismay, made desperately obvious efforts to be friendly now, and hospitable in his home, Dorothea roused herself. She knew how to handle this situation; she had been trained from the days of her childhood to pick up the talk whenever it dragged and give it new life. She would do it to-night. With a friendly apologetic air, she began her attack on Mrs. Dorr.

"You must think me rather awful, coming in on you like this," she said. "But I've been curious, all my life, when I see things I don't understand—and what your son has told me, about your work and the life you lead, has made me want to meet you. I've known lots of women who work, of course—I've worked myself, and so have my friends. But a woman in scientific research —well, you see, you're new to me!"

"That's queer," the other answered, with rather a

stony little smile. "There are so many of us now, and have been for so many years, that I'd have thought we were taken for granted—by all——" She stopped abruptly.

"All educated people, you mean," Dorothea finished her thought. And then, with a disarming smile, as she saw her hostess colour a bit and Llewellyn move quickly in his chair, "But I'm not, you see," she continued. "If I told you the education I've had, you'd hardly believe it—it's been so poor. Whatever I've managed to pick up, I've had to get all by myself, at the cost of being considered queer by almost every girl I know. But don't let's talk about me to-night; it's you and your work that I'm interested in—and the sort of life you lead. So please be kind and tell me a little—and make it as simple as you can."

She began to burrow with questions then into the life of Mrs. Dorr. The replies at first were scant enough—until with a smile, Llewellyn said: "Let me give you a picture of Mother's life." And in spite of her quick glance of annoyance, he continued, trying his best to make things smooth and friendly.

"She gets up every morning at six," he said, "and insists that I remain in bed, while she cooks breakfast for us both. Then she sees the woman who comes to do the housework here—and she reaches her laboratory at eight. There she works straight through till five, and often six or seven o'clock, stopping at noon for crackers and milk. And at night, after supper, she takes her ease in scientific journals or books, till ten o'clock—when she goes to bed."

His mother forced a little smile. "My life is pretty much all work," she said, in her flat, ungracious way.

And at once she began a minute description of a certain line of research, which had taken months and would probably fill her time for years to come. Soon she was speaking in technical terms that forced her young visitor to the wall. From time to time, she would stop and ask: "Do you know what I mean?" or "You've heard of that?" in a tone which plainly showed her conviction that Dorothea knew nothing at all. And as her son again and again tried to break in with explanations that the girl might understand, each time his mother cut him off. Now Dorothea saw with dismay that she could count on little real help from Llewellyn Dorr to-night. How changed he was, here in his home! She had seen it before in families, but never so marked a change as this. In the presence of his mother, he seemed to be losing moment by moment all his warm, magnetic force, and to be becoming a mere uneasy, awkward boy—while the terrible little woman here, talking steadily on to their guest, implacably showed her feeling of how impossible it was to tell this pretty young idiot anything about such work. In brief, she was doing all she could to show her son what she thought of his friend.

But reacting against this, Dorothea, with a fast increasing annoyance and a keen chagrin, set out once more to demonstrate that she would not allow herself to be shown up in any such light. As they came back to the living room, with a frank, engaging smile, she said:

"You're awfully good to tell me all this. It must seem to you so utterly hopeless, to explain to a girl like me!" And, before the other could reply: "You've no idea how ignorant and small you make me feel!" she exclaimed. "Or how sick and tired I get, at times, of this three-ring circus life of mine!" This last she said,

with a little flash of intimate friendliness, to the son; and catching his quick smile of response, she went on without a break. Dorothea was safely started now and had the talk right in her hands. It is one thing to have somebody else show you up as a ninny; another, to confess it yourself, with a charming air of humility and of warm rebellion, too, against the life into which you were born. And this Dorothea proceeded to do. Swiftly warming to her rôle, she repeated how ever since she was small she had been considered "queer" by her friends; how hungry she had always been "to get things—people and ideas—real ones, big ones!" she exclaimed. She spoke of the war, and gave some idea of her able work for the Liberty Loans; she talked cleverly of publicity work, and "its absurd value" in modern life.

"Just think of it!" she exclaimed. "Here you are working at something of such tremendous value, it simply can't be put in words! With all your years of training! While I, with this mere publicity sense, was offered just the other day a job connected with some drive, at a salary probably double your own! Isn't it too ridiculous?"

"Do you care for money?" asked Mrs. Dorr.

"No, I don't! I like it, of course, but not to work for!" the girl replied.

"But this job that was offered, it interests you, and you can do it well, you say."

"Yes, I can. I like it, too."

"Then why don't you take it?" The abruptness of the question brought Dorothea to a halt, but only for a moment. Once again she returned to the fight. With a rueful little look, she said:

"Perhaps it *is* all I can do, but I should hate to think so. I'm holding off"—she turned to Llewellyn—"on

that, and something else," she said. "I hate to get into a rut for life." Llewellyn smiled, but before he could answer, his mother said, in her low, flat voice:

"It's the only way I know of, to get anything worth while."

"Yes, but is this worth getting?" the girl rejoined, in sudden appeal. "Can't you see? I'm feeling humble—small! I want to work—to give myself—to save myself from what I am! And I want to do it for something worth while, something really big and vital—like your work—or that of your son!"

At this last shot, she caught the alarm, which showed in this grim woman's eyes; and once again it made her pause. "What am I really starting here?" But warmed by the confession she'd made, she suddenly found, to her own surprise, that she did sincerely mean all this. Back in a flash, went her nimble mind over her friendship with young Dorr. "Yes, I'm honest about it!" she thought. "And I have been, all along!" It was only this icy reception that had taken her nerve and belief in herself. "And I don't propose that it shall!" she declared. "I want this and I'm going to have it!" Though just exactly what she wanted, Dorothea did not say. For all this had gone through her mind in a moment; and meanwhile, after a tense little silence, she'd heard the voice of her hostess reply:

"You really and honestly want to go in for scientific work like ours?" At Mrs. Dorr's incredulous tone, Dorothea coloured a bit.

"Not exactly that," she said. "But I'm beginning to feel I'd like to try to see how I could help—with what I have."

"With what you have?" was the calm retort. "But

how can you tell what you have until you educate yourself?" Then, seeing in the face of her son that she had gone too far, she said: "It's easy to see that you are a girl with force and brains and a mind of your own. And you may succeed at this. But as you yourself have told me, you've had no real education, as yet; and if you mean business, you will find that to train your mind, to be of any possible value in work like this, means years of hard and patient study—summer and winter, day in and day out."

"Oh, now, Mother," her son put in, with a smile that did not conceal his annoyance.

"You mean," said Dorothea, a little breathless from the attack, but also hardening under it, "if I want to become a scientist. But of course I wasn't thinking of that. Is there no other way that I can help? In the war, I knew little or nothing about the science of killing men—and yet my work was considered worth while—through the millions of dollars I helped to raise. Why not something of that sort here?"

"Money raising?" asked Mrs. Dorr, as though it were a beggar's work.

"Exactly—but much more than that—I mean, publicity campaigns."

"The ones we've seen in our work so far don't make us very hopeful as to others," was the reply. "The newspapers only cheapen our work by absurd reports of discoveries which their reporters don't understand."

"Oh?" said the girl. "But suppose it were done with a little intelligence, Mrs. Dorr?"

"Yes," was the grudging answer, "that would be of some real help. But even to get *that* intelligence means education—slow and hard."

"But don't you think I——" flushed with anger, Dorothea began to reply—but checked herself, with a look of vexation, feeling the awkward tension here. Llewellyn was saying something now, anxiously trying to fill the gap. But Dorothea paid no heed. "How stupid of her, and how ill bred, to put us all three in a hole like this!" she thought. Then she saw that her hostess was suddenly conscious of her mistake, and with her stiff, unsocial mind, was desperately trying to think of some way out of this. But in vain. She was awkward and clumsy now—while Dorothea was on her own ground. With a friendly and admiring smile, she saved the day by saying:

"You know, it makes me simply aghast—the way you take this work of yours—its terribly exacting claims and your readiness to slave for it! I don't see how you stand it! Don't you take any rest at all? In summer, for instance—no vacation?"

"Oh, yes"—with a quick look of relief—"my son and I go up to the mountains—for a month," said Mrs. Dorr.

"Oh? To your old home, you mean. Llewellyn has told me something of that. You've kept it still, then."

"Yes. You see, even a woman like myself wants a home of some kind to go to," said Mrs. Dorr. "And a son," said her eyes, as they turned to him with an anxious gleam—for she knew that she had annoyed him tonight. "This year, we're going for June," she added.

"As early as that?" said Dorothea; and then, upon an impulse, she spoke out a little plan which had come to her some days ago. Turning to Llewellyn, she said: "I'm glad you're not going in July, for I want you to come and stay with us, for a few days around the Fourth. You will come—won't you?—just a week-end. We're out near Huntington, on the Sound." She saw

Llewellyn glance at his mother, and in that instant his glow of pleasure was perfectly plain to both women there. His mother grew a little pale.

"Why, yes—I'd love to, if I can," he said to Dorothea. "But I can't be sure of it yet. It depends a good deal on my chief."

"Oh, please come, if you can!" she said. Dorothea had risen to take her departure; she knew that this was the moment to go. "There'll be others there, of course—and you'll find it quite diverting, I know." Then turning back to Mrs. Dorr, Dorothea thanked her again for all she had learned that evening. "Please don't think I'm just talking," she implored her with a smile. "I really do mean business—about getting something worth while, I mean. And I rather think I'll take your advice, and start really educating myself—next autumn, when I'm back in town."

As she put on her hat and coat, and saw that Llewellyn was about to do the same, she quickly and decidedly refused to let him take her home.

"Now," she thought, when she came outside, and started briskly down the street, "his mother will begin on him—warning him sternly against the young vamp who is about to wreck his life!"

* * * * *

And behind, in the small apartment, Llewellyn's mother did so.

But not at once—she was silent at first, for she knew she would have to be careful now. She knew her power over her son, but also the danger of losing it, by abuse. Until the present time, she had respected his independence, though it had not been easy of late. She loved him so intensely—and she was so sure he had it in him

to be a scientist really great, if only he did not stray aside into bogs of mystic mush. She knew there was always danger of that, for he had a Welsh strain, on his father's side. There had been his queer relationship with that mountain up home, as a little boy, those creatures so vivid and real in his dreams; and later on, when he often went up on the mountain alone and stayed all night, he would come back with a light in his eyes almost as bad as what she had seen at Baptist revivals and the like. Later had come William James, a fine man but far from sound; and later still, those awful years in France, among the war's insane. Enough to unsettle any man! Then those months in India—again the Welsh strain cropping out. And now these other adventurings—his friendship with a Catholic priest!—and with those queer young Hindus, whose thoughts were plainly in the clouds! She had seen the dangers in his path, and had wanted so to guide him, warn him. Still she had managed to hold off, and had felt with relief how he kept his head—at least in the *methods* of research—which she had bred into him as a boy.

But oh, the irony of life! While she had been thinking of perils like these, along had come this pretty young girl, and a danger of just the opposite kind! She had scented it first some weeks ago. Her uneasiness had been slight, at the start, but then growing vigilant, she had watched, had questioned him from time to time, in a casual, unobtrusive way, and had felt the swift progress of the affair. And now he had brought the girl home for supper! Why, his mother asked herself. Why should he want to, and why should she come, unless they both meant business? She had been keenly alarmed to-night, not only by the girl's looks but her brains, and the hungry

force of her. Smart and shrewd and grasping—one of that fashionable set who spent every minute of their time in a whirl of pleasure and dissipation! Was Llewellyn to be drawn into that? What defence did he have, she asked; what had he known about women, so far? Practically nothing. Till now his friends had all been men. And what did she want of him, this girl? What could she want but to take him up and play with him for a little while, and make him the fashion with her friends—women who would flatter him, and bring out that mystic strain, of course. That was where they would get their thrill!

As she glanced over at her son, he seemed fascinating to her now. So much the worse! Her lips shut tight and she sat very still, with her eyes on an open book in her lap. Llewellyn was reading some medical journal. He threw it aside and restlessly picked up an evening paper. She knew he had caught her glances, and had felt her anxiety, too. Should she have this out with him at once? She wanted to, but she was afraid. But her fear grew suddenly so acute that she lost her head, and without any plan she began abruptly.

"Llewellyn," she said, in a low, hard voice. "What does this girl want with you?"

Startled at first, as he looked up, his expression changed to a whimsical smile.

"Oh, I don't think she wants very much. Her life is pretty full, as it is."

"I've no doubt!" his mother exclaimed. In spite of herself, she flared a bit. "I should say that her time must be fairly filled! Dressmakers, to begin with—it takes time to dress like that—and to keep your hair like that—and your face," said Mrs. Dorr. The lips of her

son gave a twitch of amusement. "Yes, Mother is from New England," he thought. "In spite of all her science, the good old village gossip instinct is still in her, going strong. She ought to be in a rocking chair." His mother's implacable voice went on: "And then with all her social affairs—parties, dinners, teas and balls. And the fads she takes up with. She's that kind." He disregarded this last thrust.

"Yes, I guess she's busy enough," he responded cheerfully. He did not want a discussion to-night.

"But in spite of all that, in these last weeks, she's found plenty of time for you, it seems."

"Oh, now, Mother——"

"Hasn't she? Hasn't she been seeing you, three or four times every week?"

"I shouldn't say so——"

"She did last week—on Monday night—and Wednesday afternoon, you said, and again all Saturday evening. What does she want with you?"

"Nothing," he answered. "She's simply interested in this line of work of mine."

"Yes, and she wants to help you there," said his mother, in a withering tone. "How can *she* help, and why should she want to? All she wants is a little excitement!"

"All right, let it go at that. Or call it curiosity—keen interest in something she has never seen before. You're not quite fair to her, Mother," he said. "She has a good mind, as a matter of fact, and a lot of real vitality, too. When she goes for a thing, she goes for it hard."

"I see she does!" At the slight quiver in her voice, he looked at her with an affectionate smile.

"With me, you mean." He put down his paper. "Now, Mother, let's just clear this up—so you won't have to

worry any more. To begin with, she's rich and I am poor—and as you've said, her time is filled with about a thousand other things. Besides, there's already a man in the case—who has millions and just the life she wants." He told her something of Tom McKane. "What am I, compared to that?" he asked. "I'm simply nothing, Mother—a new interest, nothing more—and even if by any chance she should find her interest getting too warm, she'd simply drop me—pull away. I'm not in her world—I don't belong."

"You might belong—quite easily!" She did not like this humbleness, for family pride was in her deep. "You went to Harvard, didn't you? And people like that are quick enough to take up with a young man like you—if he's single, I mean, and unattached, and brilliant in some line of work that they can make a fad of."

With a quizzical little look, he asked: "Do you think they'll make a fad of me?" But she was not to be put off.

"I think you're in some danger of getting out of your depth with this girl." A sudden moisture came in her eyes, and in a caustic tone, she added: "Oh, I know it's none of my business——"

"Oh, yes, it is!" He came quickly to the side of her chair and put his arm around her tight. "You've made it your business—by the way you've slaved to give me every chance—and by all we mean to each other!" he said. He felt her shoulder quiver then. "So ask me anything you like—and I'll be as honest as I can." His whole manner had changed and grown serious now. For a moment still, she did not speak. Then in a low, flat voice, she said:

"When you're with her—the time seems to fly."

"It does," he admitted, "but what of that?"

"You look at her—like to look at her."

"Yes——"

"And sometimes——"

"Yes, it's more than that. I'm human, Mother—just a man."

"And when you're away from her, you find yourself thinking about her still."

"Sometimes."

"Often."

"Yes," he said.

"And oftener!"

"Yes," he admitted, "I do. And I don't say that you're wrong in this. I *may* be getting out of my depth—just a little—now and then. But what if I do? It will come to nothing. I say there's another man in the case—and the only danger to me at all is that I'd find myself in love with a girl who wouldn't have me, and that for a few weeks or months I'd be in for a pretty bad time. But even suppose that happened? Why shouldn't I be jabbed a bit? In my work, I meet it wherever I go—the one big passion that's to blame for more nervous wrecks and insanity than any other force I know. I've seen the havoc that it plays. It's my job to find what's there and then to set it working right. And yet I know nothing about it myself, for I've never felt it in my life. Why shouldn't I? What harm could it do? Why should I be the only one not to know what suffering is?"

As his mother looked sharply up at him then, he seemed to her all at once a mere boy! Her grip tightened on his hand. "Haven't you known suffering? Is the war so far behind?" she asked. For a moment she held his eyes with hers.

"That was different," he said.

"It was the same in one way—it very nearly wrecked your life! For a year, you were nearly out of your mind! And the same thing may happen now! But even if it doesn't—if both of you in this affair manage all through to keep your heads—even so, it may do you damage. They'll take you up and cheapen you—this girl, I mean, and all her friends! They have no minds—in our sense of the word—but they think they have, and so they take up one fad after another! Suffrage—Christian Science—New Thought! They're already close to your line of work—and if next they take up you, before you know it, this girl and her friends will be using up so much of your time that——"

"I'll neglect my work, you mean?" His quick smile brought her sharply back.

"No," she admitted, "you wouldn't do that. I know you. You'd try to crowd it in. But you'd find it different, nevertheless. The real men in work like yours would begin to smile, as they always do, at a scientist who gets fashionable. And you wouldn't like that, so you'd see less and less of those very men you need, and more of the people who'd flatter you. In the meantime, you'd cut down on sleep—go harder—burn the candle. You have always been like that—but you're in no shape to stand it now! And if, on top of all that strain, this girl gets you in love with her—then, when she ends by jilting you, and this torture you speak of is piled up—then you'll break!" She paused for an instant, and went on: "If you don't believe me, think a minute. You're a doctor yourself and you ought to know. . . . Think of the body you had as a boy. You were born badly—you know that. Your

father was old and I was too tense. We ought never to have *had* a child."

"You're sorry you had me?"

"No," she replied, with a feeling which made her low, flat voice even harder than before, "I'm glad you were born, and I want you now to make the best of all you've got! But, I say, you can't stand a strain like that! You know what the war did to your heart—and just how careful you ought to be——"

"Have I ever been careful?" he broke in. "Now, *you* think. Think back and back, as far as you like—and you'll find it's as you've said yourself—that I have always been like that—never careful! And so far, you'll have to admit it's been a success!" He smiled at his mother once again. "Remember, fellow scientist, that you and I don't quite agree; I believe that the mind or the spirit can do more than most of us dream. And whether I'm right or wrong in that, I guess we'll have to leave to time." He kissed her. "So don't worry yourself with pictures of your famous son as fashionable and all the rage—dashing from teas to dinners and balls, or leading well-dressed ladies in discussions of the soul. Let's drop it all, and plan a while for our big time, our annual spree. And when we get there, back up home, and I climb to that old log hut of mine—then, when I come down again, you'll have to grudgingly admit what you've always had to in the past—that the mountain has a mysterious life which it pours into your queer young son—makes him all over, in a month—and gives him a sense of life so deep and fresh and new, that there doesn't seem to be any end to this wonderful business of living!"

Once more, with an anxious little glance, Mrs. Dorr

exclaimed to herself: "Oh, what a mere child he is!" But although still far from reassured, she reluctantly did as he asked; the warning she'd given was left behind; and as they began to speak of that month, to which she looked forward each year with her son, a new colour came in her strong spare face, in her eyes a hungry expectant gleam. "I can talk to him better up there," she thought.

CHAPTER VIII

The Fourth of July, as it happened, came on a Saturday that year, and the Farraguts had asked quite a number of people for the week-end. Their country home near Huntington, a long, two-story Italian house, was on a low hill overlooking the bay, with paths leading down to the narrow beach. Along the shore were other homes, and many were more imposing than this one—but it was a lovely place. "Yes," admitted Dorothea, "Mother has certainly done it well." Each year she found herself surprised by the distinctive charm it had. Though she had arrived only that morning, already she felt what it held for her still. It is one thing to be sick of your life, at the end of a long winter in town; it is different when you have just come out to your country home, all fresh and new, with a whole delightful summer ahead. As she sat with a book out under the trees, her thoughts went to Llewellyn Dorr, who was due to arrive this afternoon, a day before the other guests; and listening unconsciously for the low purr of her mother's car, which would bring him from the train, she felt a slight misgiving at ever having asked him here.

They had come pretty close, in that last week before he left for the mountains; so close, indeed, that Dorothea had pulled up with a little jerk. And in the month that had passed since then, she had been drawn back into her old life. There were her friends, in town and out, and week-end parties all through June. Moreover, she had

been seeing quite a good deal of Tom McKane. For, during one brief visit she made to her old friend Kate Waddington, who was at Southampton now, Kate had talked quite plainly of the risk Dorothea was running with Tom. He wasn't the sort to be played with forever. Kate had grown quite indignant, in fact. "What can you possibly see in young Dorr, compared to Tom and the life you'll lead if you marry him?" she had demanded. "A house in town and another out here, or in Newport—anywhere you like! Hosts of friends and the work you love and all the interests you crave! I know you, Dodo, like a book! This is the life for you, my dear, and you'll never get a chance again! I'm not sure you haven't lost it *now!*" Consuming endless cigarettes, they had talked and talked; and the end of it was that, when Dorothea returned to town, she had lost no time in bringing her old suitor back to her side. And though some perverse little power within had made her put it off a bit still, she knew that this week-end she would decide. For Tom was coming. One last look at him beside Llewellyn Dorr, and she'd finish it all. But why even that? What possible use could there be in that? At the thought of the disturbing element, which the strange young doctor would bring into this life she loved, the look of misgiving came again. A mistake to have ever asked him here.

But when at last the car arrived, and she waved to him and he jumped out, Dorothea forgot her misgiving in the sharp surprise she felt as she watched him coming across the grounds. "Now, what the devil is it?" she asked, with a little glow of exasperation. "What is it makes him so completely different?" It was not his clothes, nor his lithe, slightly stooping figure, nor his easy stride. It was his face, and the look in his eyes. There was some-

thing fine—almost too fine, and sensitive—and yet so strong. And this strength, since she had seen him last, had been increased to a degree that she felt at one inquisitive glance. He looked positively new again! Filled, in some mysterious way, with a freshness and a depth of life which baffled her! She had a sense of glimpsing in that instant a kind of light about his head! "The mountain!" she exclaimed to herself. The next moment she was greeting him gaily, and soon they were walking up to the house. With another swift glance, she felt again the change in him. He looked both stranger, more remote, and also younger, crudely real. She noticed a button gone from the vest of the loose-fitting homespun suit he wore. The valet must be told of that. "No," she thought, "he won't fit in, and I should never have asked him here." Yet now she was not sorry she had, for she felt the spell of his attraction double what it had been before; and this was enhanced by her instant sense of how she was attracting him, too. "I'm a complete surprise!" she thought. "Up there with his mother, who slurred me, of course, he nearly decided not to come; he told himself what a bore it would be. But look at him now!" In his face and eyes she could see how he was drawn to her. Moment by moment, her beauty took hold; and in her smiling sense of this she forgot her own decided change from the mood of a few minutes before. They were sitting in the loggia now. She was asking him about his vacation; and as he talked, she pictured him fishing slowly up a stream, or climbing some cliff that he knew well, or in his old log hut at night—listening, dreaming into a trance.

"Well?" she asked abruptly. "And did you find your book up there?"

"What book?"

"The one by William James—which your young friend from India saw, that night his soul flew up from town."

"Oh, yes!" he said, with a quick smile. "And a curious thing about that little book—somebody had opened it—to a passage in which James had said: 'Only in the Far East do they know what miraculous powers dwell within us'—or some words to that effect."

"Really!" Dorothea exclaimed. Busy at the tea table now, she had missed the slight humourous twitch of his lips; and when she looked up at him, it was gone. "Well?" she demanded. "Doesn't that prove your Hindu friend was really there?"

"It certainly seemed to," he replied.

"Then at last even you are forced to admit you've been introduced to a miracle!"

"Quite a miracle," he agreed, "and I fell asleep with that thought in my mind. Some hours later I awoke." His voice grew low and vibrant. "I looked at the book—and lo and behold!—its pages had been turned again!"

"What?" she asked him, all intent.

"By a sprightly little chipmunk there, who was perched upon the shelf. And now in the book I read these words: 'It is well to beware of miracles.'"

"Oh-h-h!" Dorothea slowly collapsed, and smiled at him out of her brilliant eyes. "Are you lying?" she asked.

"How can I tell when I'm lying? Can you?" was his quizzical retort.

"I think I can—I know I can."

He looked at her incredulously. "You mean to say you can always tell when you are lying?" he demanded.

"Always—every single time!"

Once more the humourous twitch of his lips. "Well!" he exclaimed very softly. "This is quite a surprise to me—I didn't know you lied at all."

"Oh, booh!" she answered.

"Booh, yourself. Now listen to this." With quiet deliberation he took from his pocket a little note, which she recognized at once as her own. And he read from it, " 'Please don't disappoint me. I really do want you —need you here.' " He looked up at her. "Were you lying then?"

"Most certainly not!" But in spite of her indignant tone, Dorothea coloured a bit; for in a flash she remembered her thoughts of only a few minutes before.

"Was all of you telling the truth?" he persisted, with an ironic little glance. "What do you need me here for?"

She found she wanted time to think, and so with a sudden smile, she exclaimed: "Oh, please don't analyze me now and tear me all to pieces, sir! Don't you think I'm better whole?"

"You are!" he said. And their eyes met. Her own were gaily challenging.

"Then tell me how you'll have your tea."

"Three lumps and clear."

"How very sweet!" There was a little silence. "And now," she added gravely, "since you have ceased to bully me, I'll answer your question and tell you what it is I need you here for."

"Good."

"I want to see these friends of mine, this foolish world and life of mine, in the light of your uncanny eyes, and see what you think of it all," she said. "It will help me so much in deciding about my own affairs, you know. And besides, I want to show you off."

"Have I got to show off?" he asked, in alarm.

"You most certainly do. I expect you to make such a stir in this place, it will launch you out on a big career. For this is just the beginning, you know, of an avalanche I am turning your way."

"Avalanche?"

"Of publicity—that will make you the very highest priced neurologist in all New York."

"Oh, God!" he groaned, with a whimsical air.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now give me a match for this cigarette, and I'll tell you things you'll need to know, about these people whom you're to impress."

Though beginning in this bantering tone, quite unconsciously, as she talked, Dorothea slipped back into the rôle of guide and mentor, coach and friend and shrewd promoter, with young Dorr. For to her own surprise, she found that now she really wanted him to make a distinct impression here—this new protégé of hers, who felt so delightfully real again, and so warmly intimate.

* * * * *

And when a little later her father arrived, just out from town, one sight of his round, heavy face, with its lines of worry and fatigue, gave Dorothea a sudden idea. She remembered that for months and months he had secretly worried to death over certain ominous pains he had. He must try a new physician now! So, after he had greeted young Dorr with a tired cordiality, she begged him to stay and have some tea; and as he sank into a chair, she asked him, with compassionate eyes: "Feeling pretty tired, dear?" She soon drew out of him the fact that a

certain lawsuit, which had worried him for months, would keep him hard at work all summer.

"Oh, Dad, I think that's pretty tough! Can't you possibly get out of it?"

"No."

"But you're in no fit condition, dear!" And turning to Llewellyn Dorr, she told him of her father's ills—the dull ache at the back of his neck, and the sudden fits of faintness which had alarmed him so of late. Her friend began to inquire then into what Mr. Farragut's doctor had said and what treatment had been tried; but the gloomy patient cut that short by declaring it had done him no good; his trouble had grown not better but worse. In response to further questions, he went on to give details. At the end, Llewellyn said:

"Too bad you haven't learned to rest. This afternoon, for instance—instead of worrying on the train——"

"I wasn't," was the curt retort. "On my ride out this afternoon, the thought of work never entered my head. I made a special effort against it."

"I see you did—and the effort you'd made showed in your face when you got home. For by saying, 'I won't think of them,' you were keeping all your worries right at the back door of your mind—and with them all your aches and pains—when what you should have been doing, of course, was something just the opposite."

"What?"

Llewellyn answered with a smile: "Like the wise old snail in the fable, you ought to have crawled into your shell—and let the whole world go to hell."

Mr. Farragut's answering smile was grim. "The snail didn't have a headache," he said.

The young doctor's next speech was a swift surprise; for leaning forward abruptly, he asked: "Did you ever have headaches as a boy?" Mr. Farragut shot a look of alarm.

"Why, no—not that I recollect."

"Any serious illness?"

"None at all!"

"Athletic, weren't you?"

"Quite a bit!"

"Football?"

"Yes!"

"Just as I thought! And where did you go to school, sir?"

"Exeter!"

"What? You're an Exeter boy?"

With a fresh, sudden interest, the questions followed thick and fast, exploring into that lusty, vigourous schoolboy life of long ago. Then the young physician asked:

"Did you see the Andover game last fall?"

"No, I haven't been back for years."

"You ought to go, Mr. Farragut, it's just the medicine you need. Why, the very thought of the place is enough to drive your troubles away. That ache at the base of your brain, for example—it isn't half so bad as it was." Paul Farragut gave a sudden start. "And the knowledge of that is such a surprise," said Llewellyn, in a quiet voice, "that sitting as you're sitting now, with all your muscles quite relaxed and your whole body beginning to rest, you quietly feel that the ache in your head is going, going, will soon be gone. You're mistaken there—it will come back—and it may be months before it stops. But the little trick I tried just now is only one of the many we use; we have a whole bag of 'em, in fact."

Paul Farragut looked up at him.

"Look here, young man, will you take my case?"

"No," said Llewellyn, "I'd rather not. I've a terrible rush of work ahead, for my chief's vacation starts next week; and to tackle your case in the right way is going to take a lot of time. But there are plenty of men in town who can handle this just as well as I."

He began to name other neurologists then, but Dorothea saw that her father's mind was set upon having young Dorr. Before he could urge the matter, however, Mrs. Farragut joined them there; and Dorothea guessed at once that her mother would strongly disapprove. This surmise was soon confirmed, for at dinner that night her mother was far from cordial to their guest. Paul Farragut's evident friendliness and keen interest in young Dorr had obviously made her uneasy; and later, when they went to bed, Dorothea felt quite sure that up in her room Mrs. Farragut was tactfully warning her husband of the serious risk he would run by encouraging this attractive young man. "She'll worry him so," thought Dorothea, "that he'll hardly sleep to-night. That will bring back his headache, of course, and by to-morrow he'll feel so blue that her influence on him will be nil."

The next morning she saw that she had guessed right, and that Mr. Farragut was in a state where he didn't care if she married a bootblack. "I'd better not talk to him," she decided. "He hates the very sight of me, now; it's for me that he's losing his chance to be cured." And both to make her father feel that his wife's suspicions were absurd, and also to bring him back under the spell of the magnetic young physician, she assumed an indifferent air and proposed that the two men go out in her father's motor boat on the Sound. At this, her mother's an-

noyance increased. But Dorothea avoided her. "I don't want any solemn talk, or warnings of any kind," she thought. For she did not want to face this thing, this sudden change that had come in herself, with all its vexing implications. "Oh, leave it alone," she told herself. "Nothing is going to happen this week. There'll be too many people here."

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Already they had begun to arrive. The young actress, Edith Crane, and several others, came at noon; Kate Waddington and her husband motored out with Tom McKane, early in the afternoon, while still others came by train. There were eleven guests from town, and quite a number of neighbours, too, who dropped in at tea-time. As they kept arriving, out on the loggia the hubbub increased. Now cocktails were being served, the air grew blue from the cigarettes, and all about her Dorothea could hear the talk she knew so well—talk about horses, golf and yachts, of Wall Street, Washington and France, of Newport, dances, bridge and Mah Jongg—plans and gossip without end. But this life, which had appeared so attractive only the day before, seemed suddenly rather stale to her now—at least, it would have, were it not for the slight uneasiness she felt as she glanced at Tom McKane. He had not been told that young Dorr would be here; and after a long, hot week in town, to come out tired and nervously tense and find that Dorothea was trotting out her fad again, had plainly made him boil a bit. Moreover, a few of the women here, so swift to observe such little things, had already noticed his savage mood, had caught his eyes on Dorothea and the young stranger at her side; and instantly inquisitive, they were making casual inquiries now. "Who's that on Dorothea's

right?"—or—"What's the matter with Tom to-day?" she could almost hear them ask; and as she felt the gossip start, Dorothea grew annoyed with Tom for being so stupid and so blind.

"As if I meant to elope with this boy!" Still for a little longer, she kept Llewellyn at her side. Diverted by his ignorance of the interest his presence had stirred, and more determined than before that he should make an impression here, she began to coach him now, smilingly telling him the names of these people and what they did, or had. But only for a little while. Then growing uneasy once again at the sight of her old suitor, flirting now with Edith Crane, Dorothea passed young Dorr skilfully over to one of her friends and managed to get Tom alone. "I'll give him a piece of my mind!" she thought. But she was more alarmed than she knew; and so, when the neighbours began to depart, the guests from town to go up to their rooms, and she had McKane all to herself—her anger did not quite come off. For, instead of blurting out at once his grievance, as she had expected, Tom was suddenly very cool, and even acted as though amused.

"Well, Dodo?"

"Well, Tom?"

"Aren't you going to dress?"

"Not yet—I want to talk to you."

"Do you?" he asked. "What about?"

"You know," she answered, "perfectly well."

"No, not perfectly well," he said. "I know the game you're playing here—but why you should want to talk about it——"

"Oh, Tom, be sensible!"

"You bet. Just as sensible as you like. I'm tired of

being anything else. And the sooner this whole business comes to a show-down, the better," he said. She faced him a moment, hesitating—then decided to take a chance. She knew she was looking well to-night.

"Good!" she replied. They were standing close, and looking straight up into his eyes, she said: "I'm just about ready to take you, Tom—more so than you even dream. But I propose to know right now whether, when I am your wife, you're going to act like a perfect fool every time I look at another man—or even take up any——"

"Fad."

"All right, fad, if you will be unpleasant. In that case, are you or are you not going to be sensible?" Then, as she saw his eyes contract, the young girl made a swift appeal. "Oh, Tom, for God's sake see things as they are!" she exclaimed, in a low, intimate tone. "You know me, and just how I'll be—when we're together, you and I! If you don't, you're very blind, my dear!" And she drove that home with a little flash. "But you know, besides, that I won't be kept from doing or seeing at any time, anything or anyone that I damn please! Now what about that?"

"That will be all right," he said.

"But this—to-night and to-morrow?" she asked. He looked at her for a moment, hard.

"I don't know, Dodo—I'm not sure."

And he turned and went up to his room. Dorothea stared blankly after him. Now what did he mean to imply by that? "Oh, go and do as you like!" she exclaimed.

* * * * *

But she did not put Llewellyn Dorr beside her at din-

ner that evening, she turned him over to Edith Crane; and later on, as she moved about among these observant friends, she did everything she could to kill all gossip at the start, by showing them that nothing at all was changed between herself and Tom. Soon she had started a table at bridge, and then sat down with Tom and two others to a game of Mah Jongg. Meanwhile, however, she never lost sight of Llewellyn Dorr and Edith Crane; she could see how the young actress was now eagerly drawing him out, and how he responded to her wiles; and as Dorothea glanced at him, once she felt a jealous twinge so sharp it took her breath away. "Golly!" she thought. "That was queer!" With a quick, excited smile, she lit another cigarette. "Now we won't feel *that* again!" And she stuck to her game for the rest of the night. But the next morning, when she saw Edith and several other women gathered close about young Dorr, Dorothea told herself: "This won't do. He isn't at all a ladies' man, and he shan't be made to appear to be." She joined the little circle then, and found him questioning Edith as to her work in the theatre, keenly interested to know how far she forgot herself in her part. Dorothea listened a while, and then took him away to meet some man, who wanted to talk to him, she said. And she did this several times that day, at the country club and again at the house. Whenever any inquisitive female tried to corner Llewellyn Dorr, Dorothea shunted him off; and she saw, with satisfaction, that he was even more at his ease with the men than with the women. "Now for Dad again," she thought. At dinner that night she managed to put Llewellyn near the head of the table; and watching her father from time to time, she could see that his interest in the young doctor had not diminished, but increased. "To-morrow is Sunday. I haven't much

time," Dorothea warned herself. And so on Sunday morning she said:

"Oh, Father—why don't you get Dr. Dorr off by himself for a good, long talk, and see if there isn't something he can really do for you, dear?"

And this manœuvre worked like a charm. For the pair went out that afternoon in the motor boat once more; and on their return, when Dorothea contrived a few moments alone with Llewellyn, she soon drew out of him the fact that Mr. Farragut had again urged the young neurologist to take him in charge.

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Dorothea. "You'll do it, won't you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" she asked, with a look of surprise. "Isn't he a patient worth while?"

"That's just it—he's *so* worth while—not only as a big man in his line but as your father," was the reply.

"Oh?"

"I'd hate to fail, you see."

"Fail?" smiled Dorothea. "Why?"

"My time is so infernally full, all this month and next," he said. "And a job like this can't be done in a minute. At the start I ought to be with him for an hour or two each day. I told him that—and his answer was that I come and live with him a while."

Dorothea gave an inner start. "Here?" she asked, in a low voice. And something seemed to flash between them.

"No, not here—in town," he replied. "Your father is busy as I am, of course, so he wants me to treat him morning and night."

Dorothea hesitated. This was much more than she

had planned! She could almost hear the gossips say: "She has even inveigled her father into taking young Dorr to live with him!" Tom would be furious, of course! And just for a moment she held back. But then an angry little force of perversity pushed her on again.

"Well?" she asked, aloud. "Why not?" And as she began to urge it now, Llewellyn's reluctance made her impatient. "You've told me so much," she exclaimed, "of all these explorations of yours, and made me *feel* what you can do! Yet, now when I give you a chance with my father, a wonderful chance, you seem afraid! Oh, it does annoy me so—with all the psychic fakes in town making money hand over fist—to see a real man holding back! Why not come out and play the game? If you succeed with my father now, it will soon mean other cases, men still bigger than himself! You ought to know what it will mean to you——"

"I do—and I'm very grateful!" he said, in a low, unnatural voice. As he spoke, he was looking down at his hands; and to Dorothea then, he seemed again a mere crude boy.

"And what it will mean to me," she added, in a tone as low as his, "to be able to give you a start—to feel I had some part in it."

With an abruptness that gave her a shock, he looked straight into her eyes and asked:

"What do you really want of me?"

"I want you to succeed, of course!"

"Why? And what do you mean by success?" In his voice was a poignant, fierce appeal.

"You know what I mean," Dorothea began; but suddenly, to her dismay, she found that she was trembling

and could not trust herself to speak. And seeing that. his manner changed.

"Forgive me for talking like this," he said. "I—didn't mean to—it just broke out. You're giving me a big chance, I know, and I want you to feel how grateful I am."

"Then take it," she said. He looked at her again.

"All right—I will," he answered.

* * * * *

When Dorothea went up to dress, she found herself feeling so intense that once more she was startled a bit. "What's the matter with me?" She frowned. "Now, let's get very clear on this. If I leave it alone and don't say a word, Mother will quickly bully poor Dad into dropping his plan, without a doubt. But I can get ahead of her if I like." She could tell a friend or two to-night, just casually mention this, and she knew how at once the news would spread. Too late, then, for her mother to stop it; for Dorothea realized now that the moment it reached Tom McKane, it would just about finish their whole affair. She squirmed at that, and for a time she was ready to give up her plan, not to risk it, let it drop. But then, from deep inside of her, that strange excitement rose again, and with it the rebel instinct, which ever since she was a child, had made her friends consider her "queer." Suddenly she hated her friends and all their calculating eyes. "Why should I let *them* rule my life? Or even Tom McKane?" she cried. "If he's going to interfere like this in every little thing I try, he can jolly well get out of my way!" She refused to be bullied by them all into giving up young Dorr! Not only was she attracted more than ever to him now, but she was curious! He was new! She wanted so to test him out, to see how

far she could push him—up into a big career! . . . As soon as she had come downstairs, she headed straight for Edith Crane; and after remarking on her new gown, she asked her, in a careless tone:

"What do you really think of young Dorr? Would you have him if you were ever sick?".

"I would!" The answer was so emphatic that from Dorothea's eyes shot a little glance which said: "Oh, you would, would you?" Then, aloud: "Well, Dad seems to want to give him a try."

"Oh, does he?" was the eager reply; and as Dorothea went on to explain, she caught the light in Edith's eyes. "Now *that's* done," she told herself; for she knew that Edith's inordinate love for every situation dramatic would not let her keep this long. And Edith did not. That very night Dorothea could feel the gossip spread, and with it a pleasurable glow of excited curiosity, directed not so much at herself as it was at Tom McKane. Then she saw it reach him, too. Amy Moore was telling him. . . . Always beautifully dressed, Amy was a sweet young thing who, with the fond delusion that she really had a mind, had taken up New Thought of late, and was now all harmony and light. She had been warmly interested in what she had heard about young Dorr; and as she imparted her news to Tom, she was apparently quite unaware of the ugly feelings she had stirred. . . . Dorothea saw Tom take it with an ominous, quiet smile, which made her just a little cold; but she shook off her uneasiness, this time more quickly than before. "It's done now, and I'm perfectly right! If Tom can't even stand this much, I don't *want* to be his wife!" . . . Still, she wondered what he would do? When she looked his way again, she could see Tom and Amy both

very intent; and a few minutes later, Amy came to her and said:

"Oh, Dodo, darling—Tom has just been telling me what a perfectly fascinating talk he heard one evening at your house—by Llewellyn Dorr—on India—and the marvellous things he saw out there. Couldn't we get him to talk to us now?"

Dorothea saw Tom's little scheme in a flash. It was to get Llewellyn talking, and then to egg young Amy on to various questions and remarks that would class them together, two of a kind.

"Oh, Amy," she answered, "I don't believe these people would care to hear about that."

"I'm sure they would," was the reply. "Tom said he made such a tremendous impression—on simply everyone, that night. Please, dear—do," urged Amy, in a softer, gentler voice. "This is *Sunday* night, you know. Why not have something spiritual?"

At the sound of that last word, Dorothea quailed a bit. But then her eye was caught by Tom's, who was watching from across the room, and he appeared to challenge her.

"All right, dearie, try if you like," she said, in a tone of reluctance. After all, she thought, Llewellyn Dorr was not such a fool as to let himself be cheapened like this. And when, a little later, in a group of six or eight, who had for the moment nothing to do, Amy began to question him, Dorothea saw at once that he sensed Amy's calibre and did not propose to be classed with her. His replies were so discouraging that the girl was soon about to give up—when Tom McKane came into the group, and without wasting time on preliminaries, bluntly asked with a friendly air:

"Look here, Dorr, I heard you tell a while ago a lot of damned interesting stuff you found on a trip to the Far East. And you told us how Science was going to dig into their whole psychic game, to separate the truth from the lies. All right. Now, as a practical man, what I want to know is this: How will it affect our lives, and our whole civilization here? Are we all going to sit under trees and think about the state of our souls—and how we can attain to bliss?"

"No," said Llewellyn, "we're going to ask, 'What are we going to *do* with all this?' We're Westerners, not Easterners—and our idea of bliss is action. We've a motor reflex."

"What's that?"

"If you hit me, and I come back with an upper-cut that knocks you down, that's a motor reflex of mine."

"All right—but this isn't a matter of fists. All this power we're going to get is soul stuff, I understand."

"Yes," said Dorr, "it's soul stuff—if you want to call it that—stuff of the feelings and the mind, and especially of that larger mind which lies beneath your conscious thoughts, and pretty thoroughly rules your life."

"How are we to get at it?" Tom asked, grimly persisting in his attack. Llewellyn answered, with a smile:

"That's a big question. I don't know. In a thousand different ways, I suppose, as we have in the material world. What have we been doing out there? Quite a lot, it seems to me. Take travel alone. We can send a train right through a mountain—drive a ship across the sea. We can fly above the clouds—and send our thoughts around the earth, in less than a second. But all this time, in the inner world, we've learned so little about ourselves that our thinking jolts and bumps along

like an old-fashioned doctor's gig, on a rocky mountain road. And we're going to try to change all that—in a thousand ways, as we did outside. We're going ahead exploring now, accepting nothing till we're sure. We've made a mere beginning yet; but we've already seen enough, of these larger, stronger minds of ours, to make it seem almost boundless—the things that we'll be able to do! For I say again, we're Westerners! No sitting under a tree for us! We're going to get action here—in the inner world as we have outside! The same old unregenerate Yanks!"

"He's going to make a hit to-night!" Dorothea told herself. Unconsciously, he had turned to her; and she could see, in his dark grey eyes, how he had been stimulated by this challenge from McKane.

"Just how do you mean?" she heard Tom ask.

"I mean that while in the world outside we've been gathering powers fit for the gods, we ourselves have grown pettier than before," Llewellyn answered sharply. "The man who rides in a high-power car is living no bigger inner life than was his grandfather in the gig—probably smaller. Our tense little souls get tough and dry; we're afraid to believe, to think or feel. We worry over the state of our health, our bank accounts, our stocks and bonds—so that there's nothing left at night but 'the tired business man,' we say. But the time is soon coming when we'll ask, as a few are already doing now, 'Why be sick, or tired and cross—or worried and tense, or stale and dry?' Why not look in, and learn to draw on some of this life stored up inside? There's such a lot of it in there—and not only in our little selves—for some of us are beginning to feel that these subconscious lives of ours

may be connected in some way with all the life that has been in the world!"

"The universal reservoir!" Amy Moore softly exclaimed, with a little breath of delight. As they looked at her then, her big, blue eyes were shining with her happiness. And Dorothea, in dismay, saw that Tom was going to pounce.

"What's that, Amy?" she heard him ask. "Come into this talk. *You* tell us. All this stuff is right in your line."

"The universal reservoir," she answered, in a fervent tone, "is the world of the spirit, where is stored all the courage, love and devotion, hope and faith, and kindliness, of all the billions of human beings who have lived since time began. It never died—it is all there—and as you learn to tap it at will, you feel pouring into you a mystic, fresh vitality which simply thrills you through and through!" She stopped, as though in ecstacy.

"Go on, Amy," urged McKane. And Amy did—speaking softer still:

"You feel there is nothing you can't understand. It's as though your whole mind were flooded with light. There's nothing you cannot do if you like—you feel so gloriously strong. Nothing you cannot love or endure—if only you can learn to release that marvellous——"

But at this point Llewellyn interrupted. With a perfectly friendly smile, he said:

"You've hit it exactly—the big *if.*"

All turned to him. Dorothea had flushed. "Oh," she begged him with her eyes, "for God's sake make the difference plain between yourself and this little fool!" And as though understanding her, he said to Amy quietly:

"I'm glad you've been clever enough at once to spot the big *if* in it all. *If* we learn. Are we willing to learn? It isn't easy—it's just as hard as any other job worth while. How did men ever learn to fly? Through endless tests and failures. And it will be the same way here. There's nothing so new in much of this. Religious fanatics, Holy Men, knew a lot about it ages ago—and could do a lot. 'But how?' we ask. And when we look into it, we find most rigid and elaborate methods of training their bodies and their minds. Thousands of people in the East are still doing that to-day. And even in the Western world—take it right here in New York—I know a man who for over a year, simply to brace his conscious mind so that it can search the other, has made it a habit every day to work out the very stiffest kind of geometrical problems. He'll work one out on paper first, filling pages with figures and designs; and then he'll tear it up and try to do the same thing in his head, holding it all before his mind. He'll try and try, till he succeeds. And even now that the trick is learned, he considers it but one small step."

Poor Amy rather wilted at that, but young Dorr went steadily on:

"In my own work, it's much the same. I find that about three-fourths of our ailments are caused by our nerves and our thoughts," he said, "and that most of them can be cured by various mental treatments—but only if the patient really means business, to such a degree that he's willing to work to learn the tricks. I know a man who used to sit, apparently paralyzed, in a low chair. He goes about now like anyone else—but it took him two years to do it—two years of working day and night, both consciously and in his dreams."

"But how about death?" McKane broke in. Feeling how the young physician had escaped the snare he had laid, the publisher's face was very grim, and he tried again to trap him now. "You spoke of this power we're going to get as perfectly boundless," he went on. "But I can't help feeling that, after all, you're side-stepping the main point. No matter how psychic we become, we can never break away from the fact that we're up against death—every one of us."

"I don't know what you mean by death. I've never died," was the reply. "It may be nothing but a gate."

"You really believe in the Pearly Gates?" McKane retorted, softly. Young Dorr smiled back at him and said:

"Not pearly, especially—I don't know. To me death is simply the Big Jump, and until I take it I can't be sure. But I came pretty close to it, over in France; and what I felt at that moment—and what I felt in thousands of men and boys while I watched them die—makes me give you this reply when you talk of escaping realities. Death is either an absolute finish or else the start of some other life. We can't side-step it—you are right. But if death is our absolute finish, as you seem to imply you believe, then the only reality in it for us is what we think and feel about it up to the instant when we die. And we can make a big difference there. Imagine, for example, two men on the *Titanic* in the last hour before she went down. One of those men spends all his time getting women and children into the boats—quieting people, helping them. Up till the very moment he drowns he has had no time for any fear—or if he has, he has tossed it aside. The other man has spent that hour running around like a maniac—begging and imploring for a chance to get in a boat—elbowing women and children away. He whim-

pers, sobs and yells with fright, and finally disappears in the waves with one last scream of terror. Now, I admit that both men died—but if each became nothing after that, then I say that the death of the first was so different from that of the second as to be almost no death at all."

He stopped short, and in the sudden pause his listeners still watched his face, in which had come a kind of light. Quite unconsciously, as he talked, he had turned again to Dorothea—and some of the women had noticed that. But now, as he felt their curious eyes, Llewellyn turned back to Amy Moore, and went on, with an ironic smile:

"I didn't mean to preach," he said, "but you rather pushed me into it. And so, before I finish, I've got just a word to add about that reservoir of yours. I've already said that to learn how to tap it is one of the hardest things in life. Now I want to add to that this question. Even when at last we learn to draw upon this reservoir—this ocean which you say contains all the courage, hope and love, and other noble feelings that have been felt since time began—why should we not tap as well the other feelings that must be there—all the cowardice, hatred, greed and jealousy that have been felt by all the billions who are gone?"

At the word "jealousy," Dorothea felt a little shock of alarm; and running her eyes around the group, she saw several women glance at Tom—whose face had unconsciously dropped its mask, and showed ugly and hard with his dislike. But young Dorr had paid no heed. In a whimsical tone he added:

"I say that in this reservoir there must be gods and devils, too, and that the devils have always been more

interesting than the gods—as Shakespeare knew when he wrote his plays, and as some of us learned in the Great War. Which of all those giant passions did the drill masters in camp, and all the orators at home, find that they could play upon with the most powerful effect? Love of your country? To some extent. But still more, hatred of the Boches. That gave the needed kick and punch. So I say, that in the years to come, as we slowly learn to use these deeper forces in ourselves, there is no reason at all to feel that people will be the better for that. The same old play of passions still—good and evil, dark and bright—but on a gigantic scale that we can no more dream of now than could the doctor in his gig dream of the future automobile! But there's nothing very noble or sweet to me in a high-power car—and there will be more than joy and bliss in those new high-power minds of ours!"

* * * * *

In the whole first part of his talk, Dorothea had grown oblivious to all but his magnetic voice. He had seemed to be talking to her alone! And feeling his deep vitality —his fearlessness, his hungriness and his poignant irony, too—that strange excitement had risen again. "Here is a man," she had told herself, "who is going to have a life bigger than anything I've known!" But when, toward the end of his talk, he mentioned that word "jealousy" —coming sharply to herself, she caught the glances of her friends. She saw that they had noticed how he was talking to her alone, that they had seen her come under the spell and had watched the effect on Tom McKane; and that the tense, almost electric atmosphere now in the room, with its group of keen New Yorkers, was caused not so much by Llewellyn's ideas as by the drama which

they felt swiftly approaching a climax here. McKane was such a *tremendous* catch! Could it be that Dorothea was going to risk losing him now? Some people came in from the loggia soon, and the tension was for the moment relieved; but as the gathering broke up and the various guests began going upstairs, she could well imagine to herself the excited speculation up there.

She did not sleep at all that night. Tossing impatiently on her bed or lying tense and motionless, she faced the choice, and her doubts returned. "Tom won't stand this!" she exclaimed. "Even now I'll have to put myself to it, to get him back!" She remembered the ugly glint in his eyes. She would fairly have to go on her knees! "Well, I'm not going to do it!" she cried. But she was tormented, nevertheless, by the thought of this chance she was throwing away. It was not only Tom, but his whole life; the realization of all she was losing flashed in pictures across her mind. But Dorothea was obdurate still; she could not make up her mind to go back. Abruptly, she turned to Llewellyn Dorr; she told herself he was going to be one of the biggest men of his time. What a career it would be, she thought, and how she could push him if she tried! "He's wonderful, he's brilliant, strong! He escaped being placed as a fad to-night—how neatly he put geometry between himself and Amy Moore! He's sane, he knows what he's about, and he's ironic as you please—and yet there's nothing *coldly* sane! When he talks like that, there's something that seems to flame right out of him!"

When at last the daylight came, hot and feverish, tired out, Dorothea got up and went to a window. It looked so cool and fresh out there. The dew lay white upon the grass, from a lilac bush came the note of a thrush, and

through an opening in the trees was a vista down onto the bay, where spectral little gleams of light showed faintly in the misty grey. The rare, clean beauty of the dawn held her there in still surprise. She had never had this sense before—not to any such degree. "I'm certainly keyed up!" she thought. Then, on an impulse sharp and strong, almost as though some one had called to her, she decided to go down to the beach. Hurriedly she threw on some clothes, and went softly downstairs and out of the house. By now, as she went down the path, Dorothea realized whom she expected to find down there. "Oh, don't be such a fool!" she exclaimed.

But she did find him on the beach—sitting alone, with his knees drawn up, and looking out to a little lighthouse on a point across the bay. At first he seemed to her alert, and almost as though poised for flight; but as she drew closer she began to feel that he was all relaxed—in some deep quiet. When he looked around and saw her, it seemed to give him no surprise.

"I'm glad you came," he said, with a smile.

"Don't get up," said Dorothea. And then, as she sat down at his side—"How did you know I was coming?" she asked.

"I didn't know. I only hoped."

She remembered that impulse, sharp and strong, which she had felt up in her room. "It must have been quite a hope!" she said. He turned and looked at her.

"It was."

"Oh?" Dorothea coloured a bit. "How long have you been here?" she asked him then.

"All night," he answered quietly. She shot a swift and curious glance.

"And you don't feel tired now!"

"No," he replied. He looked at her again, and in his luminous grey eyes she saw how he felt her beauty now. Very quietly he went on: "I've been looking at that lighthouse—and getting rested—getting clear."

"On what?" she asked.

"On you," he replied. "I've been trying to see you—just as you are."

"Don't!" she said. But he went on:

"And just what you want of me."

She gave a little inner start. "I want you to succeed!" she exclaimed, for lack of something better to say.

"I know you do," he answered. "And you mean so much to me, that I don't want to disappoint you. So I've been trying to get clear. And to begin with, I've been thinking of this father of yours"—he smiled—"and this wonderful thing you expect me to do. I don't want to disappoint you *there.*"

"But you won't!" she girl exclaimed, with a burst of feeling which she did not stop to hide. "You *were* wonderful last night! Everyone felt it!"

"Did they? I didn't feel them—I felt you! I knew you thought me wonderful then—and I'm not. Believe me! You don't know!" Looking at her suddenly, he added, in a clear, low tone, "I want you to make no mistake! I'm not just being humble now—I'm looking straight into myself and telling you just what I find. I find a force that tells me I may, if I live, do quite a good deal—to push my little circle of light farther out into the dark. But I find, too, that I'm cautious and slow—that I doubt, perhaps too easily—that there is something bred in me which may make my progress slow—more slow than you can even dream. At best, I'm a mere beginner now—and I will be, for so many years—for all my life."

"For all your life?"

"Which may be short."

"But you are strong!"

"In some ways, yes; in others, no. My heart was damaged in the war——"

With a tension that came like the clutch of a hand, she interrupted, "You won't die!" And as though something in him had leaped up, to meet that sudden warmth of hers, he answered: "No, you make me feel as though I'd live a thousand years!"

"I wish I could make you feel the same way about this power you have inside!" said Dorothea, sharply. "Not only to live, but to give life—oh, so rich and deep and strong—to hundreds and to thousands! Not only to their bodies——" She broke off, with a little frown, for she found her voice was quivering now.

"Don't say that! It's so utterly blind!"

"It's true!"

"It's piffle!"

That brought her down. "Thank you!" she answered, but quickly then she felt his hand upon her arm.

"*Please* let's be sensible!" he implored. "I'm trying to think of you in this! All the best that's in you will come out if you succeed—in doing what you want to do! But it won't if you're disappointed—you're not the kind of girl to fail! And I don't want you to fail with me! Can't you see how hard this is for me? I'm trying to steer my way along in something I know so little about that I'm clumsy as sin!"

"You are!" she said.

"Look at me!"

"I'm looking."

With a humourous twitch of his lips, he said: "But

my heart is in the right place." She laughed at him then and the tension broke. "So let's be human for a while and see ourselves as we really are. We're both of us so very small—and there's something so tremendous that's going to happen to us now."

"What?"

"The sun is going to rise." Again Dorothea gave a start; but in the same natural tone, he went on: "So let's sit and watch it come. I'm taking a train at seven, you see, and I want to forget it for a while."

Slowly then they both relaxed, and the quiet of the world at dawn stole into them. Sitting motionless there, they watched the sun rise over the bay—a great ball which swiftly changed into a blinding radiance. "His life will be like that," she thought. At any other moment, she would have laughed at such a thought. She did not now —for this quiet was strange—surcharged with excitement warm and deep.

Suddenly he rose and said:

"I'll have to leave you now. Good-bye."

"All right," she answered quietly. But when he had gone, "Run away if you will. Hold back," she thought, "and be as humble as you like! But no man can stay humble long when a woman feels as I do now!" The tears had come, and her cheeks were wet. "It's done!" she thought. "I'm going to take him!"

CHAPTER IX

She did not see him again for some weeks. He did not come and he sent no word, and Dorothea made no move. From the strange, high tension of that little scene at dawn, she had come quickly down again to doubts and misgivings. She found it hard to picture herself living with this strange young man, and she felt a quality in him now which might interfere with all her hopes to launch him on a big career. Suppose he were right, and it did take years, had she the patience to wait so long? Was she fitted to be his wife? What could she ever understand of all the wonderful work he would do? She remembered what his mother had said. Yes, and that little woman would surely be a disrupting force! It was hard, indeed, to imagine herself as the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Dorr. "And our two mothers, his and mine, how very congenial *they* would be!" thought Dorothea grimly.

Mrs. Farragut, lovely and gracious as ever, had given not the slightest sign of displeasure or disappointment. She consulted her daughter as usual, when asking people to the house or in other small routine details, and even seemed to go out of her way to make Dorothea's life at home more smoothly attractive than before. Her smiling manner seemed to say: "All right, my dear, you know what you want; and if you choose to lose all this, of course, it is your own affair. Let's just be happy while you're here." And Dorothea tried to be; she kept on in the old routine. But she found it different, from the

start; for it seemed to her as though all her friends were looking on with watchful eyes—while the weeks wore on, and Tom McKane neither came nor gave her any sign of wanting to get back again. The girl gleaned bits about him from the carefully casual and significant remarks of her friends. Though busy in town, he did find time for various week-end affairs—but he kept away from Huntington. How did he feel about her now? It was rather frightening, she found, to have that gate so quickly closed. And what about Llewellyn Dorr? Was he going to drop her, too?

On a sudden impulse, one afternoon toward the end of July, Dorothea decided to go to New York and see both of these gentlemen!

When she reached the house in town, a little before dinner time, she found her father there alone, relaxed and resting, lying back with an old French novel in his hands. As she came in, she caught at once the slight uneasiness he felt at sight of his young daughter there. But it did not last. Paul Farragut's anxiety over his own bodily ills had been so acute in these past months, and his relief was now so deep, that nothing could worry him much for long. He knew that in taking the young physician he had greatly displeased his wife; but where was the harm, he asked himself. Dorothea had not lost McKane; she could get him back again still, if she chose —her father felt pretty sure of that. And moreover, though he would be sorry to see the *Chronicle* slip away, together with all the powerful aid that he knew it could give a lawyer, in this modern age of publicity when so many cases were tried in print—still, he had never quite relished the thought of being dwarfed by a son-in-law. So he had not worried much. "Dorothea, anyway, will

do as she likes," he had told himself; and then back he had turned to his own relief. It had not been swift—no miracle here. Yes, but it had been so real. As he followed orders, he had felt an improvement so steady from week to week. And not only in his own case had he felt Llewellyn's force; he had taken him to the club at times, to dine with various older men, and had seen how the youngster impressed each one; and finally, when Llewellyn's chief came to the house to dine one night, Dr. Lake had made it plain that he felt his young assistant was just at the start of a fine career.

And for all these reasons now, after his first qualm of misgiving, Paul Farragut welcomed his slim little daughter and made her feel he was glad she had come. He readily answered her questions, too, as to what her friend had done for him, and went on to tell her of the easy bachelor life they were leading in the evenings here. There had been long talks, those tricks to be learned, and walks and drives in the park at night; for the first time since he went to law school, he was learning how to rest. He went on to give her some idea of what his club friends thought of young Dorr, and of what Dr. Lake had said.

"He's actually egging me on to this!" Dorothea exclaimed to herself in surprise. And with a little thrill of excitement she heard the sound of a key in the door. She thanked God she was looking her best; and when her young man came into the room, eagerly watching, she rejoiced at what she saw leap into his eyes. The next moments were rather awkwardly tense. Though instinctively she filled the gap by speaking of various errands which had brought her into town, both of them were confused and excited—surprised once more by the strength of this change that instantly came in each one

when they met. She was grateful to her father for taking the talk into his own hands. All through dinner he kept it up. He spoke of his keen satisfaction in the deepening certainty that he was winning his lawsuit now; and with a chuckle, he declared that Llewellyn had pulled powers down from the stars, and had sent them with him into court, to hypnotize the jury there. So they got through dinner nicely. But when it was over, and he had lighted a cigar, Mr. Farragut said, in a genial tone:

"Well, young man, if you'll allow it, I've just a few papers to work on to-night."

"Don't be too long at it," said young Dorr. Then he coloured slightly, and so did the girl. "How we hate to be left alone!" Dorothea exclaimed to herself, with a smile. And this smile suddenly cleared her mind of any uneasy hesitations.

"Well," she began, when they were alone, "so you are succeeding, after all, with this father of mine—in spite of your doubts."

"Yes—so far," he answered. She laughed.

"I really believe you hoped you'd fail!"

"No—I didn't hope I'd fail." Behind his smile, she felt him sharply steady himself. "Only," he added, "I like to be sure." His voice was low and very clear, and she knew just what he meant to convey, but shamelessly she pushed him on:

"Sure of what? My father's case?"

"Yes, and all the work to come. Sure of what you want of me."

"Oh? I seem to have heard that before. Why are you so desperately anxious to know about that?" she asked.

"Because I want so much of *you*—and I know I can't get it, if what I do disappoints you!" he replied.

"I see. And you still feel it may."

"Not quite so much as I did before!"

"Neither do I!" she answered. Again the excitement. Let it rise! She felt herself suddenly happy now. "Oh, what difference does it make, how I act or what we say? He hasn't changed—he wants me still—and I'm going to take him!" she thought.

"Now tell me," she said, "about your work—not only with Dad, but all the rest. You've failed with some, I haven't a doubt. Tell me about them. It will feed this absurd humility of yours—and I like to see you enjoy yourself."

He laughed, in a sharp joyous way that made him seem like a mere boy. "I *have* failed," he said, "a lot of times—but I don't want to think of them now! I want to tell you what I've *done*—how much more than ever before—with this new force that has come to me!"

"What force?" she demanded, again without shame.

"This lack of all humility!" He was looking straight back into her eyes. That flash again! And then she laughed.

"All right—go on—brag!" she said. "This talk has been getting distinctly queer! Tell me now about your work!"

And, as he talked, although at first she felt he was only doing it to give himself a little time before he said what she wanted to hear—in a very few minutes Dorothea felt him once more drawing back, holding himself in again; and she guessed he was thinking, "Not to-night." When the telephone rang, he rose in relief and went away to answer it. She heard him speaking. Then he returned.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's my damnable luck—a patient who needs me right away." And the relief she

saw in his face gave her a thrill of exasperation. But only for a moment.

"Good night," she said. "I'm glad I came. It's so interesting, back here in New York."

"It really is?"

"It really is."

"But you're off again—to-morrow."

"Yes."

"Will you come again—soon?"

"I think I will."

* * * * *

After he had left the house, she sat for some time motionless, letting her new glad certainty rise. But a half hour passed and she grew a bit restless. Even with this new happiness, she couldn't sit still, for she wasn't that kind. The old, old question came to the fore: "What shall I do this evening?" She had intended to see McKane. Should she try to now, she asked. No, he wouldn't care to come—and if he did, it would be rather mean. There was fairness in Dorothea. Still, there was curiosity, too, and it began to rise to-night. What did Tom really think of her, and what was he planning for his own life, now that she was out of it? With mingled feelings of pity and liking, friendliness, curiosity, Dorothea went to the telephone and called him up at his office.

"I'm only in town for to-night," she said, "and I do want to see you, Tom."

"What about?"

"Oh, I'll tell you when you come."

"There's a terrible rush down here to-night."

"I know, I know; there always is. But come up for just a minute or two? Won't you, Tom?" He waited a moment.

"All right." But his voice was grim.

"Now," Dorothea asked herself, as she hung up and turned away, "what am I going to say to him?" She was seized with a little panic then, and her thoughts were anything but clear. But when Tom arrived, a few minutes later, he kept the conversation in his own hands from the start.

"Well, Dodo, here I am," he said. "But we'll have to make it short, I'm afraid. A big story broke this afternoon——"

"What is it?" Dorothea asked, with a keen sudden interest. He threw at her a little smile.

"Still got the old instinct, haven't you? But I can't stop to tell you now—I've got just twenty minutes here, and I want to talk about you and me." With a slight start, she felt the force of his old abruptness.

"All right, Tom."

"Especially you," he continued. "I know damn well I'm out of this, and I don't propose to row about it. At that party over the Fourth, I made a fool of myself, I'll admit—but that's over and all behind. I don't like the idea of losing you—I wanted you hard, and I want you still. But you don't want me, and that settles it. Except for this," he added. "I want to help you—all I can."

She made a quick move in her chair. "What do you mean, Tom—how?" she asked.

"With young Dorr," was the blunt reply. "You came to town to see him, of course——"

"And you," she added. He smiled at that.

"Curiosity, eh? But leave me out. Have you seen him to-night?"

"Yes—I have."

"And now?" he asked.

"I like him, Tom."

"I guess that's putting it pretty tame. You're excited about him—all keyed up." As he saw her look of displeasure, he added: "All right, all right, it's your own affair; and the way I look at it may be all wrong. But I don't think so, Dodo—I think I know you fairly well, and that if you marry this young wizard you'll be making a bad mistake—that he's simply one more big idea in your life—and you can't last!"

"Is that what you really think of me, Tom?"

"Yes, that's what I think of you."

"Then how did you ever bring yourself to believe that I could last with you?"

"Because my work is always new! News is newness," he replied, "with a terrible kick to it, day and night—while this lad Dorr, and all he says, won't last—it'll all grow stale to you!"

"I don't believe it!"

"I know you don't—and so I say I want to help you."

"How do you mean?"

"Let's try it out and see what's in it."

"How? For Heaven's sake, be clear!"

"You bet. I've never been underhand with you yet, and I'll lay my cards right in front of you now." He leaned forward a little, holding her eyes. "Dodo, I think I know this town about as well as I know you—and I don't believe either you or the town can take any religion and hold it long." He shook his head with a little smile.

"Not the New York that I have known since my nurse first took me up to the park. Well, you and the town are both taking this now—you're taking young Dorr, and the town is rising to New Thought and all that bunk. All right. Then I say, let me help—with the *Chronicle*."

"What?"

"Play him up a bit in the news."

"No!" she exclaimed. At once she felt the ominous challenge behind his talk, and instinctively she was afraid of it. For she saw what he meant to do—boom Llewellyn, cheapen him! "No, Tom," she said, "I'd rather not!"

"Why not?" he persisted. "Isn't that just what you're planning yourself—to do in your own way, I mean—get him patients, talk him up, give him a fine, big career? Oh, yes, you are—you couldn't think of marrying him any other way. And I know how well you'll do it, too. It will be some boom!" said Tom. Dorothea coloured guiltily. Her mind leaped back to the words she herself had smilingly used on Llewellyn one day, just to stir him up a bit—"an avalanche of publicity." But the same idea from McKane made her rather shiver now.

"Maybe it will and maybe it won't—but I don't want the *Chronicle* in it," she said.

"Why not, Dodo? Just think for a minute of my side of this!" he rejoined. "Now that you have turned me down, why not let me show our friends that I can do the decent thing, and get out with my tail up in the air, instead of crawling into my hole? Why shouldn't the *Chronicle* help in this? We've got to do it anyhow. The public wants this kind of stuff—we've been feeding it to 'em all this year."

"I don't want you to feed them Llewellyn Dorr!"

"Afraid they'll eat him?"

"No," she said, "cheapen him—and I don't want that! I don't want him in headlines!"

"Headlines—hell! You ought to know me better than that. There'll be nothing raw at all. We'll go easy at first, run just enough to plant his name in the public mind. We'll begin with your father, for instance, and this big lawsuit he is in. We're already backing him to win. Now, when he wins and is interviewed, and is asked how he stood the terrible strain, after all that wretched health of his, he tells a bit about young Dorr and what the young man did for him. Is there anything so raw in that?"

"Possibly not."

"Then you agree."

"To that much—yes," she answered. "But what then?"

"Then," he said, "the *Chronicle* will come along behind you, in every little move you make—just as we have done in the past."

"But this is different." She frowned.

"How?" he asked. "If you really believe he has the goods, what are you afraid of? That your young god won't stand the test—or that you yourself won't—which?"

As she felt the challenge once again, Dorothea paled a bit. She knew that Tom meant business here, and that it would not be safe to offend him.

"No, Tom," she said, "I'm not afraid—but I want to think this over a while. I don't believe I'm ready yet to have the *Chronicle* come in—at least to any real extent. But when I am, I'll let you know. . . . And thanks!" She smiled and held out her hand.

"All right, we'll have it just as you say." As he held her hand for a moment, he asked: "You're really going to marry him, Dodo?"

"I don't know yet. There's nothing settled—and there won't be, for some time."

"Oh, I guess it won't be long," he said. "And when it happens, this will be your wedding gift from Tom McKane. Space in the *Chronicle* for your man—publicity—whenever you like."

* * * * *

She went out to Long Island the next day, and from there to Newport for a week. But she found herself restless, even there, and about the middle of August Dorothea came back to town. She arrived about six o'clock, and again she found her father at home. She could see at a glance that he was feeling even better than before. He had just won his case in court and was about to take a vacation; but despite his very evident satisfaction in his success, Dorothea caught again a slight uneasiness in his eyes. He told her how that afternoon he'd been interviewed by the *Chronicle* and had given Llewellyn quite a puff. She gave a little frown at that, for she felt the hand of Tom McKane; but her father's replies to her next questions turned her thoughts another way.

"Is Llewellyn living here still?" she asked.

"Yes—he leaves to-morrow."

"Do you expect him for dinner to-night?"

"No, my dear." With a pang of disappointment, she asked if he were at his hospital. "I don't know," her father said. And the almost guilty look in his face made her wonder a bit. She called up the hospital and was told that Dr. Dorr had just gone out, leaving word that

he could be reached at the Empire Theatre. Instantly jumping to a conclusion, she telephoned to Edith Crane —and learned from the maid that her mistress was at the Empire rehearsing that night. Dorothea felt a jealous stab so sharp that she went at once to her room, to be alone and think this out. "Careful, now, and keep your head!" How long had *this* been going on? Her father knew, probably. Would he tell? "He'll have to tell! I've got to know!" And putting all concealment aside, she probed and probed, at dinner that night, till her father told her, bit by bit, the news about this little affair. Well along in the strain of rehearsals, Edith, with her nerves in shreds, had called upon young Dorr for help. He had gone at once; and for nearly two weeks he had been seeing her every day—to help her through, Mr. Farragut said.

"I see," said his daughter. And she did see. After her father had gone to his club, she sat there alone, and saw and saw—how Edith must have led him on! As she pictured it, Dorothea boiled! Then she came back to her senses, and squarely and honestly faced her rage. "Oh, yes, I'm in love with him now all right—I want him and I'm going to have him!" Dorothea told herself, with hot, angry tears in her eyes.

And when he came in, about ten o'clock, and after one swift look at his face she instantly saw what a fool she had been, in all her jealous rage that night—the reaction was so swift and deep, that without taking time to think she came directly to him—her slender little figure trembling from head to foot.

"Well?" she asked, in a low voice. "Are you really glad to see me?"

"I am!" Llewellyn's eyes still showed the shock of his joy at finding her there.

"How glad?" she challenged. "Why don't you speak? What's the matter with you now?"

"The matter with me?" He took a few steps as though half blind. Then turning sharply back, he said: "The matter is that all my life—work—everything—has centered on you! I can think of nobody else—day or night!"

"Well, then, what do you want to do?" she demanded, radiant. Rigidly he still held back.

"Dorothea!"

"Yes, Llewellyn——"

"Think of all you're throwing away! I'm poor, to begin with——"

"And I'm rich!" She threw back her head and laughed at him. "Oh, you absurd, unworldly boy—didn't you know we're poor ourselves—that Dad just barely meets the bills?"

"No," he said, "I didn't know that. But I wasn't thinking of your father, I was thinking of McKane—not only his money but his whole life! You're ready to give it all up for me! But I know that a part of you wants it still! How strong is it in you? Very strong! Can you ever be satisfied with the life——"

"That you can give me? Yes, I can!"

"You don't know!" he exclaimed. "It's all new to you now, and so am I!"

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you!"

"Won't you, always?"

"Yes, I will! But how can I tell how it will be? Good

God, your beauty blinds me now! You're blinded, too—by something in me new to you! But will it last—the newness gone? How can I tell if our lives will mix—if I'll fit your world and you'll fit mine?"

"I'll take the chance!"

"But you don't know! The road in mine is hard and slow—more than you dream! And it makes demands! I look at it and feel small to-night—with your whole happiness at stake!" He had been walking back and forth; he turned on her now again and cried: "You're blind, I tell you, blind, blind! I'm no wonderful genius—to soar with you up to the stars——"

"You are—you're wonderful!" she cried, looking squarely up at him and speaking in a ringing tone. "I'm sick of this humility, this caution in you, holding back! I'll break it—and I'll make you feel all that you can do—for me! I'm going to drive you up and up—into the place where you belong! I'm strong at that, I'm practical! You're not, you're a perfect child, you know! But in other things, that really count, I'm weak and ignorant, and you're strong! You've given me already so much! You've opened my eyes to what I am—the life I've led—you've spoiled it now! You've made me feel what I can be—what you can be—what we can be—the glorious life that we can have—together—with this love of ours! And it's too late to stop it now—we can't go back—we're going on! Llewellyn! Don't you think I can? Don't you believe in me, even now? Don't you want me? Don't you want me?"

Her voice breaking sharply—as he caught her into his arms—she burst into a storm of tears and laughter, clinging to him tight. "Be quiet! Hush!" she heard him say; and she could feel him trembling now. Closer

he held her. "Hush—hush!" Her laughter and her crying ceased. In a moment she started to talk again, in words confused and incoherent. "Hush—be quiet now!" he said. And feeling the depth and force of his love, she grew silent, staring into his eyes. Then she closed her own, and it seemed to her as though she were dropping suddenly into a blessed quiet and peace more wonderful than anything she had ever felt before. Only once, with a slight inner start, she thought she heard the low clear sound of a brook upon a mountainside.

* * * * *

But long after midnight, alone in her room, as her mind drove rapidly on from one idea or plan to the next, in a passionate desire now to do the utmost that she could to build Llewellyn's life career—she remembered the offer of Tom McKane, and the challenge she had sensed behind it. It gave her a little twinge of alarm. She recalled what her father had said, of the interview that afternoon. "They'll run the story to-morrow," she thought. Would they bring in Llewellyn's name? Then —"Oh, what difference does it make?" And back she came to her happiness. But as once more she turned to plans, that memory pushed in again; and while she lay there restless now, she felt a mingling of suspense and growing curiosity. She could not sleep; and finally, as she had often done before, when McKane was helping her in some publicity campaign, Dorothea telephoned to the *Chronicle* office and asked that the paper be sent up at once. In half an hour it arrived, still limp and damp as it left the press; and in an eager haste and excitement she did not stop to analyze, she turned the pages till she came to the account of her father's case. Yes, there it

was, a column or more—and toward the end of it she read this:

"Mr. Farragut, who for the last six months has been in such poor condition of health that he nearly had to give up the case, now looks strong and vigourous and ten years younger, in spite of the fact that he has been working day and night all through the summer in New York. When asked how he explained it, he said: 'I've found a most remarkable young neurologist here in town—Llewellyn Dorr. He has lived at my house for the last two months and has worked an apparent miracle.'"

What was it Tom McKane had said? "Just plant his name in the public mind." Well, and he had done it now, and there need be no more of it. She knew she could stop it whenever she liked. But as though some inner voice were asking: "Yes—but what do you like?"—a slight frown of uneasiness came on her face, and again she felt that twinge of alarm.

CHAPTER X

THE next morning Mr. Farragut awoke late and breakfasted in bed. He was filled with a consciousness of bodily vigour and content, success and keen anticipation. With that tormenting pain of his and those frightening spells of faintness gone, he felt himself years younger now and had proved it to the men of his world by winning this big lawsuit. He knew how the news would quickly spread that Paul Farragut had "come back." Other big cases would come to him soon, and he felt ready for them now, and his glow of anticipation this morning was both for the work he saw ahead and also for his beautiful wife, who in his eyes was still so young. For a year he had been an invalid husband; his life at home would be different now. At the thought of it, an unconscious smile came on his round, heavy face. He picked up the morning's *Chronicle* and turned to the flattering account by the man who had seen him the day before. He was glad that he had mentioned young Dorr. When the reporter led to that, by asking him how he had stood the long strain, Mr. Farragut was cautious at first, for he did not want to offend McKane; but to his surprise he learned that Tom himself had rather suggested a little puff for the young doctor. It was almighty decent of Tom; and besides, it showed good common sense; if he took that course, he might be able to hold Dorothea, after all. And to Dorothea's father this was another source of content. He was grateful to young Dorr, of

course, and had come to like him, too. But as a son-in-law? Oh, no. He knew how pleased his wife would be when he went home this afternoon and told her of the young physician's little affair with Edith Crane. Perhaps he might even be able to take a little credit for that, for he had encouraged the affair by having Edith and her mother here to dine with them one night.

Then the maid came to take his tray; and she said: "Miss Farragut wishes to know if she may see you, sir, at once. It's something very important, she says." Over Mr. Farragut's face came a slight frown of apprehension. "Ask her to come to my room," he replied. He began to dread this interview, for he guessed at once that Dorothea had managed to see Llewellyn last night and had found him changed; they had quarrelled, no doubt, over Edith Crane; she had learned of the part her father had played—and was coming to give him a piece of her mind. How hurt and angry she would be! He was very fond of Dodo, and he was sorry for her now. How small and strained and anxious she had looked the night before! Yes, but she was not the kind of girl to stand this sort of thing, from Llewellyn Dorr or anyone else. Here was a chance for Tom McKane. He must give a little hint to Tom.

But when Dorothea came into his room, and his first surprise at the joy in her face was abruptly changed to blank dismay, as she told him her great news, Paul Farragut's reaction from the last hour's rich content was a sudden outburst of annoyance and alarm.

"Good God, Dorothea! Throw over Tom, and all he can give you? Lose your head over this young boy? Make yourself a laughing-stock—with all the people that we know? I thought you were a girl of sense!" As he

spoke, his fancy leaped to his wife and what she would say to this. How it would spoil the coming night! But sharply then his whirling thoughts were brought back by the sound of his daughter's voice—unnatural and dangerous:

"Oh? You thought me a girl of cents? I thought it was dollars we wanted, my dear!" He saw that her face had gone suddenly white.

"Now wait!" cried her father. "Give me a chance!"

"To spoil this day for me? Oh, no! I'll do the talking," she replied, "and you'd better not speak till you have had time to think this out and see it as I do! A girl of sense? All right, I'll be one—talk to you in just that tone!" Her voice was loud and quivering now. "You're angry and disappointed and scared at the thought of losing a son-in-law with so many millions to his name —and the *Chronicle,* too, with its support! But you needn't be—for I've talked to Tom, and he wants to do the decent thing—so the *Chronicle* will be friendly still, to the same old lucrative degree! And more than that, he even insists that I let him help Llewellyn Dorr, by a lot of free ads in his paper! Why? Because he's soft and kind? Oh, no! Because he's hard—like you and me! He thinks he can boom and cheapen and spoil this man I love—so that in a year I'll be sick of him and get a divorce—and come back on my knees and say: 'Thank you, Tom, for the lesson you have given me!' That's his plan, and he may win out—for I'm just as selfish and hard as he thinks! I'd forgotten I was when I entered this room, but you've shown me I'm as hard as nails! I have to be! I'm talking to you! And it seems to be in the family!"

Suddenly, with an unnatural cry, she sank into a chair

and burst into sobs. And her father came to her quickly. During her hysterical outburst, he had had time to think a bit and see the mistake that he had made. What a blundering fool he had been! His small daughter, all keyed up, had come in with her mind like a keg of powder, and he had thrown a lighted match! He put his arm around her.

"Don't talk like this—it isn't you! Oh, Dodo, I'm sorry!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl, I didn't know! I don't want to hurt you——"

"You have—you have!"

"Yes, but please forgive me now! Think of all we've been to each other!"

"That's just it!" she answered, suddenly clinging to him tight. "Ever since I was a little girl—and you were simply all I had! And I thought of that—and I wanted you—wanted you to be glad! Oh, Dad!" There were sobs again. And her father frowned. Was she acting? No, it was real! He had never seen Dorothea like this —all emotions, a mere hysterical girl, throwing all her good sense to the winds! No, not quite. She had spoken of a talk with Tom McKane. So she did have some head left still, and he must try to appeal to that. By degrees he succeeded in quieting her.

"Now tell me all about it," he said. "I see that you love him, but I know that you're sensible, too, and must have some plan. If you marry him, you mean to make him. But can you? How? It may be all right. But, my dear child, tell me—give me a chance. I may be a blundering fool at times, but I do want to help you."

"All right, Dad—I'm all right now." With her burst of emotion left behind, she faced her father's point of view and racked her brains to meet the thoughts she felt

were rising in his mind. "You're perfectly right about it," she said, "and I wouldn't for a moment have you think me such a little fool as to be going into this blind—to what I really am, I mean. I know I couldn't be happy if I married a man who was poor, and who'd never be a real success. But think a minute! How can you doubt that Llewellyn Dorr is just on the eve of a big career? Almost every girl I know is talking of mental healing, these days. A lot of it is drivel, of course, but what he has to give is real! You must have felt the power he has! Think how you were two months ago—and without stopping work, all summer in town, to drive straight on and yet be cured! Every friend that you have is simply amazed! And you owe all that to Llewellyn!" she cried. "So you ought to be grateful, and you are—you're going to like him more and more! And you'll be very proud of him, too—as Mother will be, when she understands. Even at the very start, she won't make any fuss about this. When you tell her to-night, as I want you to, you'll find her sensible as you please. When has she ever been anything else? She'll see there's no use, if I've made up my mind. And I have—I've taken months to this—and now I know—oh, Dad, I know! He's brilliant, I tell you, wonderful, strange! The only weak point he has at all is not pushing himself—but I'll do it for him! You know what I can do when I want to—and I mean to do it now! Oh, I want to in a way I've never felt in my life before!"

Suddenly her whole tone changed; her voice grew low and appealing now. "And there's a bigger, deeper side. Not only my loving him," she said, "it's something even bigger than that—something we've had so little of, Dad, that I can hardly speak of it—afraid almost that you will smile. But you won't—for I know you've felt it, too.

Our lives have been just one long grab—for things—for money and success! And he has something so much more —something like a new religion! Oh, I can't put it into words—but you know what I mean! Will it hurt us, Dad? Won't it be good to have something like that—something tremendous, humbling, strange—coming into the family?"

She ended with a tense little smile—but throwing a swift, imploring glance, she instantly saw in his heavy face that she had already gained her point. He had had time to realize now that he could not stop this match, and had better make the best of it. He had two sides, as she knew well—the practical, shrewd and worldly side, and the other, of real sentiment; and in spite of her excitement, she had not for a moment forgotten that she must appeal to both. At her last question, she saw him give in; and though he made objections still, before their talk came to an end, he had promised to help all he could. To begin with, he would do his best with her stepmother to pave the way for Llewellyn's coming to the house.

"Well—so that's all right!" she thought, in relief, when she had left him. "Yes, I managed that pretty well." Then a curious look, almost of surprise, crept into her light blue eyes. "And I meant it—every word of it!" Dorothea exclaimed to herself.

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Instinctively she started to call up a friend or two, but she found she could not think of one who would be really sympathetic. "No," she thought, "I'd better wait." She would see Llewellyn's mother first; for until she did, the whole affair seemed uncertain to her still. Why? She did not think it out. She only knew she dreaded that

interview with Mrs. Dorr. "How she will loathe the thought of this—and me!" Dorothea told herself, with a little pang of pain. But when she went with Llewellyn to his mother's apartment that night, in the first few minutes her hostile mood was quickly changed, and she even grew sorry for Mrs. Dorr. For the little woman looked so stricken. She had been expecting this news; and although it hit her hard, she was trying to make the best of it. But her best was so forlornly grim. She kissed Dorothea and tried to be nice, but she did not do it gracefully. The iron constraint she had put on herself was so evident as to be tragic—uncomfortable for all concerned. Feeling her stark loneliness, the girl began to pity her now—and in her excited state of mind this pity came up with a rush. "Oh, how can I help make it easier?" she asked. And to relieve the strain, and dispel, as far as she could, the woman's dark forebodings, Dorothea tried to show what she considered her best side—her eagerness to escape her old world and make a fresh start in a life that would count.

"Oh, I want to make you see just how I feel about this!" she exclaimed. "The very last thing I want in the world is to hinder him and hold him back! I want to help him, Mrs. Dorr! In his work and his science, I know I'm a dunce—but I don't propose to be one long—and meanwhile, there is something I can do for him even now! For you know him even better than I—you know how absurdly humble he is—never pushing himself an inch! And I mean to push him now! He has simply got to be made to get the recognition he deserves!"

She talked rapidly on, with impulsive warmth; and with the help of Llewellyn himself, who made fun of her talk of his genius, she managed to fill the awkward gap.

But Llewellyn's mother made little response—for all this talk only served to increase her grim and strong forebodings. And when a little later her son was called away to a patient—alone with Dorothea, she suddenly showed a relentless force, and delivered a warning, quiet but sharp, that cut into the girl's happiness like a metal cold as ice. She began her talk abruptly:

"Now that you're going to marry my son, I want to tell you what I know."

"Oh, please do!" the girl replied, with a desperate effort at friendliness.

"I don't believe you know him half as well as you think you do. You've known him weeks. I've known him years—from the time when I had him at my breast."

"What a little darling he must have been! Do tell me about him!"

"He wasn't strong. I wasn't fit to be a mother. I was a girl of twenty-three, and my work and life in the last few years had left me in a nervous state for which Llewellyn paid the price. It was all I could do to bring him up. The mountains helped and he grew strong; but his four years at Harvard, and later here at the P. and S., were a strain—for he was the racehorse type; and later still, his years in France did serious damage to his heart. Llewellyn is a man who will have to be careful all his life—all the more because he lets nobody else ever see his weakness or his pain. He hardly even feels it himself. He has a mind—or what you perhaps would call a spirit or a soul—a thousand times too big for his body; and moreover, he has got hold of a power that Science does not understand. He's exploring out there, in fields where as yet we have no means of measuring the forces that do seem to exist." She frowned as she spoke. "They are

dangerous fields—doubly so for a boy of his physique—for he learns to draw on his reserves." She stopped short, with her thin lips compressed, then turned to Dorothea and said: "And that danger will be multiplied by the recognition of which you speak. I don't know exactly what you have in mind, but I've lived in New York and I can guess. If it means a rush of social affairs at the times when he should be getting his rest, then it will do him serious harm. If you take him gadding about at night——"

"There will be no gadding, Mrs. Dorr," Dorothea cut in sharply. Already her colour was mounting high. But the older woman did not flinch. In her low, implacable voice, she said:

"It's easy at a time like this to make fine resolutions. You may find it hard to carry them out. The life you have led hasn't trained you for that. You'll be proud of my son—you'll have reason to be—and you'll want to show him off to your friends."

"I am proud of your son—and I don't propose to hide him!" the young girl replied. "I have friends who can help him—he'll meet them, of course—and in that sense I'll show him off. But just because I'm proud of him, I'll watch him—even closer than you have ever been able to do. You have been leading a life of your own, with demands of the most exacting kind. I mean to have no life of my own! Believe me or not, as you think best—I mean to devote my whole life to his—and help him!"

"How? In this science of his?" The question was like a cold dash in the face, but Dorothea paid no heed.

"No—by getting him patients—like my father," she replied, "so that the wonderful work he does will be seen and felt all over town!"

"So that he can be rushed to death—and never have time to do any job well."

"No, I mean that he *shall* have time!" said the girl, almost with a stamp of her foot. "That there shan't be many patients at all—but the few he takes shall be ones who count! I'm going to take care of him in a way you've never had time to do! I'm going to watch him—watch his strength, and make him rest when he needs it," she said. "But there's something you've forgotten, I think, you haven't taken it into account. This love of ours, and all it can do. It's another field, as you call it, a field your science can't understand—or measure its force. It feels perfectly boundless to me to-night—and I don't believe that anyone can be as proud and happy as I, and not really help the man she loves! I'm going to do it! Believe me—please! And I want you to help him, too!" In a tone and with a manner changed to one of sudden warm appeal, Dorothea delivered her ultimatum—her one simple cruel reply to all the hostile things she had heard. "I want you to help us both!" she exclaimed. "To make up your mind at the very start to make the very best of this! I don't want you to lose your son—you've meant too much to each other for that—I want you to keep him, Mrs. Dorr! And the way to do that is to enter right in and do all you can—to make our marriage a big success!"

For a moment there was silence. "I'll do my best," was the low reply. Dorothea had seen the fear that came gleaming into the hard grey eyes of Llewellyn's mother, as she spoke; and suddenly feeling the power of her own beauty, love and youth, she began to be very sorry again. Sensing the wish of this stricken woman to be left alone to-night, she turned the conversation toward a natural ending now; she spoke of her immediate plans—for their

wedding—a short trip, perhaps. And then, adroitly managing a friendly little parting kiss, she said good night to Mrs. Dorr.

But later, in her bed that night, Dorothea lay thinking of her still; and the cold force of the woman's dislike, and of her absolute certainty that this marriage could only do her son harm, came stealing back. The girl shook it off. Angrily she told herself that Llewellyn's doting, fond mama over-stated the danger to his life. She would watch him—oh, how carefully! No, she saw little danger there. The real trouble would be deeper down. "It's not in him but in her," she thought, "and in her everlasting doubts—fears for his health and of his work! She distrusts the whole psychic field, of course; she'd like to bring her accurate methods into everything he does! And she has tried to—she has bred that into him since he was small—to go slow, doubt, distrust himself, and never by any chance admit what really wonderful things he can do! It's the main thing that has held him back! And it may still, in spite of me! I've got the upper hand just now, but wait till our love is not so new—then watch for it in him! How deep does it go? And how will she try to keep it alive? . . . Oh, yes," concluded Dorothea, "that mother of his will stand watching, my dear!"

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The next day she went out to Huntington, and received the smiling good wishes of her young stepmother there, who made not even the slightest attempt to alter her decision now. From the start Dorothea was made to feel Mrs. Farragut's deep content with her own beautiful body, still young, with her gracious charms and the love of her husband, who had come home the night before.

Quite evidently she had expected the unpleasant news he brought, and it had been balanced for her now by the news of his big success in town and her sense of his power, again renewed, to bring the money rolling in to oil the wheels of this smooth and easy, luxurious life, which was the very breath of her being. Dorothea watched her and thought, what a jump from Mrs. Dorr, with her prosy little flat and her science, bleak and boundless.

"I'm sorry I can't advise you, dear," Mrs. Farragut had said. "You seem to me to be entering a world I know so little about. But I'm sure you know what you are doing—and I want to hear all your plans."

But as Dorothea told her plans, it was a little difficult to keep up her tone of firm assurance. She felt her mother's satisfaction with this whole delightful life. How well she knew the art of living—and how familiar was all this existence to Dorothea now! Familiar and easy, a world wherein she knew how to play each little game and make her own warm, vivid personality count to the full! She was leaving it now! In vain she impatiently told herself that she was not leaving it at all—that she wasn't planning to live with Llewellyn the life he had lived in his mother's flat; and that in the home they were going to make, the life she had known would mix with his. But would it? Would her former friends stick by her in this new adventure? Now she sharply realized what an obstacle right at the start she would have to overcome. "For they've put me down as a perfect fool, for throwing over Tom McKane," bitterly she told herself. Blindly, she was entering a world where she would be all on her own. Would she make a success of it? "Oh, no! Apparently everyone thinks I'll fail! First Dad, then Llewellyn's de-

lightful mama, and now this smiling mother of mine—each one in her own different way feels I'm simply an idiot!"

But again she shook off her misgivings, and the old sense of adventure came back, to buoy her up in her resolve. When Llewellyn arrived that night, her love for him returned with a rush—and with it a motherly tenderness she had never felt before. For as she watched him go through the ordeal of being welcomed into the family by the gracious lady here, as she listened to her mother's plans for the approaching wedding and felt how her poor young man was appalled at the thought of that festive day—suddenly Dorothea guessed that his dismay was largely caused by the realization that his mother would have to be here. "It isn't that he's ashamed of her—but he knows how she'll hate it, and show at her worst!" Dorothea told herself. And promptly then she changed her plans.

"Llewellyn, dear," the girl proposed, as soon as she saw a chance to break in, "suppose we have a swim before dinner." And later, down upon the beach, she gave him the news of her decision. "We'll have no wedding at all," she said. "We'll simply go before a justice, get it done, and start right off on our wedding trip that afternoon!"

Llewellyn's relief was a joy to behold. And before he could quite recover himself, Dorothea, on an inspiration which had come the day before, asked her lover to take her, then, to his old home in the mountains. At once she felt Llewellyn draw back—so to cover his hesitation and give him time to think, she said:

"I know we can't afford much of a trip. You said you could only spare two weeks, and I didn't trouble you ask-

ing for more. I do want to be reasonable, dear. But so long as our time must be so short, I've been hoping you'll want to take me there. I know what that mountain has been in your life—and I'd like to see it, if you don't mind. Do you? Must I be shut out?"

Llewellyn had been looking away, but he turned quickly back to her now.

"You'll never be shut out," he said, "of anything in my whole life that is worth while! Only this——" He stopped.

"Is a little above me?"

"No, not above you—only strange! And I'd thought of a different kind of two weeks! I wanted to—forget myself! That part of me has always been——"

"I want all of you, Llewellyn!" she exclaimed, in a low, tense voice. And so she forced out of him a consent.

Later that night, when she was alone, she felt a little uneasy about it. But resolutely she told herself: "No, it's the only thing I can do—go straight to that mountain at the start, meet that strangeness once and for all—and get it over!" A curious gleam came in her eyes, half adventurous, half afraid. She was wondering what it would be like.

CHAPTER XI

"WHAT a lovely old house to make over," Dorothea told herself. And a moment later she asked: "I wonder if I ever will?" It was long and low, with dormer windows and a big gable at one end, and a little flower garden filled with marigolds and asters. The house was set into the side of the hill. Behind and above it were birches and pines; and below, across the road, a meadow dipped down to a maple grove all flaming now in scarlet and gold. The autumn had come soon this year; it was only about the first of September.

They had been married in New York, and had come at once to the mountains. Llewellyn, eager as a boy, had shown her all about the house, and then had left her to unpack, while he went down for a little talk with Mrs. Grant, a neighbour and friend who was here to cook and take care of them. Mrs. Dorr had arranged for that. Having finished her unpacking, Dorothea went about looking curiously into the low-ceilinged rooms with their antiquated furniture, some of it so very good, but the rest impossible. And again she found herself thinking of what she would do if this house were her own. Llewellyn would want to come here, of course, for a few weeks at least, each year. "But so will his mother," thought the girl. "I wonder if she really cares? Yes, she must." Dorothea could feel how Mrs. Dorr must improve in this setting, this plain old home, which had been in her family ever since her grandfather's time.

The family had been religious to a fanatical degree, and her rebellion as a child against that stern and rigid creed had been a turmoil fierce and deep. Dorothea remembered now what Llewellyn had told her of that, and of the scare he had had as a boy, when he had begun "to feel the dark." Here was the very room where it happened. "He lay on that bed, icy cold, while his mother, walking in her sleep, came slowly in!" the girl exclaimed. With a little shiver she turned away. There was something bleak and strange in this house, and in the lives that had been there.

"And now I'm part of it," she thought. What a boundless gap between this small house and that large, luxurious home back upon Long Island, and that gaily easy life which under Mrs. Farragut's lead so smoothly avoided or ignored all such struggles of mind or spirit. "That wasn't real. This is," she thought. "And he had all this as a little boy!" She felt a rush of pity and love, and her thoughts went back to the man. What a dear he had been to her to-day! By quick intuition, sensing what a plunge she was taking, he had not tried to hurry her into the new relationship. She had had a room to herself last night, and to-day on the train she had felt him anxiously keeping their talk in safe channels, dexterously avoiding anything strange in his work or life. But with quickening pulse she thought of this evening. She wanted him now, every bit of him! She yearned to make up for what he had missed. In her pity, she lost all doubts and fears, and was glad she had made him bring her here. What a wonderful time it was going to be! But after that, quite a different life! Her warm imagination turned back again to the life in town, and her ambitious plans for him.

But soon the autumn sunset glow drew her to the window. Glancing through, she saw Llewellyn standing just outside, below; and as she felt his rigid pose and saw that his strong, sensitive face was as though transfixed by some strange radiance out there, Dorothea gave a start. Then quickly following with her eyes the direction of his gaze, she herself at once grew motionless. Across the valley, rearing high, with forests of gold upon its slopes, dark purple shadows higher up, the mountain rose into the evening sky, with one flaming billowy cloud like altar smoke on its granite crest—awful, splendid, silent, still. Looking back at her lover's face, she saw that he was smiling now; but in his motionless eyes she caught a feeling, wistful, dark and deep, as though he had come under the spell of some premonition here. "What is it?" she asked. Feeling the clutch of a slight, formless terror which she did not understand, she held her breath and watched him. He seemed suddenly so alone. Afraid? No—only humble, small, as though he felt himself a mere speck upon this little ball in space, looking off and away into the unknown. She remembered his words: "But I *feel* the dark." Strange? Yes, he had been so all his life—with that mother of his, that mountain and the life he'd been leading ever since—searching, searching, pushing steadily outwards farther into the darkness which he had felt ever since he was small!

With a little stab of pain, the realization came to her that she could never share in this. Looking back to the mountain now with jealous, almost angry eyes, she told herself, "I'll never know what he felt up there, or what he feels even now, as a man!" But glancing down again at his face and anxiously reading the signs of strain, her love came rushing up once more, and with it the passion-

ate resolve to give him all that he had missed. Softly, she turned and went down to him, and stood by his side and took his arm. She felt a slight quiver go through his whole frame; with a quick smile he turned to her. With a little laugh she came into his arms—and a few moments later they went together into the house.

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Late that night Dorothea awoke out of a deep and dreamless sleep. "Where am I?" she asked, with her mind in a daze. Then, as she remembered how, at supper and later that evening, beneath all his eager talk and the animation of her replies, she had felt rising in them both that radiant, consuming flame—the girl lay smiling, very still. She felt strong—with a fresh new strength of body and soul, warm and deep and tingling. Now she knew what a glorious triumph this whole adventure was to be! But all her plans and ambitions had for the moment dropped out of her mind. All that could wait! Through the open door into the next room she could hear him breathing in his sleep, and she smiled as she thought of the many nights wherein their love would grow and grow. "And I want a child!" she told herself—but that thought quickly fell away, and her attention came back to the man. How much they had still to tell one another! "I thought that I knew him! We've barely begun!"

She began to notice now that a faint, mysterious light had come streaming into the room. With quickening pulse she asked what it was; then joyously she laughed at herself for an excited little fool! It was simple enough—it was only the moon! She got out of bed and went to the window. Only the moon—in the frosty night a great crescent of copper hue, rising over the mountaintop, which reared its giant shadow there connecting the still,

misty earth with the sparkling vault of blue above. Only the moon. It was simple enough. It was grand—elemental! She held her breath, and excited tears came in her eyes. But only for a little while. Then the old adventuring, exploring instinct in her came back; and as she stared at the mountain she thought, "There were nights like this that he felt as a boy—all alone up there, with his dog. But *how* did he feel? I've got to know! I'll never know him till I do!" And excitedly, she promised herself: "Before we leave I'm going to make him take me up to that cabin of his, to spend the night! I must see him there!"

And Dorothea did not forget.

They had a glorious time that week. The weather held clear, there were sparkling mornings, golden, breathless afternoons; and on small mountain horses they took long rides by winding roads back into the hills. There were joyous canters, long, long walks. They talked and talked, remembered, planned—then forgot all plans, as again and again they were swept together in that flame. Anxiously watching from time to time, she saw him grow rapidly stronger here; the colour came into his cheeks and a new light into his eyes; and now, for once at least, she knew, all that doubting caution and testing had been thrown aside. He *knew* she was wonderful, took her on faith, drank in her beauty, thanked the gods that had given her to him for a wife; and with that boyish eagerness, which she had come to love in him so, he not only asked her endless questions, barely waiting for the replies, but in return he did his best to tell her what she wanted to know about himself, his work and life. Often he talked far over her head, but smiling she listened and sensed it all. What did she need of a trained mind? She

was so sure that she could help him by this very love alone, which was pouring into him new life. And certain of his genius now, often she let Llewellyn talk on, while she indulged in plans of her own, to launch him on a big career.

But then back would leap her fancy to the present and the man at her side; and as they slowly rode along, breathing the rare mountain air, she felt the same rare quality in her lover's spirit, too. With a slight, jealous pang, she knew that it was not only his love for her that was giving him this vitality; it was the mountain rising there, and the queer, deep memories it stirred. She could feel the pull of it on him more and more as the days went by. Even on horseback far away, he seemed to know by instinct every little turn in the road from which the mountain could be seen; and as it abruptly rose to view and she felt the effect upon him each time, she knew that half unconsciously he was wanting to go up for a night; and with mingled curiosity, jealousy, and keen suspense, she asked if he would take her, too? Dorothea wanted him to offer of his own accord. And so, one day toward sunset, when coming around the spur of a hill, their eyes were dazzled by a mass of billowy clouds of white and rose hanging on the mountain crest, after a long silence while they stared at it, she asked:

"Don't you want to go up some night to that old log cabin, dear?" She paused for a moment; then she said: "You've always gone while you are here, and I don't want that to be different now." Still he was silent. She tried to hold back, but it came out in spite of her. "Take me with you or not, as you choose," she said.

He turned to her quickly. "You want to go—I know you do," he answered. "You'll be disappointed if you

don't." A poignant smile came into his eyes. "You'll be disappointed if you do."

"What do you mean, Llewellyn?"

"I mean, it's only a mountain. For me it's filled with memories—of so many hundred nights."

"I think I'll feel them there," she said, with her hand upon his arm. "And I want to see you there. . . . I wonder if you are afraid to see *me* there?" she added, in a low, unnatural voice. Llewellyn quickly caught her hand.

"No, I'll never be afraid to see you anywhere!" he said. "I love you and want you—very near! I don't want to leave you! But there I must!"

"Leave me! How?" she asked him.

"I can't tell you!" he replied. "I only know that in all the hundreds of nights I spent up there as a youngster, somehow or other I got into touch with something so much bigger than I. I can't explain it, even now. It may be only in myself—but it doesn't feel like that. It feels as though some living force were reaching down to me—from the stars. It comes and grows, and takes me off. Just sleep, you may call it, and you may be right. But it doesn't feel like that. In the morning I remember nothing—but as I wake up, or come back, I feel as though in that one night I had stored up life and strength enough to last me for a hundred years!" With a quick smile, he added: "How queer and foolish all this sounds! Why not leave it alone, for this time, at least—when there's so much *here* for you and me?"

"There'll always be so much here!" she exclaimed. "There must be—always—more and more! But there can't be, if we shut that out! It has been the biggest thing in your life! Be careful, dear boy, or I'll come to

hate it—fear it—like some *haunting* thing!" He held her hand very tight and said:

"It mustn't be, for it isn't like that. We'll go—and you'll see—and we'll leave it behind."

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And so they went up, the next afternoon. On their horses at first, by a road, then a trail, which soon began to grow steeper, twisting in and out between the dark trunks of the spruces and pines. They had to lead their horses now. The autumn dusk came rapidly down. There were slippery boulders, treacherous holes, and he had to caution and help her at times. Dorothea was glad of that, and grateful to him for talking on about various little adventures he'd had in the daytime on this mountainside—giving her time to get hold of herself. For she *was* disappointed; and more than that, she felt herself becoming afraid. No wonderful sense of enchantment here—a mere feeling of hardness, bleak and chill. Deeper fell the shadows, colder and damper grew the air, with a rough menace in it all—not of any mystery, but of a place on the earth so real as to be elemental and raw. In vain she tried to laugh off her fears and her disenchantment. Back they came, and with them the remembrance of what he had said. "He's going to leave me!" What did he mean? . . . With sharp relief, she heard him say, in a friendly, natural tone:

"There's the hut. See it?"

Up through the trees she made out a vague shadow in the dusk. They crossed a small stream that came dashing down, tethered their horses and climbed a steep slope to a mossy little cabin of logs. The dusk was not quite so heavy now; for though the hut was almost surrounded

by the pine trees, there was an opening in front, through which she could see out and down into the valley far below, where tiny lights were twinkling from the village and the scattered farms. The sight of it made her wish, with a pang, that she were back in that nice safe world, with its familiar comforts, its commonplace but bright routine. "He's going to leave me!" What did he mean? What strange thing was to happen here?

With a violent little start, she heard a match struck in the cabin behind her. She laughed at herself, shook off her dread and went inside to help him. Quickly, as though he guessed her strain, Llewellyn was skilfully building a fire, piling on the twigs and faggots till the flames began to roar. Then outside she heard his ax, and soon he came in with an armful of logs, saying to her cheerily: "Thank God, this wood is good and dry." He threw some of it on, then filled the lamp from a big can of kerosene which he had left up here in June. From a cupboard in one corner, various cooking utensils appeared, and they had brought blankets and food for the night. Dorothea was busily helping him soon. She had cooked out of doors, and did it quite well; the work was a relief to her now, and she talked with an eager animation, giving her fears no chance to come back. The cabin grew warm and cozy and bright. She admired and questioned, laughed at him for some of his rude contrivances, and after supper helped wash the dishes and make up the bunks, one by each wall. Then she lit a cigarette and settled herself before the hearth. Her voice had grown low and drowsy, but still she held the silence off, by her questions leading him on to tell of his explorations here, with dog and gun when he was a boy. He was helping her. In an easy voice, as he smoked his pipe, he told how it felt to know every sound.

When the ear got used to it, he said, you could lie here at night and tell when the wind was in the birches, and when in the pines, or in the spruce or beech or maples. These and a score of others, each had voices of their own. It was so with the streams. He went on to speak of the voices of birds and animals. More and more, she noticed now, the word "natural" crept into his talk. It was all so natural, he said, and the most natural thing of all was to come here thoroughly tired at night, and have a good supper and go to bed, and grow sleepier, sleepier, fly away.

"Where do we go every night when we sleep?" he asked with a smile. "We don't know—we don't care."

She could feel him helping her drive it off, that silence and that vague suspense; and an hour later, in her bunk, with a sleepy smile, she said to him:

"Llewellyn, darling. Still awake?"

"Yes——"

"And do you love me—still?"

"Yes, I love you—love you still——"

"Then good night—I'm going to sleep. Going—going—far away." And Dorothea let her mind drift into unconsciousness.

But several hours later, wakening sharply, excited at once, she turned her head and caught sight of his face. As he lay in his low bunk, the dull, reddish glow from the embers showed her his wide-open eyes, fixed, gleaming in the firelight. A low exclamation burst from her lips, but he gave no sign of having heard. "He's gone!" she thought. Unconscious? No! Sleeping and just dreaming? No! This was different—some queer trance! In the next few moments it seemed to her as though the vast mysterious life of the mountain, like some silent god,

had come stealing into the room and taken him from her. Where had he gone? Suddenly cold with terror now, Dorothea lay rigid, watching his face—listening to the whispering sighs of the winds in the trees and the voice of the brook, the faint hoot of an owl from far away, and tiny crackling steps quite near; listening for some deeper life, whose presence she felt out there in the dark. And he, too, was out there, he was part of all that! Suddenly, strangely, he had become like a part of the mountain and the night!

The stark loneliness of her position made her almost scream with fright! But, doggedly, she held herself, her small, slim figure rigid still. "No!" she thought. "He would think me a baby! I'm not a child—I'm a woman—I'm strong! What has happened? Where is he? I must know!" Here was the place where he'd made his start, here was the very center and source of all his strange, mysterious force! "All the wonderful work he will do, all comes from this—and I must know! I may never have a chance again!"

By degrees her panic left her and was replaced by a curiosity greater, deeper and more acute than any she had every known. It was like a consuming pain. She kept her eyes riveted on his. "Like death?" she demanded, sternly. "Is this how it will be when he dies?" . . . No, she decided, not death but life—but almost as mysterious—fascinating! Spellbound now, it seemed to her that she could feel how his whole body and his soul were being charged with vital currents—as though he had suddenly come into touch with the whole life of the planets and stars! Watching, listening, humbled, still, she lay there wondering—till the dawn began to creep down through the trees and through the small window into the

room. Abruptly, the twitter of a bird broke the silence. Then another. She saw a change in the eyes of her lover, as though his spirit were coming back. Quickly she turned her face to the wall and pretended to be asleep. . . . Still no sound from the bunk near by. A sudden feeling of weariness came, and she dropped again into the dark of utter, deep unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XII

She said nothing to him of what she had seen. The next morning they came down from the mountain; they took the train that night for New York; and in the busy days which followed, Dorothea's memory of that strange night on the mountainside slipped rapidly behind her.

Just before their marriage, she had signed the lease for a small but expensive apartment, on Park Avenue. It was down on the ground floor. There was a bedroom for each of them, a dining-room and a living-room, and what she called Llewellyn's study—a room which she intended should be his office later on, when he started in practice for himself. She meant he should do this very soon—both because her friends, she knew, would all be curious watching to see what she would make of him; and also, because in Llewellyn himself she could feel a kind of a passion now to work as he never had before. In the hospital of his chief, or out making visits all over town, he was busy day and night—and she did not interfere. Her days were filled with activities of a very different kind. Until the apartment was ready, they were staying at her father's house, and Dorothea was anxious to move before Mrs. Farragut came to town; so she energetically pushed the work in her new home. There was painting and furnishing to be done, with money that her father supplied; there were wedding gifts to be exchanged; there were maids to get, and her autumn clothes. And through all these activities, like a thread of hard, bright gold, ran an

almost uninterrupted succession of gay anticipations and plans and diplomatic manœuvrings for the work she saw ahead.

She had little time to spare for her friends; for it was still September, and most of those who were back in town so soon could not be made to count. She refused their invitations to dine. "My husband is terribly busy," she said. And even when her wealthier friends came to town to order clothes, met Dorothea in the shops and asked her to bring Llewellyn out to the country for week-ends, she made much the same reply: "Oh, we'd love to, Janet—but he's simply rushed to death." And in a casual tone she would add that his chief seemed to think the world of him and simply loaded him down with work. "The most fascinating cases, my dear. I hardly see him, day or night." Feeling their curiosity stirred, she resolved that when they returned to town Llewellyn must make a swift success, while he was still being talked about. And in her small apartment—after discussing and bargaining with various decorators there, or trying to cajole the workmen into just a little speed—when they left her alone at five o'clock, Dorothea's anticipations would rise. She dreamed how she would entertain small groups of valuable friends, people who could be interested by her queer young husband's arresting personality—his very reluctance to show off raising his value in their eyes; so that as the winter drew on, and he was talked of more and more, these wealthy people would come to him with their nervous strains and bodily ills, and his practice would increase. She pictured them in his study here, having long, long consultations. Women and girls—yes, they would come, with a jealous pang, she thought; and sharply then, she told herself there must not be too much

of that. He must become no fashionable woman's psycho-analyst!

At such moments, fervently Dorothea would exclaim: "Thank God, we've still a month to ourselves!" And when at last the apartment was ready, and he reached home on that first night, when she saw the look which came on his face at sight of her—in a smart, new gown which had just come from one of the shops—she forgot everything else in New York, and with intense enjoyment watched Llewellyn take it all in. With a quite obvious ignorance of all the anxious thought it had cost her, he nevertheless showed a swift delight, at the contrast between his mother's flat and this new home so full of charm, so warm and gay and intimate, that went to Dorothea's heart in a way which made her pulses beat, and brought an added brightness into her warm, brilliant eyes. "You never had *this* before in your life—but you shall, you shall!" she almost cried. Radiant with her success, and feeling the intoxicating spell that her beauty had cast on him now, she threw all other thoughts aside.

But later, after they had dined and the first excitement had died down, she felt his thoughts slip back to his work. Instantly curious, she began to question him—until she learned of the rare and puzzling case, which had come that day to the hospital and had been placed in Llewellyn's charge. It was one chance in a thousand, he said, and eagerly he tried to explain the details of the problem involved, its many baffling fascinations. Then, at the end, Llewellyn exclaimed:

"And the best of it is that I've got a free hand! The poor devil has no fussing relatives to interfere!"

Dorothea looked at him in dismay. "You mean he's poor?"

"He hasn't a cent!"

"And you say this case will take you months?"

"All winter at least!" was his reply.

The look on the face of his young wife was soon, however, replaced by a smile—for the utter unworldliness of his mind. And Dorothea told herself that this very quality in him might help immensely in her plans; for people did like a physician like that. Besides, if this case he described were so rare, think of the prestige it might give him, if properly handled in the press! Her thoughts went to Tom McKane. She waited her chance, and then she said:

"If you make any real discovery there, I should think it ought to be known—to physicians all over the country, dear." Llewellyn turned and looked at her, in a slightly startled way.

"You mean in the newspapers?" he asked.

"Why not?"

"Why, you darling girl, if a newspaper tried to write up this case——"

Instantly she saw her mistake. "Oh, I didn't mean in the daily press, I was thinking of medical journals," she said. But the papers would copy, she told herself; at least, she knew that the *Chronicle* would. The next moment she heard him reply:

"Well, we won't worry about them now. It will be months—a year, perhaps—before I get anything worth while."

She felt a slight chill of uncertainty then, but she dismissed it with a laugh—and in that ravishing gown of hers, coming quickly to his chair, perching upon one of its arms and pressing her warm cheek to his, she exclaimed, in a low tone:

"Llewellyn, you queer, foolish boy, haven't you discovered yet that you won't be allowed to hide yourself long? That I'm proud of you, that I love you, dear, and that I'm determined you shall have all that you deserve in life?"

"All I deserve, you funny girl? When I've got you already?"

"Yes, my love, you've got me! And what do you think of me?" she asked. And during his reply to that, as she felt again the spell she could weave, the intoxication she had for him now, she tossed all worries to the winds, and was lost in a happiness, that night, which came sweeping over her, wave on wave—till at last she dropped into dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

The next day she told herself that no vulgar money worries should be allowed to interfere by one iota with his work. She still had a little left of the money her father had given her. Mr. Farragut had promised her a liberal allowance, too, for this first year of her married life; and moreover, she knew that he was speaking of Llewellyn to his friends. To every important older man, who complimented him on his health, he was taking pains to tell what young Dorr had done for him. And so the big lucrative cases were already almost in her grasp. "All we have to do," she thought, "is to reach out and pluck them now—and then good-bye to all these worries over the state of our bank account." Still, there was no time to be lost. So, while she broke in her two maids and ordered an extra gown or two, and some fetching little hats and other things she needed still, Dorothea began her campaign.

And she began with Llewellyn's chief. For Dr. Lake,

she told herself, must not be antagonized. Physicians could be as jealous as cats. So she asked him to dinner one night, exerted herself to be nice to him, and carefully studied him all the while. Lake was a tall, thin, stooping man, well on in his sixties now, and showing the burden of worries and cares; and yet, in his large, gaunt features there was a mental alertness, a frankly penetrating, clear discernment in his eyes, combined with a simple friendliness, which both disconcerted and relieved his vigilant young hostess. "No," she decided, "I was wrong. He honestly likes Llewellyn a lot, he's proud of him, and will *want* him pushed—especially when he comes to see how Llewellyn's reputation can be made to redound to the glory of his beloved institution." So, when her husband was called away and she was left alone with his chief, she showed herself frankly ambitious now, desperately in love with Llewellyn, and with a mind alert and keen to learn how she could be of use in the small hospital's affairs. Soon they were busily talking shop. And seeing a possible helper here of no mean abilities, and drawn by her fresh beauty and her warmly vigourous mind, Lake spoke in no uncertain terms of the career he foresaw for her husband; while in return she told him a little of her work in the past, to raise money for causes she had believed in. In brief, the evening was a success.

Then, by a few tactful hints, Dorothea persuaded her father to bring to dine with them, one by one, several of those older men whom he had already interested, to some degree, in Llewellyn's work. For they, too, had ailments, tortured nerves. And again Dorothea did her best. In their covetous eyes she caught at once their quick appreciation of the fresh charms that had come to herself, in these first weeks of married life; and half pitying them—

for she felt kindly disposed toward everyone, in these glowing days; but at the same time never forgetting the reason for which she had asked them here—she delightedly welcomed each one to her home and made him feel its glad, new youth; and when he was envious, laughed at him and said she did not believe in old age.

"It simply doesn't exist," she declared, "except in people's groans and sighs. It's a state of mind, and nothing more. Oh, I'm not speaking of people of ninety—poor, decrepit, pathetic old dears—but when men like you, barely sixty years old, groan and sigh about your age, you deserve every ache and pain that you have. Look at my father—fifty-nine. Last spring he looked seventy—look at him now! A miracle? Not a bit of it! He has simply taken himself in hand!"

With this living proof of her husband's power right before the visitor's eyes, though Llewellyn at first was reluctant to talk, he was soon forced into the conversation. And though it was all on general lines, each one of those older men went away with a strong and lasting impression, that in this low-voiced young man was an unmistakable force; that as it had helped Paul Farragut, so it might also help himself; and finally, that becoming a patient of this interesting lad would mean delightfully intimate talks with his alluring little wife—who was plainly so ambitious, and who would be so grateful to any prominent elderly man who helped to launch her husband now.

The result of it was that by the time October had come to an end, three well-known New Yorkers—among them was old Colonel Rand—had put themselves under the care of young Dorr. And his name at once began to be heard. Not loudly, of course—only here and there, in various

after-dinner talks in homes along Park Avenue. The avalanche had just begun.

* * * * *

In the meantime, with her mind on certain possible uses she might have for the *Chronicle,* in the months that lay ahead; and also because, as she told herself, she would hate to lose Tom McKane as a friend—Dorothea asked him to dine with her, one evening when Llewellyn was out. Although he promptly agreed to come, as the hour drew near she found herself rather dreading this little talk. It was a pretty raw proceeding—obvious, to say the least. But when he arrived, she was surprised, and rather touched on her deeper side, by the way her old suitor acted. Engrossed in the intoxicating newness of her married life, she had barely given Tom a thought—but he revealed the qualities now which once had so appealed to her. As usual, blunt, he came right to the point. After admiring her new home and listening to the animated talk with which she tried at first to hide her nervousness, he said:

"Look here, Dodo—I want to put myself right, at the start. I told you last summer I felt pretty sure you were making a big mistake in this. Well,"—he smiled—"you can put that down to the jealousy of a damned disappointed man. I'm beginning to think that I was wrong; at least, I'm not so sure of myself. If you can get away with this, I'll be the first to take off my hat—and in the meantime, I want to help. Remember that wedding present of mine. The *Chronicle* is yours when you want it—a stick or a column, whenever you like. So let's get down to business now, and tell me how you mean to begin."

Dorothea looked her glad relief. "Oh, Tom, what a

dear you are!" she exclaimed. A rather wistful little light came for a moment into his brown eyes.

"Had you forgotten—so completely—how I've tried to treat you right?"

"No, Tom!"

"Thanks—I'm glad of that. Now go ahead and tell me your plans."

With a grateful smile, she said: "I don't want the *Chronicle,* Tom. You're an angel to offer it, of course—but I don't want it—honestly." She paused a moment. "Not yet, at least—except for just a line or two." And she told him of the three big men who were her husband's patients now.

"I get you," said Tom. "I'll see to that."

"Remember," she said anxiously, "only the merest mention, Tom——"

"Oh, I'll be careful. Now what next?" And as she hesitated—"I'm interested, Dodo. Why don't you give me the whole campaign? Try out your ideas on me, and let me check 'em here and there—just as we always used to do."

Dorothea was ready enough to agree. And within a few minutes, as she talked, there came an old familiar sense of being back on her own ground. In spite of all her happiness, there had been so much that was strange of late—times when she felt ignorant, small, and doubted if she could do anything for Llewellyn really worth while. It was good to feel herself strong again, and to see Tom's admiring eyes. She was making some pretty subtle points—points Llewellyn would have missed—but Tom did not let one go by. And as his assenting judgments or clever, quick suggestions came, she was grateful not only for his help but his understanding and belief. How well he

knew this side of her! And yet, several times that night, she caught in her old suitor's face a hint of calculation there, the wise, shrewd smile of a newspaper man, both for this new love of hers and for the whole new psychic field, into which the public was flocking like so many sheep, these days. How long could it last, he seemed to be asking. She felt it again, when he rose to leave.

"You're all right, Dodo—go to it," he said. "I think you've got a big chance here. The public's all set for this kind of thing. Mrs. Eddy began it, and ever since it's been opening wider all the time, till now the psychic turnover comes to millions of dollars a month. There's only one thing you want to remember—that just because the field's so rich, the competition is going strong. Down at Police Headquarters, they say, the records average one man a week locked up because he claims he's Christ. And it's like that in the saner fields. Thousands of fakirs are out for the business—hundreds of 'em right in this town. Your man isn't—I know—he's real. But just for that reason he doesn't know how hard a game it is to beat. He can't help you—he wouldn't if he could. Don't count on him. Fall back on me."

"I will, Tom—thanks, a thousand times—and not only for helping me," she said. Looking up at him quickly, with bright eyes, she added, in a lower tone: "Thanks for being still my friend." His hand tightened on hers for an instant.

"All right, all right—good night, old girl. We'll do our best to put this through—test it out and see what's in it."

Then he left her—and for some time Dorothea sat puzzling over their talk. Why was she feeling uncertain again, and even uneasy? Surely he had been decent

enough, more than she had any right to expect; and there hadn't been a word he said that was not kind and reassuring. Except those last words—"see what's in it." What had he meant? All at once she thought she saw again the game that Tom proposed to play—and it made her rather angry. "Oh, he thinks he has me down so cold!" the girl suddenly exclaimed. "And that I'll soon get tired of this!" She set out at once to prove to herself how utterly mistaken he was, how blind to that deeper part of her Llewellyn Dorr had called to life. And she succeeded so well in this, that within a very few minutes she was pitying poor old Tom, in spite of all his practical force. She even decided to take just as little advantage of his help as she could. "It isn't fair to him," she thought, "if that's what he is counting on."

Then Llewellyn came home. As he entered her room, in one swift, anxious, searching glance she looked for *his* force—of a different kind—and found it, felt it with a thrill! Practical? As to money—no! But in matters of life and death he was! He was strong—with that sane balance, that quiet and ironic smile, that curious, vital glow in his face, that light in his clear, discerning eyes, which turned to hers with such eagerness now. She came to him quickly, and in his arms she found herself trembling.

"Well?" he asked her. "All right, still?"

"All right," she answered.

"Happy?"

"Yes——"

"And loving—hard? And you won't stop? Loving—loving just like this?"

"No." She suddenly closed her eyes. "And now—this very night, my dear. . . . "

Much later, as she dropped to sleep, with a drowsy little smile, she thought, "Oh, *we* don't need the *Chronicle*."

* * * * *

The next day Dorothea bethought herself of Llewellyn's friends, Ananda Takoor and several others—luckily every one of them men—and decided that she must not try to shut them wholly out of his life. "For how do I know but what they have a lot of real value to give him?" she asked, with a little frown of anxiety. There was still so much she did not know about this queer husband-protégé. But when she suggested that he ask his friends to come whenever he liked, the startled look on Llewellyn's face made her almost laugh aloud with a glad satisfaction—so quickly and surely did she see that he had quite forgotten them, in this warm, consuming love which she could rouse so easily when he came to her at night. "Oh, yes, I do know him!" she told herself. But if he had forgotten his friends, he was plainly delighted at the idea that his wife was ready to welcome them now. So they talked them over together that night, and various ones were asked to dine.

Among the first was the Paulist Father whom Dorothea, the spring before, had seen in Llewellyn's hospital. Since then, she discovered, the two men had spent quite a number of evenings together, and their mutual liking had grown. So the tall priest came to dine one night; and as he and Llewellyn talked on and on, each from his different point of view, of the religious instincts and cravings in the hearts of men, Dorothea, listening, found her attention caught and held, that hungry deeper part of her set to wondering by it all. Could it really be true, she asked herself, that some great new religion would

come again in this hard old world? But at the same time, in the back of her mind, was a highly satisfying sense of how the power of Father O'Day's vast organization here in New York might help Llewellyn, send him patients and still further spread his fame.

But when the clergyman rose to go, he gave the girl a little shock, by saying, with a quiet smile:

"I wonder if I was not wrong? I remember telling your husband once that one great advantage we churchmen have, over mere scientists like himself, is that we are free from wives, and can give ourselves utterly to our cause. Yet now in his case, I am forced to admit that I can see no sign, at all, of any turning aside from the road that is going to lead him to such great things—if only he can hold to it."

"I wonder," Dorothea asked, when she was alone that night, "whether he really meant just that, or whether he was warning me?" And as she thought of her winter's plans, she grew a bit uncomfortable. But her uneasiness was soon gone. "Isn't everything I'm planning just to help Llewellyn?" she asked.

When Ananda Takoor, the young Hindu, came, again Dorothea received a surprise—but this one, of a different kind. It was a wonderful evening at first, for there was in the young Hindu's talk the fascination of the East, of India both old and new, of its mysteries, its burning peace and spirit adventurings up to the stars. Listening, Dorothea found that she wanted to go there, alone with her husband, and watch him explore. And so, toward the end of the evening, she impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, Llewellyn, let's go to India—just as soon as you can afford to drop your work here for a while!"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile that seemed to leap

from his eyes to her own, "we must go. But I'm not ready yet. There's still so much to do right here, before I'll be ready to break off."

"Break off?" she repeated.

"Yes," he replied. "If we go to India at all, I'd want to go to really see. And I couldn't do that in a month, you know—we ought to have five years, at least."

She gave a little inner gasp at that, with a thrill of alarm. But it passed and left her only amused, in a wise, maternal sort of way, at Llewellyn's utter unworldiness. "Yes," she thought, "if he's ever to get what he deserves, a big name and a practice here, I'll have to watch him all the time."

* * * * *

And she felt this more strongly again upon the following day. It was Sunday; and Llewellyn's mother came to luncheon—dinner, she called it—as she had been doing ever since their return to town. Llewellyn himself had suggested this; and, realizing his troubled sense of the loneliness of his mother now, and his wish to keep in touch with her, Dorothea had promptly agreed. But watchful for any ominous signs of danger from that quarter, she had quickly felt each time the hard suspicion of Mrs. Dorr. The talk each time was friendly enough; Dorothea knew how to see to that—but in vain she cheerfully told of how happy she was in the simple existence Llewellyn and she were leading now. As his mother listened, her eyes seemed to say: "Wait till the winter gets under way." And she glanced around the attractive apartment, and eyed Dorothea's smart, new clothes, as though wondering: "Who's to pay for all this?" In brief, she was as far from responsive as any lonely, jealous mother could be, to the girl who had stolen her son.

Her replies, indeed, were so brusquely reluctant, that at each encounter Dorothea soon gave up, and let her do what she wanted to do—talk to Llewellyn about his work. And then the girl could feel herself being rapidly left behind—confused, bewildered and annoyed by the technical dryness of it all. She never heard him talk like this, except with his mother. Mrs. Dorr appeared to take a grim delight in calling forth that side of him which his young wife could least understand. But though soon lost in the maze of their talk, Dorothea caught enough to sense the hold his mother still had on his mind and affections, the spell she could cast—this little New England woman of science, with her doubts and hard reserves. "Testing, testing, testing! Testing everything to death!" thought Dorothea bitterly. "Breaking it up into small pieces, examining each till its life is gone!" She was more sure than ever now that Llewellyn's mother was holding him back.

But as soon as the intruder departed, instantly exerting herself to efface the impression his mother had made, Dorothea could feel each time her own fresh power of beauty and youth take hold of her husband once again; and desperately in love with him now, she felt herself stronger, week by week. She felt in herself not alone her old youth—the youth she had feared she was losing last spring—but something so much more than that. For in response to Llewellyn's love, his admiration and delight, his faith in what she could make of herself, and in what they together could make of their lives—as Dorothea looked ahead, boundless openings appeared, into an inner happiness, a radiant, serene content and certainty of growing, growing—which she had never dreamed could exist!

But this did not interfere with her planning. "What

can I give him in return?" And back she came to her campaign.

* * * * *

Later in the autumn, as her wealthier friends returned to town, invitations to dinner began to come in. At first she found, to her surprise, that now she did not want to accept them. "How terribly married I'm getting to be. I'd honestly rather stay at home," she thought. But then she reflected: "This won't do. If I hide him like this, they'll think it's because he is not what I'd hoped." So she began to take Llewellyn out a bit. In spite of all her worldly ways, Dorothea was only twenty-six, and intensely in love and proud of her husband; she found herself wanting to see the effect he would have on various people she knew. At the first places where they dined, the marked attention he received rather went to her head. On the other hand, there were dinners where he was almost ignored; and this roused in her an indignant resolve to make such idiots see their mistake. In the meantime, various old girl friends kept dropping in for tea with her now; and as they praised the taste she had shown in furnishing her apartment, Dorothea soon wanted to show it off, and began giving little dinners herself. Old habits and instincts are strong and deep. By December, she was going out with Llewellyn, or having people to dine, four or five evenings every week.

Still, they were not late affairs, Dorothea told herself; and they were not only helping to arouse that interest, upon which she had counted so, but they were good for Llewellyn, too. Anxious to please her, he did his best; and exerting himself to be interesting, he succeeded to such a degree that at times she even wondered if he were not getting to like all this—this flattering attention from

smartly gowned, alluring women, most of whom were still quite young. After all, he was only human, she thought. But the moment they came away from such parties, any slight qualms were laid at rest—so evident was his love for her; so plainly absorbing still, his work.

By December, several other patients, every one of them worth while, had been added to Llewellyn's list. When the first substantial cheques arrived and he turned them over to Dorothea, quite unconsciously he revealed that in odd moments, when his mind turned to the practical side of life, he had worried over this matter of money, for he did not care to live on his wife's. Now, however, he felt reassured. With a smile, she saw how her husband felt that these few cheques, amounting to less than a thousand dollars, put all their money troubles at rest. She let him go on in that belief, but continued to bring other patients his way. He took them; and unwilling to do anything by halves, he gave to each an amount of time, of thought and imagination, and of vital energy, that rather dismayed his anxious young wife. Could he stand it, she asked. For he had his hospital work besides. He had already cut down his sleep, and was out at all hours; he gave himself hard. And yet all her anxious watching could discover in him no bad effects. His health, his love, his happiness, were apparently just as before. Moreover, with every case he had taken he was having a rapid success; with three or four, the changes wrought were already so remarkable that his relieved and grateful patients sang his praises day and night. And finally, with a warm delight, Dorothea found that her husband attributed his success to herself.

"You're doing all this!" he told her one night. "You're giving me a power that even you don't understand—such

boundless joy in being alive, that I can't help pouring some of it into every fellow I see! Don't worry your head about understanding the technical side of this job of mine—what you give me is so much more than that! It's the power of happiness—life itself!" He looked at her sharply, as though some thought had carried from her mind to his. "What is it," he asked, "in you, I mean—in these last weeks? There's something new!"

With a smile, his slender little wife looked directly up at him.

"Llewellyn! What do you want of me?"

"Want of you?"

"Yes! You asked me that about yourself—before we married. Don't you remember? Well—and I've got what I wanted now——"

"So have I, you darling girl!"

"Have you? Yet? Are you quite sure?"

With a laugh he caught her into his arms. And she asked herself: "Shall I tell him now? No—I'm not quite certain yet." For some time she had suspected that she was going to have a child. It had been a complete surprise at first, and a distinct annoyance, too. In all her calculations, this had always been left out. "We'll wait till we can afford it," she'd thought. But although dismayed at first, she found herself as the days wore on more and more interested, absorbed, and even glad—for it would be one more tremendous bond between them. For the first time in her life, Dorothea liked to spend hours alone.

* * * * *

But still she pushed her husband on; and her relief at his success was all the greater on account of this new pos-

sibility. If she were not to be able to give her whole strength to the winter's campaign, it was good to feel that all her plans were working out so smoothly now. Even those that Llewellyn knew nothing about. The items in the *Chronicle* were written, Dorothea could tell, by a very skilful hand. Tom must have given them special attention, for again and again she detected some clever little turn or phrase that she felt sure could be only his. There had not been the slightest thing which the average reader could have guessed was part of a boom for Llewellyn Dorr. "We'll just plant his name in the public mind," Tom had said to her at the start; and he had been doing it, with an unobtrusive, delicate hand that stirred Dorothea's admiration. Never a mention of young Dorr except in connection with some one of those prominent patients his wife had secured—men who were constantly "in the news" and used to being interviewed. There was probably not one of them who even suspected Tom's little game. A mere casual question or chance remark would come from his reporter: "You look like a new man, Mr. G..... Where have you been, to look like this?" Then the big lawyer or financier, honestly grateful to young Dorr, would bring in his name, and would even talk at some length, perhaps, about the young neurologist. But if he did, it would not appear in the pages of the *Chronicle*. Any such praise would be cut down to a few small, but telling, lines.

And yet, not only in New York, but far out in adjoining cities and towns, and even in lonelier places, to which the *Chronicle* made its way, various widely scattered readers would notice that name—Llewellyn Dorr. With most, it would be forgotten at once, dropped down into subconscious minds, to be recalled in a week or two by another

small mention in the news. But other readers, who chanced themselves to have some nervous ailment like that of the great man interviewed—for diseases are such democratic affairs—would instantly feel their attention arrested. All this was far away, as yet, from Dorothea's attractive apartment—but as the autumn wore to a close, some first evidence of the results began to come in. And because, in spite of the subtlest planning, life is larger than any mere schemes—to Dorothea there came one evening an unpleasant little shock. Llewellyn gave her a letter to read. It was from a woman in a small town far up in the Catskills, and was written in a large, cramped hand:

"DEAR SIR: I see by the *Chronicle* you are a doctor and know your business. For over two months I have been fair desperate up here—and I thought there might be just a chance that you could find time to get up this way. My husband is nearly out of his mind. We have a little garage in this town and we were doing pretty well —till another garage was opened last spring and began to take away our trade. My husband was well liked up here, and so by working overtime he still managed to hold his own—but he had planned for a larger and more commodious garage—and moreover, is a nervous type—so he fretted and worried and lost sleep and began to be in a good deal of pain. He has always been a fine mechanic —he is crazy about cars and always does good, careful work—but early last September he had a car to overhaul —and two days after he had fixed it, something broke in the steering gear while the owner was running down hill. He was killed—and we think the other garage man must have started the story around that it was my husband's

fault. Anyhow, the story spread—and though very few of our friends believed it, my husband had a terrible time. He has always been a devout man at church and he wrestled with this on his knees at night. That made his pain worse—and so his work suffered and he lost a lot of trade. He buttonholed every man who came in and tried to show it was not his fault that young George Dickson had been killed. He lost more trade and now is doing next to nothing. He is in such pain—and is so queer in all his talk and actions—that my friends say I should have him committed. I do not know what I shall do. I have four children, and all we live on is what's left of our Liberty Bonds—and what I can get by selling gas. He frightens the children every night by what he calls out while on his knees. And yet he is a fine, good man! I have read of the wonderful work you do and know how busy you must be—but if you could manage to run up here, you might be able to save his mind before he goes completely mad! We would work all our lives to pay you back! He will see no doctor here and I am simply desperate now! Please pardon the liberty that I take. I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"ANNA TRENCH."

Dorothea read the letter through with a deepening uneasiness. She had never thought of this kind of thing. Suppose he should get more letters like this—appeals by hundreds! She looked up.

"It's a terrible letter, isn't it. It certainly sounds real enough."

"Yes, and it has elements that make it interesting, too."

"But Llewellyn—you can't go way up there."

"Yes," he said, "I think I will."

"But your time is already so crowded here!"

"I know it is," he answered, "but I wouldn't be gone but a day or so—and this sounds so infernally tough. If I go up and get all the facts, and can then persuade him to come down to the hospital for treatment here, away from the scene of his troubles, we may be able to put him right."

"I see." She was barely listening now. She would not try to change his plan. Let him do this if he liked. But she must stop this kind of thing! "He has got to be warned!" she told herself. A few moments of swift thinking, and Dorothea had made up her mind.

"All right, dear," she assented, "I think that's generous and fine, and interesting, as you say—and I wouldn't stand in your way for worlds. Only, remember, we can't afford to take too much free work like that. Our"—she seemed to hesitate—"our rent for this second quarter hasn't yet been paid, as it happens." He looked at her quickly, in surprise.

"Why—I thought that money I gave you——"

She laughed, in a fond, amused sort of way—and decided to tell him everything.

"You dear, ridiculous boy," she said, "didn't you know that three months' rent comes to nearly double that?"

"Good God, no! Does it?"

"Yes, it does—and our other expenses come to nearly a thousand a month."

"But Dorothea!" He was astounded, plainly scared. His young wife was quick to reply.

"Oh, dearie, please don't look like that. I know just what I am about. To begin with, there's my allowance

from Dad—and he'll loan me more, if I need it, of course. And the main point is that you've made your start, and that next month and every month the money you make will increase so fast that you'll be amazed. That's just the trouble—the only trouble I see ahead. You know nothing of money, and care less—and you'll feel so very wealthy soon that you'll go giving it about—while the plain truth is that we'll have to be careful. You don't even dream how the demands——"

"Wait a minute," he cut in, with a sharp note of anxiety. "How will all this money pour in? Where is it to come from?"

"Patients, of course."

"But I can't, Dorothea—not many more! I've been doing all this on the side, you see! There's my hospital work! You speak as though I were giving that up—for a big practice of my own!"

"Well? You're getting a practice, dear—and it will increase by leaps and bounds."

"But the hospital! You don't understand! There are chances there for a real advance that I can never get outside! It's got to go on taking most of my time!"

"It must not!" she answered. Then, as she saw his jaws shut tight, she added, in a considerate tone: "I don't mean I want you to give it all up—I know how much it means to you, dear, and I want you to go there as much as you can. But every big neurologist will agree with me, I'm perfectly sure, that the cases they get in private work are as interesting as the rest. I want you to do as they do, that's all, and open an office for yourself—have a place of your own, where patients can come."

"What?" he asked. "Pay office rent on top of all this

other expense?" And glancing at him swiftly then, Dorothea thought she saw his mother's caution in his eyes.

"No, have your office here," she said. "I do want to be reasonable, dear boy—I'm not asking you to take any risk, or commit yourself one way or the other. Go right on with your hospital work, while we try out this other plan—with almost no expense at all. Your study can simply be rearranged." As she talked on, describing how very little would need to be done and how attractive the room could be made, she felt Llewellyn still hold back. And then Dorothea changed her whole tone. In a low, significant voice, she said, "I want you here, Llewellyn. As it is, you're out literally day and night. And I want you, need you, more than you dream." Suddenly, to her own surprise, she found that she was trembling now—quivering from head to foot! She had not meant to tell him like this! She frowned, but could not keep it back. With a desperate little smile, she said: "We're going to have a child, my dear!" And she felt his violent inner start!

"What? You're sure?" she heard him ask.

"Quite!" she said, and she added the name of a specialist Llewellyn knew. "I went to him this afternoon!"

"Good God!" she heard him softly exclaim. "What a difference this is going to make!" Dorothea looked up and caught in his face his instant realization not only of the discomfort and pain, but of the joy. He had come to her quickly. "Oh, my dear girl, this will be hard! But it's going to do more for you than anything—anything!" he cried.

"It will bring us very close, Llewellyn!"

He held her tighter. Love flamed up and she shut her

eyes, felt them suddenly hot with tears, was amazed at herself, nearly laughed with joy. How strange it was, mysterious! And to have it come like this, in their first talk about their bills! Oh, it was funny, funny! In a flash she thought she saw how much deeper and stronger, more human and real, and utterly happy, she would be!

But after some moments, back came her mind to the immediate needs and plans; and holding to him still, she asked:

"Now do you see what I'm anxious about? We'll need money for this—so be careful, dear! And I'm going to want you with me, near me, just as much as you can be!"

Before the evening ended, she had Llewellyn's consent to her plan that he should open an office at home.

CHAPTER XIII

TOWARD the end of December, late one frosty afternoon, Llewellyn Dorr came out of a house over near Fifth Avenue; and as, with an easy, swinging stride, he walked rapidly uptown, with a smile he was thinking absorbedly of Colonel Rand, who was his patient and to whom he was going now. Old Rand was a tough customer, and yet Llewellyn liked him and keenly enjoyed his visits there; he liked to hear the Colonel's tales of life in the Rockies, where he was born. But this afternoon when he reached the house, he found the old adventurer gloomy and ominous, on his bed. He had just come home from his office and was thoroughly tired out. Llewellyn had forbidden cigars, and his patient began to complain of that. He went on to complain of his aches and pains; but as the young physician sat by with an ironic air, the Colonel stopped with a peevish snort.

"Oh, hell!" he said grimly. "What's the use? There's not an ounce of the pity of Christ in your make-up."

"None for you, sir. I'm so sure you'll pull out of this —and feel like a new man again."

"Yes," growled the patient, "you've said that before—and every time you come into this room you hypnotize me into feeling it, too. Then out you go, and I have to face the God-forsaken facts again!"

"Forget the facts and they'll forget you," admonished the smiling young physician. The Colonel fairly leered with pain.

"I've a damned good mind to fire you!"

"All right." And Llewellyn started to rise.

"Oh, no, you don't! You stay right here! There's something about you I don't understand—and I'm going to keep you till I do. Every time you come into this room, you bring a whiff of mountain air. Look at you now. It's nearly night—and you must have been going it all day long—but you're as fresh as the rising sun!"

"Why shouldn't I be? I'm thirty years old—and I've just got a wife——"

"I know all about that. And I've seen young men in similar cases look like the end of a Saturday night!"

"But I'm healthy, Colonel——"

"The hell you are." As Llewellyn shot a startled glance, the Colonel met it with a grin. "Oh, I know about you," he said. "I been watching you for quite some time, and I've got your little scandal pat. I've seen men with hearts like yours go out like that!" He snapped his fingers—sharp and loud as a pistol shot. "Every minute of your life you're tight-rope-walking over death. I've seen you get signals, right in this room, that would make most fellas yowl with pain—but you lap it up and smile right on! You're running smooth as a dynamo! Stop smiling, damn you!"

Llewellyn Dorr, who had seemed to grow a little tense in the first moments of this speech, was again relaxed and smiling now.

"Colonel," he said, "you interest me, more than any neurasthenic I know. You're wonderful! By God, you are. I knew that you could imagine any disease or ache or pain, inside of your own anatomy—but to get so you feel 'em in others, too, is new! I must tell my chief about this!"

"Oh, must you?" said his patient. "Then while you're about it, ask him to plant a stethoscope on your upper left side."

"Why not try it yourself, if you know so much?" Llewellyn pulled out his stethoscope and offered it gaily. "Just listen a while."

"I'll be pleased to do so." And for some moments the grizzled old man listened to his doctor's heart with the eager intentness of a hound. To listen the harder, he shut his eyes—and so missed the look of curious quiet which came on the face of the younger man. In a low voice Llewellyn asked:

"Well? Do you hear any murmurs—leaks—misses—jumps?"

Old Rand looked up with a puzzled air. "I don't care," he answered doggedly, "I tell you that I know I'm right."

"Yes," said Llewellyn, "and you know that your own liver is working all wrong—that you're old, and sliding into your grave. You know it so hard and so much of the time, that you'll make it come true, if you keep on. But if you'll leave your body alone and give your organs half a chance, you'll get the surprise of your young life!"

"My young life?"

"Yes, sir, you're still young! I've been over every inch of your mountain-bred anatomy, and have found no trouble there at all, except for what has come from your nerves! And your nerves have got into this state, not only from the life you've led ever since you struck New York, but from this imagination of yours—imagining trouble all the time!" Llewellyn was smiling straight into his eyes. "But this same imagination," he said, "is so almighty powerful, that once I get you started imagin-

ing health in your body now—why, Colonel, it will bloom like a rose!"

"All rosy, eh, from head to foot," snarled the tough old reprobate. But a glimmer of hope had come in his face. He sank back on his pillows and waved his hand. "Go on with your treatment, young man," he said, in a wistful sort of way. "Go on fooling both of us."

"Oh, let's forget ourselves a while. You know what I was thinking last night, after I went away from here? Boise City in the Eighties, and Long Jim Steever's big saloon. And the more I thought about that strike, the more certain I grew that those miners of yours"—young Dorr was slightly smiling now—"had all the justice on their side."

The Colonel opened just one eye. "Want to get me into an argument, don't you?" he said softly, with a grin.

"I do," was the unabashed reply.

"Then I'll be pleased to tell you that those Christ-forsaken Bolsheviks——" And within a few moments the air grew blue with a profanity rich and rare—while the vivid frontier pictures rose, of a life now gone in this land of the free, the life of its wild, lusty youth. It poured like a flood into the room, and suffused the Colonel's face with a deep, glad vitality. His age dropped off like a suit of old clothes—while the young doctor at his side, listening, watching as in a trance, seemed to keep summoning all this forth by the questions, sharp, eager and low, that he asked, and the flashing interest in his eyes. At last it was over. He looked at his watch.

"Well, sir, I've got to be off," he said. "But honestly, Colonel, I hate to go. It's wonderful, this stuff of yours. Look what it has done to both of us. New men, sir, new —made over! I feel as though I'd just had a drink at

Long Jim Steever's grand old bar! And you—why, you haven't had so much as a twinge of pain since you started in!"

"All right, all right," the patient growled, now visibly growing old again; "it's good enough dope while you are here. But——"

"The minute I'm gone, you begin to let go! But why in the name of common sense don't you keep it up? Just try it this evening—play it alone! Take your mind out of bed again, and ride on it out to the West—or to China or Siberia—any old place where you were young!"

Old Rand for a moment made no reply. He was looking at Llewellyn Dorr with a curious intentness.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll try it tonight, do just as you say. But in return, you come here at twelve—the hour when me and my little friend, Insomnia, start our fond embrace. You'll see me then, and I'll see you. I'll see you at the *end* of your day—and then I'll check up on this guess of mine—about that healthy heart of yours."

With this sardonic challenge, and a keen look of liking, too, he waved his visitor out of the room. And a few moments later, Llewellyn in the cold night air, as he walked tingling along, smiled off his slight uneasiness. How well the Colonel had sized him up—"running as smooth as a dynamo." Yes, it did feel just like that.

A month ago, when he had learned of the state of their finances and of Dorothea's child, he had shaken off the first alarm and had told himself that now if ever he must make good on the thing he had preached. "Work harder? Why, of course I can. Just work alone never did a man harm—if only it's smooth, without worries or fears. And why in God's name should I worry or fear, when

everything is coming my way?" Such happiness in his private life, such splendid openings in his work! In the warm, resilient state of his imagination now, as he concentrated on each case, young Dorr had soon begun to feel the varied backgrounds of them all; and his days had grown kaleidoscopic with these shifting inner views of the turbulent city's life. There were patients like old Colonel Rand, whose days and nights were so absorbed in the world of high finance downtown, that through them he began to feel the mind and passion of it all; and as he listened to their tales of big adventures, schemes and plans that reached to every part of the earth, more than once it felt as though the whole titanic vigour of this driving Western world, with all its strain and fever, too, were pouring deep into himself. And there were other backgrounds. He had tried to cut down the free cases of late; but that discreet publicity, barely noticed as yet in the *Chronicle,* but increasing all the time, brought more and more calls from the tenements, as well as from the outside towns; and though he refused a part of these, there were many he could not turn away. So he spent half his time in the hospital still; and as the patients came and came, with poverty, with bitterness, with lusts, ambitions, hopes and dreams, and nervous strains of every kind, it began to feel to him at times as though the vast dark spirit of the city, all about, looming out of the noisy crowds like some impending sinister force, were slowly, slowly closing in upon himself, and pressing down.

But such ominous little moods stole on him only now and then—when he was tired—late at night. And Llewellyn was not tired now. He reached the hospital at five o'clock, and after glancing through his mail, went straight

to a room on the second floor. It was the same room, as it happened, where only a few months before Father O'Day with his crucifix had stood by the bed of a dying man. A young Russian Jewess now lay on the bed, writhing and twisting, breathing fast. Her dark face flushed with colour, her lips moving rapidly, she appeared to be going through the very tortures of the damned. Llewellyn sat down and watched her; and as he sat motionless there, into his strong, sensitive face came an interest so intense that at last it seemed to speak to her, for suddenly she opened her eyes, stared at him as though half mad; and then, as she recognized his face, a gleam of sanity came in her own. But in an instant it was gone.

"Gihenim! Ach! Gihenim!" burst from her with a pent-up force. "The flames are all around me now! They burn my throat—my throat, my throat! Gihenim! Ach! Gihenim!" And breaking into violent sobbing, she began to writhe and toss. Abruptly seizing both her hands, he held them tight; and bending close he asked her:

"Shall I drive the flames away?"

"Ach Gott, ach Gott!" She was tossing her head.

"I did it last night. Don't you remember?"

"No, no—I can't——"

"You do!" he answered. "Open your eyes! Look into mine! You remember me now—I was here last night—and I drove all the flames away!" He caught a flash of recognition. "Good! Keep looking! Don't you dare to turn your eyes away from mine! . . . Now listen. Where do you feel this flame? Always first it's in your throat. Why? Because you are a singer. Understand? Five years ago you were a singer in Russia—in

Kiev—and your name was Marie Morowitz! You remember now?"

"I can't—I can't!"

"Then I'll help you again, as I did last night. Your name is Marie Morowitz. You were born in a little town near Kiev—on a river—in the hills—and you loved the country there. You were born with a glorious voice. When you grew up you went to Kiev—and five years ago you were singing there—in a little theatre. No, don't shake your head—it's true! Your name was on a billboard just outside the entrance door—in big blue letters—at the top. Marie Morowitz! You see it there now!"

With her black eyes transfixed and straining—"Ach Gott! Yes, yes! I do!" she cried. He lost not an instant.

"Now listen to me! Every time that you feel this flame in your throat, before it has a chance to get bad, you will do as I tell you. You will say: 'I feel this flame first in my throat because I was a singer once—in a little theatre in Kiev. My name was on a billboard there—in big blue letters at the top. My name was Marie Morowitz. I will remember what I was—I will, I will—I can —I must!' "

But suddenly the young girl's eyes seemed to wrench away from his; she covered her face with both hands tight.

"I can't! There is too much between! Gihenim! Ach! Gihenim!"

"Too much between? Oh, yes, I know; I know you're in a hell as real as any that men ever dreamed of! But your only chance of escape is to drive your mind right

through it all—back and back before the war—to the little town where you were born. Back to Rabbi Morowitz—the candles in your home at night—the little town—the river there—the fields, the mists, the stars, the moon—the songs you heard—along the river. You can hear them still. You must. You must hear them—you must sing them."

"I can't, I can't! Every time that I try——"

"I know the other memories rise. But you must let them. Get them out where they can't do you any harm—because you'll see that they aren't flames but only memories. You must try—and I will help you." Again he had taken her hands from her face. "Don't look away from me—don't be afraid. Every night I will come and take your mind and carry it back through the flames. Each time you will grow less afraid—until you can do it all alone. We are going now."

"No, no!" she implored.

"We are going now. We shall go fast—I'll spare you all I possibly can—but you must come along with me into those memories between!" His voice again grew sharp and clear. "You were in that theatre in Kiev. For years you had felt the strain of the war, and all its horrors and its blood. Then came the revolution—and your lover drew you in. Soon you were working day and night. He trained you. There was war with Poland. You were sent there as a spy, and for about two months you sang in a café in Warsaw. You were found out and were to be shot, but by giving yourself to a young guard in the prison, you escaped one night. You went back to Kiev and then to Moscow—and saw executions there, of counter-revolutionists whom you yourself had helped to catch. You loathed your work and broke away.

They caught you. You were in prison for months. You came out and found your lover looking sick and thin and old. He had tried to run a factory for the government. He had failed—and lost his hope, all grip on life. He caught the typhus soon and died. Then famine came—and Hoover's men—and you enlisted as a nurse. It was with them that you learned English; you were with them for six months. You saw the people die like flies. You worked till you went nearly mad. It was over at last and you came here—to your sister in New York. And here you tried to hold yourself, to choke the memories, drive them down—and by doing that you made them worse—for they grew monstrous in the dark—grew red and hot until they flamed! They couldn't be killed! There had been too much!" He saw the tears rush up in her eyes. "But wait! Don't turn away from me—for I'm not through with you!" he said. "I'm not going to leave you here—you're going back! You *hate* New York!"

"Yes, I hate it! Every street! All the faces—all the smiles! They got off *easy* in the war!"

"Forget them now! You must go back! I tell you it's your only chance—and you need not wait till you are strong. You can lie on this bed and send your mind in one big leap—and you are there. Each time you must go through the flames, just as you have gone with me—but little by little you will see that they are not flames, but memories. You will go quickly, never stopping—quickly through them, back and back—to the little town where you were born." He laid his hand on her forehead now, and his voice was suddenly quiet and low. "The lights are twinkling there. It is night. You go to the bridge on the river and stand—you watch the lights—you hear

the songs. They are faint at first but you hear them rise. Down the river—through the shadows—into the moonlight—comes a raft—and you can hear the raftmen singing. Slowly closer comes their song until it comes right into you, and you can hear it, deep inside. And then you will sing. You will lie here and sing all to yourself, without making a sound. Nobody will hear you in all New York. But you will hear—and as you sing the songs of the river, all the flames will die away. For the river is cool and still and dark. Only the stars high overhead—and they will be quiet—and give you peace." His even voice sank lower still. "Slowly, slowly, as you sing, you will feel yourself upon that raft. You will feel it floating down the stream—and your songs will take you far away—into a sleep that has no dreams. You can feel yourself already—drifting into a sleep like that—drifting, drifting with the raft. You hear the stream. Its little waves and ripples slap against the logs. The song begins quite soft and low—so slow and quiet—but it comes —it comes and takes you. Close your eyes. You feel your eyelids—heavy now. And on the raft and with the song—you're drifting, drifting, never stopping—wanting only rest and sleep—rest and quiet, with no dreams. Only darkness—silence—peace."

Closely watching, motionless, he waited till he was quite sure. She had sunk back, her eyes were closed, her breathing slow and easy now, and a look of ineffable relief had come upon her dark, thin face. Presently leaning closer, he said, in a voice low and clear:

"I am coming back to-morrow night. When you wake up, remember that."

Then softly he started to rise from his chair—but as he did so, with a slight gasp, one of his hands leaped

to his breast, as though from some swift shock of pain. Breathing quickly, he sank back, with a look of alarm, which changed to a frown—while the girl at his side slept quietly on. Had she been awake, and in her right mind, she might have seen something curious now. For when a man is fighting, all his features are set tight. This man was plainly fighting hard; the struggle was visible in his eyes, which had grown dark with agony. And yet in his face it was evident that all his struggle was to relax. Gradually he began to succeed. The rigid lines were smoothed away and the taut muscles loosened. With a little breath of relief, he sank back into his chair; and though the signs of spasms of pain were still to be seen upon his face, moment by moment they seemed to subside—and presently he began to hear the dash and tumble, fresh and cool, of a stream upon a mountainside.

He sat without stirring for some time. Then he opened his eyes and looked at the girl who had cost him so much vitality. She was quietly sleeping as before. With a poignant smile—"It was worth it," he thought. Once more he got up—very carefully now—and went out and softly closed the door. He went to the nurse at the end of the hallway and talked to her for a little while, giving directions for the night. And after that he started home. He had meant to look in on his mother to-night, just for a few minutes or so—but no, he had not time, he thought; and he felt a little relief at that. For he knew so well how she would be. There would be no deceiving her expert eyes; and though perhaps she would not speak of her uneasiness and alarm, he would see it in her face; and he wanted none of that to-night. He wanted nothing to interfere with this warm consciousness he had of a dynamo within himself, running so smoothly, at full

speed. He was feeling it now, as he walked along, breathing deep in the sparkling night. . . . A smartly dressed young girl came by, unconsciously smiling to herself; and there was such delight in her eyes that Llewellyn smiled in quick response—in a friendly intimate way that brought a flash of surprise to her face. With a laugh, the next instant she was gone. . . . He was thinking of Dorothea now. At the thought of her beauty, he quickened his pace. But then, with a slight sudden frown of disappointment, he recalled that they were dining out to-night.

CHAPTER XIV

Meanwhile, in their apartment, Dorothea was waiting impatiently. She found herself rather tense to-night —not only with anxiety but a touch of irritation, too, against Llewellyn, for being so late. She had so counted on him to-night, had especially cautioned him in fact; yet now it was nearly half past seven, and they were due at eight o'clock at a dinner where they were to meet a certain noted clergyman—who might do so much for Llewellyn's career, if only his interest could be caught. A nervous, forceful little man, he had been overworked of late, and his wife was doing all she could to take him down to Florida. The Bishop had refused so far, and had even quarrelled with his physician, who was supporting the plan of his wife. What a chance for a young neurologist! And yet this prominent churchman, Dorothea knew full well, was not an easy customer—he had a cold eye toward anything new. So many prominent men were like that. She had been disappointed in these last weeks, she had landed only two or three new patients whom she considered worth while. To the small office in their apartment had come quite a number of women and girls—and Dorothea was glad of that; but she did not for one moment propose that Llewellyn should build up a name as a woman's psycho-analyst. She wanted men patients, older men, who would give weight to his reputation—and they were just the ones, she found, who were the hardest to secure. It had been exasperating at times,

she had to move so carefully. What an absurd tradition it was, that doctors must not advertise or lift a hand to bring in business! Even those discreet little items, which appeared in the *Chronicle,* had roused unfavourable comment among certain physicians uptown. "The jealous cats!" she had told herself. And yet her worries on that account were not nearly so acute as her concern about the fact that Llewellyn's hospital work had increased—work which could not possibly increase his income by a cent. Meanwhile, in spite of all she could do, the household bills were rolling up till she hated the very sight of her desk. She had had to go to her father several times for extra cash; and while he did give her money still, he had pretty plainly hinted that it was time her brilliant husband earned enough to support a wife.

"With all the talk that's going about, I should think it would be simple enough," Mr. Farragut had said.

"It's this free work!" she had exclaimed.

"Then make him cut it down," he had said.

And she had tried and she had failed. And this was another cause of her anxious irritation to-night. He would not cut down his hospital work, and on some of the free cases there he spent even more of his time than he did on the wealthiest patients he had. He crowded his day to get them in, and gave himself so, that it had begun to make him uneven when they dined out. She could not rely on him as before. Some nights he would utterly fail to respond, would merely sit and listen and watch, with an ironical gleam in his eyes, apparently oblivious to all the signals that she made. Suppose he should be like that to-night, with the Bishop, on whom she counted so? Or suppose he even forgot the affair? Dorothea glanced at her wrist watch. Already twenty

minutes to eight! With a breath of exasperation—"This is what comes of getting myself married to a genius!" she thought. But the very intensity of her annoyance caused certain unmistakable signals, from her slim body to her mind, of the condition she was in—and these reminders brought a change; she saw she must get hold of herself. "What a little fool I am," she thought. "Nine-tenths of all this worry comes simply and solely from the fact that I'm going to have a child. We're not doing badly—not at all; we've really made a very good start. Think where we'll be in a year from now! And besides, that's only part of it! Think of how happy we are, as it is!" She remembered last night, when they were at home, what a blessed relief it had been to her! To be alone with him—everything else shut out completely from their lives—as though it simply didn't exist!

And so, when a few mintues later she heard Llewellyn's key at the door, when he came in and she saw the sudden look of happiness in his face, and felt the leap of response in herself—desperately for a moment she wished that they could stay at home to-night. They couldn't, though, it was not to be thought of. So she hurried him into his clothes and down into a taxi; and when Llewellyn started to tell of some young Jewish patient, Dorothea cut him off, and began to speak of the Bishop instead; and though she did not put it in words, she made it pretty thoroughly clear that at the dinner this evening she wanted him to do his best.

But his performance was so poor, so utterly disappointing indeed, that in another taxicab, some three hours later on their way home, while Llewellyn sat there grim and depressed, his anxious, irritated young wife proceeded to give him a piece of her mind.

"Oh, Llewellyn darling," she wailed, "how can you be so utterly blind? You can be so sensitive at times—you do see, right in so deep. But at other times you're a perfect child! Here you are given the chance of your life—with one of the biggest men in town, and a hostess who even asked you to talk, and tell her guests about your work! Yet of all the marvellous cases you've had, you chose a young Jewess—a Bolshevik!"

"But she's one of the most fascinating cases that ever came my way! A case of hysteria—plain and clear—but to watch her, you'd think she was going insane!"

"Yes, my love, and so am I! I thought I'd go out of my mind to-night, as I watched the Bishop take it in! And so did everyone in the room! They could hardly keep their faces straight!"

"In God's name, why? What was the trouble?"

"The Bishop is known all over the East as a hater of Jews and Radicals," was Dorothea's sharp reply. "You made an impression on him, dear boy, that will last him all the rest of his life—so far as you and I are concerned! . . . Well," she added, *"he's* off the list!"

"I'm glad he is," Llewellyn said. "The little man has an eye like a fish."

"Then," she went on, "to make matters worse, you proceeded calmly to deny that you had discovered any new thing under the heavens. You patiently showed what a dull and tiresome plodder you were, and how very little you really knew. Your one and only other case was that of poor old Oberlin Brown. You told how you'd had him for over five months, and yet still didn't understand his case."

"I don't! It's baffling!"

"So you said! And over your failure to find a cure you grew positively radiant—while everybody else in the room was looking simply bored to death!"

"I saw they were!"

"And then you stopped! And that," she ended, "was our evening!"

"Well," he answered, after a pause, "the less of such evenings from now on, the better it will be for us both." Into his voice came an ominous note.

"Oh, now, my darling boy, don't be absurd!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"Exactly. I don't want to be. Dorothea, I hate this sort of thing. I've tried it—hard—because I knew you wanted it. But it won't do. I'm not that kind. These friends of yours want miracles—and I'm expected to trot them out. And I haven't any. I haven't the goods."

"You have!" she cried indignantly. "Even this autumn you've done things that any other doctor would brag about wherever he goes!"

"Would he? I don't think so. I don't want to brag," was the dogged reply, "and what's more, I don't want to go. If I'm to make any real success, the kind I know you want for me, I've got to take all the time that I need. Old Brown, for example. A year from now I may discover something there that will cause a stir all over the world."

"Among the neurologists!" she said.

"They're all the public I care about." Again his voice had that dangerous note. They had reached their apartment building now; and as he paid the taxi-man, one swift glance at her husband's face showed her that he was tired and tense. It was the first time she had seen

him like this; and a sudden feeling came to her that she must be very careful now. So, when they had come inside, in a pitying tone, she said:

"Poor boy, let's drop it for to-night. You know I agree with you, in the main—I do really want you to do your best. I want it so hard that I get a bit strained and foolish about it, I suppose." And her voice quivered slightly. She was fearfully tired herself, to-night. "When I see you spending so much of your time on a poor old man like Oberlin Brown, who hasn't so much as a cent to his name——"

Her husband chuckled suddenly.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"There was a little money transaction between Brown and me to-day. Quite a little money passed hands."

"Llewellyn!" she exclaimed in surprise. "How much?"

"A hundred dollars."

"He actually gave you that amount?"

"No, I gave Oberlin that amount. He said he couldn't pay his rent. And when I saw the landlord——"

"My dear Llewellyn!" his wife exclaimed. "This sort of thing has got to end!" With her caution of a moment before quite forgotten in her dismay, she added sharply: "It's time you woke up and faced the fact that we're head over heels in debt!"

He turned to her with a look of alarm. "In debt! But, Dorothea! I've given you nearly a thousand this month——"

"Over half of that," she said, "went into this new office of yours; the rest of it, to meet old bills! And just how many are still unpaid I don't like to think about! I'm sick of it—oh, so sick of it all! And so is Dad. I saw him to-day—to get a little ready cash. But I've

been to him several times before—and poor old Dad made it pretty plain that he has about reached his limit now! He thinks we should manage this ourselves!"

"He's perfectly right!" Llewellyn said. "Please don't go to him again!"

"Then what shall I do?"

"Cut down expenses!"

"We can't, Llewellyn, we've got to go on!" she declared, almost with tears in her eyes. It was nearly midnight now, and in her condition the evening's strain had been about all that she could bear. "If we don't make good this winter," she said, "we'll be forgotten—thrown aside!"

"Why?" he rejoined. "Other men in my line haven't come up with such a rush!"

"Yes, but you're a special case! Oh, can't you, can't you see?" she said. "You're new! You were unheard of—by all the people who count, I mean—till they saw me so in love with you that I threw over Tom McKane! They're curious now, they're watching us! And if we give up this apartment—start living in a small, cheap way—no entertaining, no going out—they'll say we've failed, and that I'm ashamed! And I'm not ashamed—I'm proud of you! I was thinking only to-night what a splendid start you've made! And it's so easy, all the rest, if only you'll be sensible—not talk of Jews and Bolsheviks—not take such perfectly damnable pains to deny that you've got anything new—when you have, you have, I know you have! And I want you to use it—I want you to have all the interesting cases you like! Only between times I want you to take these chances I keep throwing your way—people who can afford to pay—and are worried over nervous troubles which aren't really *hard* to

cure! But just for that reason the thing is so simple! You cure them! You can! And then they cry: 'A miracle!' And your name is made!"

"But I don't want a name like that." His voice was low and troubled now; for during this outburst from Dorothea, watching her he had read the signs of her condition and her strain; and Llewellyn's own tense features had become still further taut. He bent over his slim little wife and held her tight. "Please, please, don't worry so!" he implored. "I'll find a way out of this tangle—you'll see! I'm not working yet half as hard as I can! But you must keep out of it, old girl! You've got enough—with this baby of ours! Remember all it will mean to us both—and don't take any chances, dear!"

She burst into sobbing then, clung to him, kissed him and would not let go. All talk for a time was incoherent. Finally he got her to bed. And he had just started to take off his clothes, when all at once he remembered his promise to old Colonel Rand. At the thought of meeting the keen eyes of that sardonic patient now, he felt a slight uneasiness. But instantly he threw it off. One more call, he told himself, and a little more pay at the end of the month.

"Llewellyn—you're not going out?" asked Dorothea in concern. He turned to her with a quick smile.

"Now, my dear girl, stop worrying. I've got a little date at twelve, and I'm already late as it is."

"Who with? Old Oberlin Brown again?"

"No," he said, "with Colonel Rand. You see? I'm being sensible."

"But, darling! You're all tired out!" For answer to that, he came to the bed and bent over her.

"Look at me," he said. Into Llewellyn's smiling face

had come an expression of radiant strength. But suddenly she drew him close and kissed him fiercely.

"Oh, my darling boy, be careful! I love you so! I want you strong—and happy, happy—doing your best! I want nothing else in all the world!"

"I know," he whispered. "Oh, I know!" For a moment longer he held her close; then with a queer little laugh, he said: "How big we are—how small we are. What funny, funny people, dear."

He turned from her abruptly, and went out.

* * * * *

And Dorothea, left alone, lay there motionless, staring up in an anxious scrutinizing way. "I know what he meant. I'm big one moment, small and hard the next," she thought. "But I have to be—the rest of them are! And I won't let him fail in this! He has got to have what he deserves!" Just for an instant she faced the idea of moving into a cheap flat and giving up her whole campaign—but all that had been bred in her, ever since she was a child, rose in her now against this change. Success, recognition, money and fame—these ideas had fused with her love so completely they couldn't be wrenched apart. All the egotism of Dorothea's eager young life had been sharpened by her love, and made her vastly exaggerate the interest of these friends of hers. In her excited mood to-night, she imagined them talking at dinners and dances, or when they met for a moment in shops. Many wanted her to win—but, oh, the malice in some eyes! "No," she decided, "we've got to go on!" But could he go on? Could he stand the pace? Sharply she remembered what his mother had once said: "Llewellyn is a man who will have to be careful all his life."

And again—"He has got hold of a force that science does not understand. He's using it. It's dangerous." A little chill of terror struck into Dorothea then, and it took some time to shake it off. She had seen in him for the first time the signs of worry and fatigue, obstinacy and irritation. She had thought him above all that, and she blamed his mother for it now. Mrs. Dorr was the one who had bred in him this grim and obstinate restraint, which was keeping him from the kind of work that Dorothea needed so. "He holds back because of her —and so it's a constant wear and tear! It will turn him against me, if this keeps on—it makes everything I say or do seem calculating, cold and hard!" How damnably unfair it was! "When I'm doing it all for him!" she thought. Just a year or two of this, and Llewellyn would have a fine big practice. Then indeed he could pick and choose the interesting cases—and have time for travel, too. They would go abroad, or to the East—anything to help his growth!

Yes, but in the meantime! Suppose that he refused to climb? Suppose his obstinacy grew—toward every effort that she made, Dorothea asked herself. It was not money troubles that were worrying her now; for her life had taught her long ago about credit and how it can be stretched. The thing that kept her sleepless still, flushed and restless and afraid, was the first realization, or rather the premonition now, that the kind of help she had to give might only do Llewellyn harm; that in this strange work of his, this weird mysterious inner world in which his life was mainly lived, he did not even want her help! And Dorothea's egotism, fused with her desperate love for him, made this thought a burning torment!

But as she struggled, suddenly there came into her

tortured mind a solution of her whole dilemma. Llewellyn was doing research work—exactly as his mother was—and like hers, his work should be endowed! He ought never to have to *think* of money! A hospital—yes, that was it! No dingy little building like the one where he worked now, but a big new one far uptown, or out in the country, better still! His old chief still at the head, of course, but Llewellyn himself the real genius there, and ready in a very few years to step into the older man's place! Dorothea grew excited now. Here indeed was a way in which she could help! She knew this money-raising game; and all she had learned in the last ten years, and her whole vigorous mind and will, rose to meet this big new plan. At lightning speed all the bits she had heard about sanitariums, nature cures, came back to Dorothea's mind and were thrown into the melting pot of her fancy, as she began to picture the wonderful place that it would be. One building first and then another, and another and another—not only for patients and doctors but for distinguished visitors, too, scientists from all over the world who would come to watch Llewellyn's work! It would be in the hills, a beautiful place with sweeping vistas, spacious grounds! It grew and loomed before her eyes—a great material picture of Llewellyn Dorr's success!

Then grimly calling herself a fool, she came back to the present and started to plan. She was practical now. All the rest of the night she allowed herself no fancy flights. "This will mean the hardest job I've ever tackled in my life." Yes, but she could put it through. Here at last she was on her own ground, and she concentrated hard and deep. At last the dawn came creeping in, but she barely noticed the light. Llewellyn had come home

hours ago, and had looked through the doorway into her room, but she had let him think her asleep. She did not want to talk to him now, for she felt he might oppose her plan. Better to leave him out at first. She must work through her father and Colonel Rand. And Tom McKane. Thank God for Tom! Yes, he must be in this right from the start!

CHAPTER XV

DOROTHEA slept all morning, and at noon awakened feeling tired and depressed; but as her plan of the night before came again into her mind, at once her old vigour began to rise. She told her maid: "If anyone comes, or even calls up, you're to say that I want to be excused —that I've a sick headache." But her head was neither sick nor aching; her mind was strong and full of her plan. Over it all she went again. Yes, it met Llewellyn's needs exactly, she assured herself, it gave him every possible chance for just the kind of work he liked. And yet he would not see it at first; he would not like the publicity side. But she would not need him there, and she must not even use his name. That had been just the trouble so far—her friends and enemies had known she was working for her husband alone. Now, thank Heaven, that would be changed—the appeal would be for a big idea. She would have a long talk with Dr. Lake, and she felt sure she could make him see that what she honestly wanted here was to help him build up the great institution which she knew he had dreamed of for years, and to keep him at the head of it for the rest of his active life. Only later, as he stepped back, he would leave her husband in his place. Slower for Llewellyn? Yes. But she realized what a blind little fool she had been to try to "make him" so fast. It was going to take longer now, but he would be growing all the time, he would soon be marked as a rising man—and later, what a tremendous chance! . . . Then back she came to the

practical side. Whom should she start on? Tom McKane. Yes, he was the one who could help her most. So she called up Tom and asked him to come and see her that afternoon. In the time which passed before he came, various doubts rose in her mind; for she did not like to use him like this. But any such compunctions were quickly lost when Tom arrived, for he was only too prompt to agree on the feasibility of her plan.

"I thought you'd come to this," he said. "I've wondered you didn't see it before. It's the big way, and the only way, to get what you are looking for. Put your whole big new idea right up before the public eye." He said that with a little gleam which gave Dorothea a thrill of alarm.

"Oh, I didn't mean exactly that. I don't want you to rush it, Tom!"

"All right, all right," McKane agreed. "Slow and careful as you like. I won't make a move without your consent."

But in spite of his reassuring tone, she could still feel the danger there. It was playing with fire, say what you please, to turn the *Chronicle* loose on this. And even though she told herself that she could rely on Tom to stick to the promise he had made, and come to her before each move, still, as she began to feel how the prospect of working with her once more, of endless confabs large and small, so evidently appealed to him—again for a moment she drew back. Was it exactly fair to Tom? But again she threw her scruples aside. "I don't care," she thought impatiently. "That's his own affair, not mine! He knows I'm in love with Llewellyn still, and that I shall be all my life! I'm pretending, hiding nothing!"

So she went on into details, gave her ideas and took his suggestions; and soon, as they had always done, the two began to argue now. For he disagreed with her on one point. Llewellyn must not be left out.

"Now look here," he argued, when she had demurred to that, "you're out to raise a million dollars—and you'll find it will be hard; you'll need every help that you can get. Llewellyn can help, and he ought to. Why not? Let him do his bit. After all, it's his show."

"No, it's Dr. Lake's," she said. Tom's reply to that was a grin.

"All very well to keep Lake in the headlines—but he's an old story. Llewellyn is new—and he's got to get out and talk for this. He can hypnotize the dollars your way."

"He won't do it, Tom! At the start, at least, if we try we'll only spoil it all!" And she went on to press her point.

"All right," agreed Tom, cheerfully, "then leave him out until we see what we can do without him. You're not even going to let him know?"

"Not a word, as yet."

"Our secret, eh?"

And they went on discussing ways and means, considering various prominent names and the best methods of approach.

* * * * *

Elated by Tom's encouragement, Dorothea felt herself more than ever in love with her husband now. When Llewellyn came home, she saw at once how anxious he was over what she had told him the night before, about their financial straits. "And yet," she thought, with an inner smile, "while he was at work to-day, I don't

believe he gave it a thought. What a perfect child he is. Look at him. He remembers it now!" As she saw the new worry creep into his eyes, she set out at once to reassure him—and also to pave the way for the time when she would unfold her great new plan. She kissed him and said, with a resolute air:

"Llewellyn darling, I've thought it all out. You were absolutely right last night—your work must somehow be arranged so that the idea of money simply doesn't enter in. What you really need, dear boy, is a salaried position—exactly as your mother has, and as you have, too, with Dr. Lake. It must be better paid, that's all—and sooner or later you'll get it—of course. Meanwhile I've decided to cut right down on expenses here, stop trying to bother you getting new patients, drop our entertaining and stop going out at night. For I do love you, dearest boy, and I want you happy—only that."

Much relieved by this new turn, but troubled on her account, he asked:

"But *can* you cut expenses down—enough, I mean? You darling girl, I don't want to make it too hard for you now. I've been thinking of going to Lake about this. It's about time he raised my pay—and I think when I put it up to him——"

"Don't!" she answered quickly. "I tell you, I've got it all arranged!"

"But I hate to have you give up all this—this going about in the evenings," he said.

"Oh, my dear," said Dorothea, "I honestly don't care to go out. In my present condition, you see——"

She spoke of the baby to be born. And as she went on to wonder whether it would be a boy or a girl, and

what it would mean in the years ahead—her new plan rose again in her mind.

She had a talk with Dr. Lake on the following afternoon. She had won his liking long before; but when she began to sound him out on this enormous project, she felt him at once draw back a bit.

"It's a grand idea," he said, with just the ghost of a twinkle. "I see what you're driving at, and right at the start I can say I agree. The one and only thing I want is to advance this work of mine—and Llewellyn with it. But my trustees will be slow to act on any such scheme as you propose. They have a hard enough time, as it is, to meet our budget every year—and they'll be slow to risk any change—especially——" He stopped, with a smile.

"For a plan proposed by a girl," she said. "But this won't come from me, you see. All that I'll have to do with it, at first, is to get you free publicity. It's promised already—columns and columns—as soon as you like." As she told about her talk with McKane, she saw the impression it made on Lake. And Dorothea smiled to herself. Was there any hospital in New York that would turn such an offer down? "The *Chronicle,*" she ended, "is ready to begin at once, if you're ready to be interviewed. If you are, please don't even mention the name of Llewellyn. I mean that, honestly. And of course you wouldn't speak of any new hospital plan as yet. Just a few big interviews about the importance of your work. On the strength of that, I should think, you could go before your board of trustees—tell them that the *Chronicle* is ready to stand behind you with a big publicity drive—and then spring this plan of yours—

which of course you know so much better than I. You must have had it in mind for years."

"I have," he answered, with a gleam.

"In the meantime," Dorothea went on, "I'll be working through my father, angling for a few big men—or their names, at least, and some of their money. And you don't need to tell me I'll have to be very careful there. I'll see no one, of course, till the plan is approved." But as she went on to mention certain men whom her father knew, and told how she planned to approach them, she could see Lake's interest, and his confidence in her, increase. At the end of their conversation, he said that while he could make no decision until he had brought it before his board, he saw no harm in trying out the scheme in the way she had proposed.

Still further encouraged by this talk, in the next few weeks she found herself immersed in a jungle of details. As she had promised her husband, she cut their entertaining, and their going out at night, down to a bare minimum; and she was even glad of that—for in her condition she found herself pretty thoroughly tired by night. The publicity work had already begun; and as the first articles were got ready for the press, she found herself between two fires. For the man whom Tom had put on the job, and who spent half his time in the hospital now, had such a nose for headline stuff—the psychic mysteries that were there and the miracles that were performed; while Dr. Lake, on the other hand, was cautious and scientific to an exasperating degree. More than once, as the doctor's fountain pen cut the stories relentlessly down, things came to a clash between the two men; and it was all Dorothea could do to keep the doctor in his annoyance from putting a stop to the whole affair. Dorothea knew

this publicity game; she had helped to sell to the public all kinds of ideas in the past, from Votes for Women to Winning the War. But she was selling Science now, and she found it terribly difficult. Such weird little incidents had to be cut, such gorgeous statements had to be changed!

But again and again she came back to the struggle, and made peace between the two men with shrewd adjustments of her own. For the work was wonderful, say what you please, and patient re-writing could both save the gist of the hospital stories and meet the doctor's requirements, too. She felt the whole scheme gain headway now—for the articles were appearing, and from the city in response came more and more patients; in less than a month every bed in the little building was packed, and lines of people stood waiting outside the free clinic entrance each afternoon. On the strength of this increased volume of work, and of all this free publicity, Lake called a meeting of his board and placed before them his plan for a drive for a million dollar building. And though, as he had prophesied, they viewed the scheme with startled eyes, a majority was persuaded at last there could be no harm in trying it out. At the worst, it was sure to bring in some funds. Moreover, when they learned that a clever young woman had volunteered as secretary for the drive, and when they were told of the record she'd made in this kind of work before, they were glad to accept her services. So it was decided that at a meeting the next week, Dr. Lake and his young volunteer should present in detail a working plan.

Dorothea was jubilant over the news, and it was all that she could do to keep from telling Llewellyn at once. But no, she decided, better to wait till the plan was ac-

cepted definitely—for then, of course, it would be too late for him to try to interfere. To make sure of that acceptance, she exerted herself to the utmost now. In this familiar work she loved, she forgot the discomfort of her condition, and schemed literally day and night. There were more talks with Dr. Lake, and long, absorbing discussions with Tom, on the newspaper side of the whole campaign; there were talks with her father and with her friends, a few that she could really confide in, to work out methods of approach to the two or three big men who had been marked for first attack. She had hoped to land at least one of these before the next meeting of the board, but in those busy days and nights there came such obstacles and delays that she was almost ready to weep with vexation. Instead of that, she worked right on—with the final result, that on the very day of the meeting she had a talk with Colonel Rand, who was convalescing now, and won not only his endorsement but a substantial cheque besides. With this fine feather in her cap, and the *Chronicle* behind her, too, Dorothea went to the meeting, sprang at once her bit of news, and later showed herself so strong, so keenly resourceful and quick to meet any objections which were raised—that, in short, she made a splendid impression; and before the meeting was over, it had been finally resolved to begin at once the big campaign.

* * * * *

Tired but triumphant, Dorothea started home, planning how she would break the news to her husband. She must tell him to-night. But on reaching home about six o'clock, she was suddenly attacked with such a spell of faintness, that with her first annoyance rapidly changing to alarm, she called up the specialist who now had her case in

charge. He came and examined her, broke the news that the life of her baby hung by a thread, and then hurried off to find a nurse. And lying quite still, as he'd told her she must, for what seemed hours, Dorothea fought against the panic, which again and again came back. Fiercely now she blamed herself for the rush and strain of these last weeks. If she lost her child, she would loathe and detest the very thought of that campaign! She would drop it—and she'd have failed again—failed as a helper and as a wife! Appalled as she saw the full extent of the disaster just ahead, the young girl's nerves drew tight—and tighter—till at last she wanted to scream! Now she felt acute pain in her head, and the panic rose again; but her mother instinct rose as well, combined with all the hard, tenacious egotism of her life. She was not going to fail in this! She set her teeth, made not a sound! Abruptly she remembered how she had been a year ago—on a bed like this, with tightening nerves and a pain like this, and fear like this—and how Llewellyn had come to her then! And she prayed for another miracle!

At last she heard his latch-key, heard him come into the hall. He spoke her name.

"I'm here," she said.

Llewellyn came into her room and stopped short. "What is it? What's the trouble?" he asked.

Briefly, she told him. He made no reply. Now he was sitting by the bed, he had taken her hand and was holding it tight. She shut her eyes. The tears were coming.

"I'm sorry!" she whispered. "Such a fool!"

"It's going to be all right," he said, in a low, clear voice. So the night began. A nurse came, but he did not leave. Sometimes talking quietly but more often mute

and still, with his cool, right hand upon her forehead, he sat there the whole night through; and all the time Dorothea could feel that blessed inner strength of his pour from Llewellyn into herself. In deep and steady waves it came, his love behind it, with a force which went into her like a flame, and left her breathless, humble, small. It was almost frightening, such love. "I'm part of him! If he lost me now, he'd lose his very life!" she thought. "But he shan't—and we shan't lose this child!" Waking or sleeping, all night long she felt not only this power in him but others in herself arise—strange and humbling! Yes, indeed, a miracle! Almost at dawn, with a sudden smile, she whispered to him: "It's all right now." Then she fell asleep—and thought she heard the murmur, fresh and rough and cool, of a brook upon a mountainside.

She awoke the next day and found him gone. In his place was the nurse, who smiled and said: "You're a good deal better now." Then Dorothea realized that it was already dusk; she had been sleeping all day long; and yet she felt so drowsy still, as though some spell of quiet and peace had been placed upon her. Where was Llewellyn? She saw him now, over by the window, looking out at the quietly falling snow. Contentedly smiling, she fell again into a deep and dreamless sleep.

On the day after that, when the specialist came, he told her that the danger was past; but he said that she must undertake no hard or exciting activities for a good many weeks to come. And after he had left her, Dorothea's glad relief began to weaken and to change, as though the spell that had kept her so radiantly still, were gone. In perplexity she began to ask herself: "But what shall I do?" And the other Dorothea, the restless,

vigourous, scheming one, gradually returned to life. She asked the nurse for the morning paper; and when the *Chronicle* was brought in, quickly turning the pages, she found what she wanted, and grew intent. Yes, it was there, in two whole columns, the announcement of the campaign. As she read it through, she began to plan how she might still save the drive—engage an assistant, go easy at first and not try to do so much. But before she had time to get very far in such changes and adjustments, Llewellyn came home, and into her room; and as he sat down by her bed, she saw him glance at the newspaper there. With a sickening throb she realized that he must know about it now—and anxiously holding tight his hand, she told him everything from the start. He made no comment while she was speaking, but she could see he was thinking hard. When she finished, he said:

"You must drop it now."

"But I can't, dear boy—altogether, I mean——" Eagerly she began to show how she could save her strength, go slow, do just enough to tide it over. He listened in silence.

"No," he answered, with a poignant little smile. "I know you, dear, I know you now—and I know that you can't do it like that. It's too deep a part of you."

"You want me to give it all up?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, "because if you don't, you may find yourself like this again. And we can't risk it. The next time, we might not be able to pull through. There are limits to what I can do, you see."

Limits again, always limits! In spite of herself, she frowned a bit.

"But I've learned my lesson, Llewellyn!" she cried.

"Then prove it," he answered. "Give this up."

"Let it die—all fall to pieces? Just when it's been given such a start?"

"No, it won't fall to pieces," he said, in the same low, quiet voice. "When I read this to-day, I went straight to the chief, and we talked it out—quite thoroughly. We'll keep it going—manage without you."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean," he replied, "that I know you now too well to think that we can let this die. It means too much to you, my dear, and so it must to me as well. It wouldn't be safe to drop it now. I don't care for the job, it's not in my line—but I'm going to try to take your place."

"What?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"I'm going to learn publicity. I'm going to talk to millionaires. I'm going to try to raise money," he said. At the look on his face, she broke into a laugh—but there were tears not far behind.

"Oh, Llewellyn, you darling! You poor, dear boy, I won't have you doing any such thing! You couldn't, to begin with——"

"Why not? I'll have you to advise me," he said. "And I can talk pretty well when I try."

"But you'd hate it so!" Dorothea exclaimed. "And you'll have all your regular work besides—piling up and up and up—for it will grow still more with this! There'll be a perfect avalanche!"

"I'm strong enough." At the ring in his voice, she looked up and saw again that look of radiant strength in his dark grey, compelling eyes. For a moment she adored him then! But sensing this, Llewellyn's lips gave a humourous twitch, and he said:

"Oh, I'm not such a little hero in this. Isn't it all be-

ing done for me—to pave my way to a big career? Launch me, boom me?"

"No!" she cried. "I know how you detest all that, and I've made them promise to leave you out!" With a keen little glance, Llewellyn asked:

"McKane promised you that?"

"He did!" she replied. But a curious smile came on his face.

"McKane won't leave me out," he said.

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. He's quite right, my dear—I'm in. I can't see any way to get out of it now—unless I turn my tail and run. And I don't like that, and neither would you. You might even come to despise me then. So I'm going to try to see what I can do. I'll do my best for you, dear girl, to crowd this into my spare time. But in return, you must promise me to keep out of it yourself—at least for the present."

And to this, although with many doubts, in the end she reluctantly agreed.

CHAPTER XVI

She found her agreement hard to keep. As the scare she had had was left behind and her old, impatient vigour returned, Dorothea grew restless soon. She had had a taste of the work she loved; its fascination was still upon her; and, accustomed all her life to be the active center of anything in which she engaged, she found it exasperating now to have to sit back and put her job upon Llewellyn's shoulders. Why should he have to drudge at this, when he had so much work of his own? He adored that work, it was where he belonged—but this job of hers he simply detested—and with his chief, she could clearly see, he was making a perfect botch of it now! Both of them, loaded with hospital cares, were attempting to crowd this in at odd times; they made blunders without end; and though at first, with her husband, Dorothea tried hard to steer and advise, the mistakes he sometimes made were so stupid and disastrous that more than once she told herself he must be trying to kill the plan; and there was a furious little scene—which left Llewellyn so depressed, that in penitence she flew into his arms and vowed she would never be ugly again.

But she did not find it easy. With nothing to distract her thoughts from her physical condition now, it grew unbearable at times, not only the discomfort but the deepening suspense. Both her child and this wonderful plan of hers were still to be born—and she had to sit and fold her hands! There came bright, frosty winter days,

when fighting all discomforts down she felt bursting with vitality, an impatient, nervous force. "I can handle that job as well as not; it's all too ridiculous!" she exclaimed. Here she was the wife of a man who stood for just this very thing—using all your forces, filling your life to the very brim—and yet in her case he called a halt! Where was this risk he talked about? Again and again she remembered his miraculous power that night, when he helped her save the life of her child; and when intimate friends dropped in for tea, she told them of that miracle. "He could do it again," she thought. There was no real danger here at all—except that her plan for his whole career, which had begun so splendidly, would be ruined through the blunders, which every hour of every day Dorothea could feel were being made. More and more she felt the friction grow, between Tom's man from the *Chronicle* and Llewellyn and his chief. It seemed as though every story the poor young reporter attempted to write was promptly condemned as inaccurate, as sensational and untrue. Tom himself put it plainly one day. He came to see Dorothea and said:

"Look here, old girl, if you're not in shape to handle this, I think we'd better drop it, or put it off until you can. The *Chronicle* hates to push a thing and then have it fail."

"This isn't going to fail!" she replied. "I am in shape to handle it—and I mean to, from now on!"

She went at once into details of how she meant to save her plan. Rather to her own surprise, she found she had it all thought out. And she was so clear in what she said, and unconsciously so appealing, too, bringing all her old fascinations to play, that when at last she appealed to Tom to write the remaining stories himself—coming to

her each time, of course, so that they could work it out together—her old suitor soon agreed. And from that day on Dorothea began to slip back into her old place. Llewellyn barely noticed at first, for his own time was so crowded now that he left their apartment almost at daybreak, and it was often midnight, or even later, when he got home. He had little time to keep watch on his wife. Moreover, she seemed so well and strong, so plainly happy and content, that when from merely advising him or scolding him for his mistakes, she now began, by subtle degrees, to lift from his shoulders this work he detested, he could not but feel relieved. So he turned back to the work that he loved, and Dorothea was left free to go on with her campaign. Tom came to her several times a week. He himself, in his busy life, made time to go to the hospital and shrewdly feel out how far he could go. Then, roughly, he would draft a story, bring it to Dorothea, and together they would work away till at last they had something the doctors would pass, and yet it would strike the public mind. In addition to this, because she knew it would not do to keep this a mere *Chronicle* affair, she began, with Tom's help and advice, to interest other editors. Tom was generous in that. Any other newspaper man would have wanted the story all for himself. Tom wanted nothing, apparently, except that the story should be big. But just for that reason, more and more he insisted on bringing Llewellyn in.

"You've got to do it, Dodo," he said. "We've tried your way, and what has it got us? The big money isn't coming, the big men refuse to bite. So we've got to go after the women instead. There are hundreds of 'em, young and old, who give away thousands of dollars a month—but there isn't one in twenty who will give it to

old Dr. Lake. He's all right for lending a solid air to the whole campaign, but for the kick we need right now he's useless—and he knows he is. There'll be no trouble from him at all; I put it up to him to-day, and made him see our only chance is to bring Llewellyn into this. You've got to let me use his name—and something of his story, too—that mountain stuff when he was a boy, those long night talks with William James, those trips to Lourdes, to India——"

"He won't let you, Tom!" she cried.

"He won't know it's being done. We won't run it all at once, we'll have to work it in as we can. First, an interview with Lake on a few of the cases Llewellyn has cured. We'll make that short, and just as cold as so much scientific ice. There won't be a word your man can object to. Then we'll work in other bits. A Sunday story on nature cures—we'll bring his mountain into that. Another one on India—and give him a stick or two. War miracles—with Llewellyn at Lourdes. But camouflage it all the time. And meanwhile, in the social columns we'll begin to run accounts of afternoon meetings at women's clubs, or in the home of Mrs. Van Hootch or Mrs. Moses Mickelburg, addressed by young Llewellyn Dorr." Dorothea laughed, in spite of her worries.

"Oh, Tom, it's too raw—ridiculous!"

"Wait till it's cooked—and see how it reads!"

"But he won't do it!"

"He'll have to now—unless you want me to drop out." McKane's whole tone abruptly changed. "Whose show is this? Who's it for? Llewellyn Dorr and his career. Why the devil shouldn't he do his bit? If it's a little hard on him, how about me?" demanded Tom. "To come right down to facts, my dear, the thing that makes this

story big is what they'll read between the lines—every woman that we know. Here's the brilliant, penniless lad who took Dorothea Farragut away from Tom McKane, they'll say. Tough, isn't it? But I can stand it—I'll be glad to—all for you. But if I can, Llewellyn can. And if he won't, I guess I'm through."

As Tom said that, his square jaws shut with a force which Dorothea knew well. Keenly concerned, she began to try to show him Llewellyn's point of view; but the more she tried, the more plain it grew, not only that Tom would not give in, but that he was right about it, too. At last, reluctantly, she began to agree to the general course he proposed; and then, as they went into details, adjusting, compromising, trying how to get effects without, as she expressed it, "cheapening" her husband—before she knew it, Dorothea had grown eagerly intent. Still, when McKane had gone away, the girl's uneasiness returned. Unless she were very careful now, Llewellyn might blow up some day and put a stop to the whole affair. She must modify this plan of Tom's in every possible way, she decided. And in the weeks of early spring, she did try her level best to spare Llewellyn all she could. She persuaded Tom to drop his idea of meetings in rich women's homes, and to concentrate that part of his scheme all on one big meeting, which, with the help of her friends, she arranged in the women's club to which she belonged. There, after much persuading, she induced Llewellyn to appear as one of the principal speakers. And his talk was such a success, and so much money at once poured in for the new hospital project, that he could not refuse to speak at another club the following month. Both from this publicity and from that in the *Chronicle,* more and more wealthy women and girls came to Llewel-

lyn's office now; and though he refused to take them all, he took enough so that his wife saw, with satisfaction, that those sordid money worries would soon be a thing of the past. Moreover, to Dorothea's relief, as the articles in the *Chronicle* subtly began to spread his fame, he hardly seemed to notice them now. Poor boy, he barely had time for his work, without reading papers and magazines! When she could spare a moment from her own packed busy days, Dorothea would anxiously watch his face for any ominous signs of fatigue. Could he stand it, she asked. There was so much!

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Strange, what publicity can do to the man who is being advertised. It is a curious, subtle force, and a little can change a man's whole life. Of the millions of people in New York, probably not one in a hundred, in their reading of the news, had caught that name, Llewellyn Dorr. But tens of thousands of them had, and of these there were hundreds afflicted by various mental and nervous ills, who read of the wonders he performed and began to hope for miracles. Not only wealthy patients came; at the hospital a perfect mob was waiting every afternoon outside the doors of the free clinic—and practically every one of them wanted treatment by Dr. Dorr. And as they clamoured about him now, more than once it felt to him as though every man, woman and child in New York, who was on the verge of madness, were coming to beg for his aid! Now again, that vast dark spirit rising out of the noisy streets, whose presence he had felt before, loomed closer, pressing, pressing in, with half-crazed and rabid eyes! Had the whole town gone suddenly mad? It was torturing! So much to do, and never time to do

any part of it well! And he read, or heard from his colleagues, enough of the accounts of his work, so that he felt as though he were working in a pitiless glare of light —as in a clinic theatre—with crowds of people all about him, watching, watching for mistakes!

As the strain upon him increased, he grew bitter at times against McKane. For instinctively he felt that Tom was the one who had started all this and who still kept pushing it on. "He thinks he can blow me up till I burst—like a little toy balloon!" He remembered the hostility McKane had shown the year before, and he felt the challenge now. He knew that Tom was with Dorothea almost every afternoon; and as Llewellyn thought of that, often he lost control of himself, and a consuming fire of jealousy poured into him. But he set his teeth and thought, "I won't ask her to drop him. She'd only refuse. She'd say it would break her whole plan down." And much as he hated her campaign, he knew how deep rooted in his wife was this passion for success. Her love had all gone into this; and he felt that unless she could succeed in forcing him up to the pinnacle on which she had set her thoughts, her very love would begin to grow cold. "I'll lose her if I fail," he thought, "and if I lose her, I'll be through!" The present intensity of his love left no room for doubt of that. So, in spite of those bursts of bitterness and those fits of jealousy—or rather, just because of them—Llewellyn Dorr kept on with his work and tried desperately to win through. Out at all hours, as he was, in the raw March weather, he often felt ominous signals of the ill effects of the strain. But he paid little heed to them; for he knew so well how to summon up those deep reserves of vitality, and most of the

time he was wholly engrossed in these people who came to him for help. There were strange cases! Down he dived, deep into those dark borderlands of madness to be found in men—watching, listening, studying. And so far, he still had success.

But toward the middle of that month, Llewellyn spent an hour or two with his mother, on a Sunday night. Weeks ago, Dorothea had stopped inviting her to their apartment, and Llewellyn, in his busy life, had barely noticed that neglect. In fact, for a month he had not found time even to drop in on his mother. But now, on a Sunday afternoon, she called him up and asked him to come; and when he did so, that same night, Mrs. Dorr was struck by the change in him. Grim and slow her questions came, probing into Dorothea's big plan, of which she had already read. And as she searched relentlessly into the daily life of her son, a look of sharp anxiety crept into her small, grey eyes. Sternly, at the end, she said:

"Llewellyn, this has got to stop! You can't do any real work like this—with every minute crowded—always hurrying, being late. And you can't keep cutting down your sleep. Your heart won't stand it and you'll drop! This is simply suicide!"

As she continued in that vein, he could feel the bitter, inner smile with which she was thinking, "Didn't I tell you how it would be? Get rid of this girl! She'll drain you! You'll lose your life, if you keep on!" This inner cry of anguish came to him from her anxious eyes—while in her flat, implacable voice, Llewellyn heard his mother say:

"And what's more, if you go on like this, even if it doesn't kill you, it may kill all honest work. For with

everyone around you asking now for miracles, before you know it you'll get to believe that you can give them what they want."

A slight increase of tension, in the lean, strong hands of her son, told her how that blow had gone home. But he was quick to recover himself; and in just a moment he asked, with his old, ironical smile:

"I wonder if I ever could—get to be as cheap as that?"

"Yes—you could," said Mrs. Dorr.

Llewellyn did not realize the full effect of this talk with her until he had gone away. But then, as he walked rapidly to keep his next appointment, in his keyed-up condition of body and of nerves and mind, suddenly he began to hear again the things she had been saying; and as in fragments they came back, behind them rose the memory of that fear in her grey eyes. He shook it from him, rang the bell of a big house near Park Avenue, went in and for an hour there grew wholly absorbed in the case in hand. But when he came out, and took the "El" to a tenement case on the Lower East Side, which he had promised to see that night, again he seemed to hear her say: "Even if it doesn't kill you, it may kill all honest work." Swift and cold, a stab of pain brought his right hand to his breast. With a scowl, he leaned back in his seat; and as the train rushed on downtown, by degrees he fought off the attack and tried to rid himself of this—this damned certainty, vague but deep, that in the end he was going to fail. For he must not fail to-night! This tenement case was of a kind that demanded every ounce of strength and faith he'd ever had in himself!

Still frowning, slightly panting now, he slowly climbed three flights of stairs and knocked at a door. A thin, young Irish woman came. Her look was haggard, grey

with worry; but as she recognized young Dorr, a light of hope leaped into her face.

"Oh, doctor, he's that bad!" she whispered. "He don't even know me now! I've been on my knees to the Holy Mother—and now she has sent you! Oh, praise be to God!"

"Wait," he answered. And he went in.

And still an hour later, in a half-empty subway train which with a high-pitched maddening roar rushed through its tunnel back uptown, Llewellyn sat exhausted—beads of sweat upon his temples, the frown on his face still more intense from the fact that his eyes were now tight closed.

* * * * *

Long after midnight he reached home, and found Dorothea waiting up. She herself had come in an hour ago, from the office of the *Chronicle,* where she had been reading proofs of Tom's latest article, written under a *nom de plume,* which dealt at length with India, and with Ghandhi and Tagore, but then went on to quote Llewellyn on his trip to the village there. It was a beautiful piece of work. No cheap effects, its tone kept down, Llewellyn only brought in by the way—but Dorothea's practiced eye saw how it would build her husband's name still stronger in the public mind. What a future opened for him now! She loved him and admired him even more than ever to-night; and she did not stop to realize how her feeling for his genius was bound up with his growing fame. The campaign was going splendidly!

But when Llewellyn came in that night, at sight of him she gave a low cry.

"Llewellyn! What's the matter?" she asked. Without looking at her, he replied:

"I've failed, that's all—I've failed again."

"How? Where?"

"On a case downtown to-night." He went on to give her a few details, and into his voice came a nervous excitement which increased his wife's alarm. In a harsh and bitter tone, he said: "I left the poor devil so much worse than though I'd never gone at all. He expected a miracle, you see—and I couldn't supply it—I'd run out. And by that shock of disappointment—disillusion, stark and cold—I started that patient on his way to a padded cell in Bellevue!" He looked suddenly up at his young wife. "I can't go on with this!" he said. "I've tried my best to fit in with your plans—but I can't any more! It's wearing out the very thing in me you need! It isn't the work—I don't mind that! It's the rush—it's the always being late—the knowing that I've never time to do a thing as it should be done! And it's even worse than that! It's the knowing all the time that not only I, but all my work—and the work of other men like me—is being cheapened—made a fad of—boomed, played up and advertised! So that people come and ask for miracles—for miracles!" He had risen and was walking the floor.

"Llewellyn," she cried, "you blame me for that? Can you remember a single claim that any newspaper story has made for anything miraculous here? Haven't we been careful enough?" He turned on her with a little laugh.

"Yes, you've been careful!" he replied. "And your friend McKane more careful still! Nothing open, nothing raw—but in some devilish subtle way that I don't pretend to understand, the idea has been implied—put over to the public mind! And I've got to get right out of it now! I've reached my limit!" he exclaimed.

"You poor, darling boy, I see you have!" And Dorothea went to him quickly. "You've got to stop—drop everything—and take a little rest!" she cried.

"Rest? No—I can't! It's work I want—the kind of work I did before! No more headlines—not a line! An end of this—a chance to do a few jobs quietly and well!"

"But isn't that exactly what all this is for?" she asked. "Just to put you in a place where you *will* have time—all the help that you need, and the money and every possible aid?"

"But I don't want that kind of aid—nor a big institution on my hands! All that I need is to be let alone! My mother was right! I was with her to-night and I could see what she thought of all this!"

Dorothea gave a start.

"You went to see your mother to-night?" she demanded, sharply.

"Yes——"

"And she told you, I suppose, that you must drop all this at once!"

"She did——"

"I can hear her!" cried the girl. "And she said if you didn't, you would fail—that you were bound to, nothing could stop it! And so, with that fine thought in your head, you went straight off to that case downtown—and there you did as she had said! Can't you see that she was to blame?"

"No, she wasn't all to blame, for I've failed a number of times before!"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I was afraid!"

"Of what?" she asked.

"Of what it may mean—to both of us—this dropping out, this breaking down!"

"You shan't break down!" With one swift, frightened, questioning look, she came again and held to him tight. "I love you!" she said, in a low, hard voice. "I love you—believe in you—all you can do! I know what you are and what you can be! If the pace has grown too fast just now, we'll slow it down—we'll go away! We'll run down South; and together there you'll be amazed how soon you'll change!" Talking rapidly on to him and giving Llewellyn no chance to reply, exerting herself to the utmost now—she did tide over, did get through, and persuaded him at least to wait until she could have a talk with his chief. "If need be, we'll drop everything and go to-morrow, right away! But you're in no condition to think of it now! You need sleep, poor boy—a good night's rest!"

But long after he had fallen into an exhausted sleep, she lay listening to the sound of his breathing, which came through the open door. It sounded strange, unnatural. Yes, she thought, she must arrange to cut Llewellyn's work right down, no matter even what harm it did to all the rest of her campaign. Suddenly then Dorothea recalled that he had been with his mother to-night, and at once a passion of bitterness came. "She *is* to blame for this, she *is!* It's not only what she said to-night, it's what she has bred in him all his life—this caution, doubting, holding back—never letting him quite believe in his genius and what it can do! Oh, damn that woman—damn her, damn her!"

But in a few moments, quieter, the girl lay very still in the dark—and began again her planning.

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The morning after that ominous scene, Llewellyn, to her great relief, appeared much stronger, more like himself, and was plainly rather ashamed of his outburst of the night before. Most emphatically he refused to let his wife inveigle him into a little trip down South. He could not possibly leave his work; he was all right now and he could go on.

"Most men in my line," he told her, "are overworked in this damned town, and if they can stand it, so can I. After all, it's an amazing chance. Only call off this publicity now, so the work won't go on piling up, and I guess I can handle what I've got."

"No," she insisted, "you've got too much."

She went to his chief that day and arranged to have his hospital work cut down. She then had a talk with Tom McKane, and warned him that for the present, at least, they had better let the publicity rest. And anxiously watching her husband that evening, and reading the signs of real fatigue behind his smiling self-restraint, she told herself: "I must hurry now." So, in the days that followed, the girl concentrated hard on the unpleasant job of gathering in the fruits of all her recent labours —in plain English, getting the cash. And she did succeed in getting contributions and pledges to a considerable amount. But it was a dog's life! People did so hate to give up their money! One afternoon, the end of March, she went to see a woman who had simply oodles of wealth, and a name that would be a tremendous asset; and Dorothea managed at last, after what had seemed hours of hard labour, to get both the name and the cash. But it had cost her such an exertion, that as she started homeward all feeling of triumph died away. "Heaven spare me another week like this!" There had been a

warm, muggy first spring day, with absolutely no life in the air—and now she felt thoroughly tired out. Leaning back in her taxicab, she felt weariness and depression, so sharp and overpowering as to be decidedly queer.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked. Then, with a slight, startled frown, she felt the signals come more plainly. But although a bit frightened at first, Dorothea soon fought off her scare; and remembering how Llewellyn had lifted her through that ugly time of only a few weeks ago, she again grew calm and self-assured. On reaching home, she went straight to bed. Should she send at once for the specialist? No. The man would only be angry that his advice of the month before had not been followed, she told herself. Llewellyn would soon be coming home and he could attend to this alone, just as he had the last time. So she lay there and waited. He did not come. Slowly the dusk crept into the room, until at last it was quite dark. Dorothea grew impatient now. He had promised to be home early to-night! Still she waited —and grew afraid; but once more driving the panic away, she lay perfectly still, as she had been told, and fixed her mind and imagination upon the effect that his coming would bring. And she succeeded so well in this, that it seemed to her she could already feel that vital power, fresh and deep, come pouring in, to lift her through.

And so, when at last he did come home, she said to him very quietly:

"It's here again, Llewellyn. I'm sorry, dear, but I'm following orders. I've been lying perfectly still."

For a moment there was no reply.

"What did Tenney say?" he asked. Tenney was the specialist.

"He hasn't been here," she replied.

"What? You didn't send for him?"

"No."

For answer, he turned on the light and came to her bed. "How long has this gone on?" he asked.

"I don't know—a few hours, perhaps. I don't think it's so terribly serious, dear—I feel scarcely any pain at all." But there was a note of alarm in her voice; and this alarm was at once increased when, after a brief examination, Llewellyn turned to the telephone. She thought his face had gone rather white.

"What's Tenney's number?"

"It's on the card." She lay watching in dismay. "What is it, Llewellyn?" she suddenly asked. "Anything—worse than before?"

"I don't know yet. I want Tenney's opinion."

Now he was speaking into the 'phone. She heard terms she did not understand; again she felt the panic rise; and though when he turned back to her, he was the one who was steady now, and he did his best to calm her fears, they kept rising with redoubled force. For the first time since their lives had met, her faith in his power began to break.

The specialist came. He examined her, and then went with Llewellyn into the next room. Dorothea could hear them talking there—and she was trembling sharply now. Llewellyn came back to her and said:

"Dearest girl, I'm sorry. We've got to operate—at once."

She lay staring up into his face; and as she realized all he meant, her fear and disillusionment rapidly changed to a passion of impotent anger and despair.

"You mean to say you can't help me now?"

"Yes—when this is done, I can——"

"But it won't be done—it shan't be!" Her voice rose loud and quivering.

"Hush!"

"You still pretend you love me?"

"Yes——"

"But not enough!"

"For a miracle? No."

"But you can, I tell you—you can, you can!" Dorothea was panting now. He bent slowly over and took both her hands.

"It's too late, dear. The child is dead."

Suddenly, as she stared at him then, he seemed to change before her eyes, and from a wonder worker become a tired little man—weak, sorrowful, despairing. She started to cry out again, but he held her.

"Hush. Be quiet now."

CHAPTER XVII

Even down into the dark, that picture of him followed her—of a tired little man, just human, with his limitations. And later that night, as by slow degrees Dorothea's vision cleared, and she spied him at her bedside staring blankly at the wall, she saw in his face a sadness which brought her back to her senses with a shock of premonition.

"Llewellyn!" she whispered. At once he turned; and instantly masking with a smile the profound despair of a moment before, he bent over her and said:

"It's going to be all right now. You're safe, dear girl. You'll be better soon." Then, as he saw tears come in her eyes, he added, in a whisper: "Oh, I know how hard it is!"

She squeezed his hand and tried to speak, but Llewellyn made her rest. A feeling of great weakness came. She slept and wakened, dozed and dreamed. Her mind was dull, the following day; but on the next, as her strength returned, Dorothea began to think of what this loss would mean to them. Bitterly she blamed herself, not only for the overwork that had caused this calamity but for her furious outburst when Llewellyn broke the news. And so, on the third evening, when again he sat by her bed, anxiously holding his eyes with hers, Dorothea began to beg his forgiveness. But again he stopped her. With a poignant look, he said:

"No—I was to blame as much as you. I should have watched—I should have seen. But all this hurry made

me blind. Let's leave it now, this rush and strain, and all this false publicity—which leads other women just like you to overdo and put their faith in miracles we can't perform—and piles the work on men like me until we're nearly mad with strain!"

"I know it does!" she answered. "I know it does—and that's just why I've worked so hard to get you out! This hospital plan was just for that—to give you a place where you can work with never a thought of hurry again! I'll never forgive myself for the way I lost my baby—but that's done! And I don't want to fail in everything now—I want to go on and put this through! It's the only thing that's left for me now! I'll leave you out of it, of course——"

"You can't!" he said. "It can't be done! This has already done us more harm than you know—not only our work but our very lives—this love of ours!"

"Llewellyn! No!"

"It has—it must! Let's face the facts! To get all the money you need for this plan, would take you another year at least, and all that time I'd have to be in it! This clash between your life and mine, your self and mine, would go on deepening! It must stop! For I don't want any big hospital, dear—that simply, plainly, isn't me! The only way I can do my best is to take a few cases at a time, and learn to know each one of them, down to his very deepest parts. It's the only way I can move on. I am like that—I'm just a scout. The big main army comes behind. Your plan would put me back with them—not on, but back. I'd find myself loaded down with cares—with assistants to choose and to manage, advise, and with a thousand other details. I'd be poor at that—I'm no good at that, and it isn't any good for me. To do

my best I need a life that's simple and small. No big money, no big name—for a big reputation is bound to bring the very crowding and the strain that I am trying to escape!"

"Then Llewellyn—why did you marry *me?*" As he turned to her with a startled glance, she repeated: "Why did you marry me? What possible help can I be to you now—or you to me? I know why you want a life like that, dull and small and picayune—it's because you know your inner life, this work of yours, will be so big. But where can I come in on that? Every time I speak of it, to you alone or to my friends, I can see that it annoys you—that you think everything I say exaggerated or muddled and false! When I try to help in other ways—even on the business side, in raising money, where I'm strong—then again it seems I'm wrong! And so every way I turn, I find I only do you harm! And I've never been used to that—I've been used to working, helping. I can't sit back and just be a wife—in the small, dull life you say you want." There was no anger in her voice; it was anxious, sharp and low. "It's a queer position I'm in, my dear. Why did you ever put me here?" For the moment she forgot how he had held off a year ago, and how it had been she herself who had drawn them into this. "Why did you?" she repeated.

"I didn't see—I didn't know!" His voice had an unnatural sound, and she saw that he was afraid. Suddenly he looked to her no longer wonderful and strange, but just human, very young, a crude, young doctor from New England, frightened, groping, desperate. "I'd never been in love before—I'd never dreamed what it could be! But I did with you!" he said. "Think for a minute—try to look back and see what a wonderful time it was! That

early morning on the beach—those days up in the mountains! How fresh and deep—all life, I mean—mysterious—and glorious! Why do you ask for miracles? We had them then!"

"But now?" she asked. There were tears in her eyes, but behind them a hard, tortured light. "Now?" she asked him. "What can we do?"

"Don't you see any chance to go on like that?"

"Not very much. Even then I was dreaming of all I could do to help you," she said. "And how can I help you now? In this dull little life that you suggest——"

"But I've got to have it, Dodo, for your sake as well as my own! If I don't, I'll disappoint you—fail—while if I do, I'll slowly rise! I put it too baldly a moment ago—I'm not such a saint or such a fool as not to like recognition! I do! Only, it's got to be the right kind—it's got to be earned, it's got to be real, and to come from the men who really count! I *want* that kind—and money, too—to give you the life you ought to have——"

"When I'm forty!" Dorothea cried. "And this will all be done *for* me—not *with* me—I shall be shut out!" In a flash she saw how it would be—friends and enemies seeing her failure and dropping her quickly out of their world, as her husband dropped her out of his. She could feel her whole grand castle of dreams come tumbling down. "What shall I be doing all this time?" she asked him. "Remember, that I'm what I am—I've had my life as you've had yours!"

"Yes, I know, I realize that." His voice again unnatural, he was watching her intently, in a baffled, desperate way. "I know how deep it is in you, and I don't believe that you or I can do very much about it now. These things come from deeper down. They settle themselves."

"Just drift, you mean," said Dorothea. She hesitated, watching him. "But suppose we drift apart?" With a little stab of pain, and yet of exultation, too, she saw the instant agony that leaped into Llewellyn's eyes.

"No—I can't—I can't!" he cried. "There must be something we can do!" As he sat at her bedside, he bent his head. "If you still love me?"

"Yes—I do!" her own voice, too, was quivering now.

"Then can't you wait—and let us try?"

"Try what?"

"Oh, nothing, right away! You've had too much, been through too much! But if only you'll rest till you are strong, then—then another job perhaps—this work you've always liked so much, and do so well! There are scores of places, I haven't a doubt, where they need you now—to-night! Or why not have another child? You wanted one—you will again! Or if none of all this appeals to you now, why not come away with me?"

"Where?" she asked.

"To India!" A change came in her expression then; and seeing this idea take hold, Llewellyn was quick to press his point. "I know how tired you are of all this. Let's try to leave it all behind—forget it and begin again! Only give me a little time to wind up this work of mine, while you take the rest you need, and then let's try the very other side of the world!" he cried. "You remember how it appealed to you once—only a little while ago!"

"India! Yes, that might do!" Her voice was excited as his own. She wanted him—she wanted him so! "Yes, I begin to see it now—all that it might mean for you! In India they'd make you feel what you can really do!" she exclaimed. Just for an instant she held herself, but there

was too much pent up inside. "They'd make you see how cold it was, and hard and blind—this science of your mother's kind—bred into you to hold you back!"

"No," said Llewellyn, "they wouldn't do that." As she saw that he was strained as herself, sharply she called herself a fool for having blundered into this. But it was too late now. He said: "This is no time to fool ourselves; we've already done enough of that! You've got to see just what you are doing, you've got to know I'll never change!"

Up her bitterness burst again, and this time it was burning hot. "I tell you that you're wrong!" she cried. "That I know you better—know your strength! But if you still will be so blind, then you may have to choose, my dear, between your mother and your wife!"

"Between my mother and my wife?" His voice was suddenly hard as hers—hard, because, as bitterly there flashed for an instant into his mind the words, "Money—miracles—my wife"—he was tempted with a sickening force. Desperately, he turned on her. "And how about the child?" he asked. "Have you already forgotten that?"

"No—I haven't forgotten," she answered, in a quivering tone, "and I know, when you could have saved it, just who it was that held you back! Your mother's spirit—right behind you!"

"Dorothea! The child was dead!"

The next instant, breaking into sobs, she fell back upon the bed. Quickly he bent over her, speaking incoherently, begging her to forgive him for talking like this until she was strong. But in a few moments, he heard her say:

"Leave me, Llewellyn—won't you please? I've got to be alone with this. I'll think it over—do my best." Sud-

denly opening her eyes, she smiled at him in a desperate way. "And you think it over, too," she said, "and try to do your best for me."

Alone, as she lay for a long time thinking of her husband, the fascination he'd had for her once was lost in this older pity and love which Dorothea felt for him now. There came gusts of exasperation still, against that obstinate streak in him. But then again the pity returned. It came stealing back in an ominous way—with a vivid memory picture of a tired little man. And then the question, "What's the use?"

* * * * *

In the next few days, alone in her room and spending most of the time in bed, for she was fearfully tired still —but thinking, thinking, thinking—she tried to do her best for him. "I've got to be fair," she told herself; she tried to remember what he had said, and to see things from his point of view. But again that exasperation would rise. For she still knew, she was so sure, what he could do if he only would, while at the same time she grew more and more certain that he would not, could not change—at least, for many years to come. "I'll be a hag before he arrives!" Could she build up a life of her own? Yes, she could, she had done it before and she could go back to it again—the same old jobs, the same old game, but all so old and stale to her. And moreover, as Llewellyn's wife, she knew she would be handicapped; to her friends he would be a failure, a mere hindrance in her career. She was made to feel it even now. For during these days there were interruptions. Her father and her stepmother came, and various intimate friends dropped in; and it seemed to Dorothea, in her over-sensitive state,

as though they guessed the fix she was in, and were asking, one and all: "Well, my dear, now what will you do? You've bragged to us for weeks and weeks about your marvellous husband, and how he saved your baby once. But he couldn't do it again, it seems—with all this wonderful power he has, he couldn't even save his own child."

She felt this with her mother most of all. Mrs. Farragut, sleek and beautiful, in a smart, becoming new suit and a chic little hat that set off to perfection her smooth charms, stirred Dorothea's admiration even while rousing her dislike. For she played her part so well. She neither held her sympathy back nor did she carry it far enough to make either of them uncomfortable; nor did she by so much as a glance betray her curiosity as to any change this disaster might mean. And yet, Dorothea felt it there, felt her young mother wondering, in her shrewd, easy, worldly way, whether or not this headstrong girl, who had broken away from the life she was bred to, would now realize her mistake. . . . And so it was, in less degree, with all the other visitors. Each one was a reminder of what she would soon have to face—of the bare, unpleasant truth that in this, the biggest thing she had tried, and the proudest and the happiest, she had failed, and all her friends must know. Bitterly she blamed herself for having talked to them as she had. Oh, she had bragged—and now she must pay; she must feel that news go all about: "He couldn't even save his own child!" And when, instead of fighting for his reputation, she had to give up her whole campaign, she must feel her enemies smile and say: "Well, *that* bubble has burst, my dear. So much for Dorothea!"

And as alone she grimly faced this most unpleasant time ahead, her irritation was increased by the knowledge

of how Llewellyn would feel. Mind it? Not in the slightest degree! It would even be a relief to him, to get back to his old routine! "But it will just about ruin my life!" the angry, tortured girl exclaimed. How could she pull out of this—how? Leave him? No! She thought of that, but every time, with a swift reaction, her old love for him came back; and with it her pity—for she recalled the agony she had seen in his eyes when she even hinted such a thing. "Besides, he isn't strong," she thought, "and it might almost kill him!" No, she would not give him up, and have everyone know she had failed; she wanted to change him, build him still! So in an endless circle, round and round went her thoughts and her feelings. "I'm getting simply nowhere!" she thought.

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But then Tom came. He called up one afternoon and asked if he might come and see her. She hesitated—then agreed; and when he arrived, he was more appealing than he had ever been before. As he saw how slim and frail she looked, with a quick, anxious little glance, he took her hand, and bluntly told how sorry he was for this trouble of hers.

"Where did you hear it, Tom?" she asked, with a wincing realization of how fast the gossip had spread.

"From your mother," he replied.

"Oh?" thought Dorothea. "So *that's* my mother's little plan!" And at once she hardened herself to Tom. Although she knew what a friend he was, her voice and eyes were very grim, as ignoring the loss of her baby she told of her present predicament. But Tom was not to be put off.

"All right—now how can I help?" he asked.

"There's nothing," she said. "The whole campaign has got to blow up—and the sooner the better."

"Why?" he rejoined. And before she could answer—"I don't see it," he went on. "You've just been lying here, poor little girl, and losing all your sense of proportions—holding your fool women friends right up close before your eyes. The game is up with them, I'll admit, but it isn't with anybody else. When a paper like the *Chronicle* has built a man for weeks and months, it takes more than a minute to kill him, my dear. The good old outside public, you'll find, will go right on thinking still of Llewellyn Dorr as a miracle man; they'll come to him just about as before."

"Free cases," Dorothea said. "How are we going to pay the rent?"

"Wait a minute," he replied. "Don't forget old Colonel Rand, and half a dozen others like him, big ones, whom Llewellyn has helped. They aren't going to be affected by this. They know what he has done for them, and they'll still have him—and what's more, they'll recommend him to their friends."

"You really believe that, Tom?" she asked, with a sudden sense of his practical force.

"You bet I believe it, and don't forget that the *Chronicle's* still behind you in this, just as strong as it ever was. And that's pretty strong, Dorothea." Then, with a little touch of pride that went straight to her heart, he added: "Circulation was up again last month."

"Oh, Tom—how much?" He told her. And eagerly seeking relief from her troubles, she made him talk of his paper a while. But back he came bluntly to the point.

"Now, how about it?" he demanded. "Do we go right on, or quit? I hate like the devil to lie down."

"So do I," was her sharp reply. "But we've got to, Tom, on Llewellyn's account!" The hardness came again in her face—but this time it was for her husband. "He simply detests the whole idea! He has been against it all along, and now he's obstinate as a mule!"

As McKane saw her vexation then, a sudden light leaped into his eyes.

"Then do it without him! You and I——"

"He won't agree!" Dorothea exclaimed. "And even if he did give in, and say we could go on alone, you've told me yourself this all centers on him! He's the story—he's the one! If he drops out, it all falls down!"

"Not all of it. We've still got Lake. This has already brought him in three big names for his board of trustees and over a hundred thousand in cash. He doesn't want to quit, you bet. Let's get him here some afternoon and the three of us see what can be done. Let's save all of this we can—and let ourselves down easy."

"But how about Llewellyn?" she asked, with a little glimmer of hope. "You mean we'd leave him out completely—even his name?"

"No," said Tom, "but we'd use it in such a way that he couldn't object. I mean, we'd let him down easy, too."

"How?"

"We'd change the picture. We've run enough of this miracle stuff. The stories now for us to print are careful little interviews with certain big men in the medical world, who are for Llewellyn strong. They're for him just because of the quality in him you don't like—I mean his caution and restraint. Let's make them talk about it now, come out and tell the public how sane and real and balanced he is. It won't be all about him, of course. We'll

run a series of Sunday stories on the New Neurology—and we'll manage to work him in as one of the sanest younger men. See what I mean? Tone him down. No more of these God Almighty talks with Moses on the mountain—make him just a damn good doctor. Llewellyn can't object to that—it's the kind of reputation he wants. And I think if you're patient you will find that in the next ten years or so, if you can only let him alone, he'll slowly rise in his own way—and that as he does he'll change—like everybody else in this town. Success makes 'em all so sensible."

McKane said this with a glimmer of irony in his brown eyes—not only for the ways of the town but for the girl to whom he was speaking. He felt he knew her pretty well. "She'd never wait ten years," he thought. But Dorothea missed his smile, for her thoughts were on Llewellyn still.

"No," she said, "he'll never change! He has set his mind on a dull little life! Not dull for him—he'll have his work—but rather hopeless for his wife!"

"That won't do for you, my dear." Tom's voice was quiet, as before, without a trace of eagerness.

"No—it won't," she answered.

"But you don't want to leave him."

"No."

"Then what are you going to do?" he asked, after a little silence; and after still another pause, Dorothea said dully:

"I don't know."

But again he returned to the attack. "Look here, old girl, I hate to see you unhappy in this—or in anything else—I want you to grow! You're big—you've got the makings!" Dorothea slightly thrilled to that—and seeing

her grateful little smile, Tom went on, more earnestly: "Don't let's give up this job of ours—I don't like to see you fail! So let's save all we can of this—get Lake to go on with the campaign, and let the *Chronicle* do what it can for Llewellyn's reputation still. There can't be any harm in that, and at least it will tide you over in this—let you down easy—give you time to think yourself out and make up your mind what you really want to do."

With another grateful glance, Dorothea agreed to that; and thanking God for this friend of hers, with his shrewd good sense and practical force, she found relief from her torment now—as on they went into the details of this business they both knew so well. And Tom alluded to that when he left.

"It's a joy to work with you, Dodo," he said. "You know the whole big game so well. Now we'll get Lake and see what we can do. And in the meantime, no more gloom. Remember all the mean little holes you and I have pulled out of in the past. We've never failed yet, and we won't now."

"Thank you, Tom." He patted her hand.

"Good night, old girl."

And when he had gone, Dorothea lay thinking of those old times, those many crises, large and small, and of all that Tom had been to her. That life loomed big, familiar, warm; Llewellyn's seemed cold and far away. Gone was all pity for him now, for Dorothea could be hard as any young Patrician in the days of Imperial Rome. But from such moods she could quickly change; she was like that, both hard and soft. And so, when she had gone to bed, and Llewellyn came home very late, probably having forgotten to dine; when she saw at once how tired he was, and how, when he came into the room, at sight of

her his anxiety instanly showed in his clear grey eyes—then back came that new pity of hers, and with it so much of the old love, that before she knew it her thoughts and emotions were going around in the same circle as before. What a strange, baffling, big, little man! A lovable boy and a genius and obstinate husband, all in one! There he sat in his study alone, forgetting the supper she'd told him to eat, immersed in his troubles, then likely as not forgetting them all and his wife as well, as his thoughts went back again to his work. And he had so much in him—so much, so much! Oh, it was exasperating!

CHAPTER XVIII

A FEW days later, Tom returned, bringing with him Dr. Lake. When the latter had learned from Llewellyn, after Dorothea's disaster, that she would have to drop her work, he had been disappointed but also relieved; for the eminent neurologist had been more than once appalled at the methods used by Dorothea and her friend. Still, money was money, they had raised a hundred thousand in two months; and so, when they informed him now that they were ready to go on, scale down their plans and modify, but possibly double the amount their former efforts had brought in, he was willing enough to agree. They proceeded promptly to details and were making excellent progress—when, to Dorothea's dismay, about five o'clock, Llewellyn came home. She had not expected him nearly so soon, and his coming caused an awkward break. She had not yet told him of the new plan; but when he saw these three together, he guessed at once that something was up; and as the new course was briefly explained, Llewellyn's quick displeasure was obvious, to say the least. Reading this at once in his face, Dorothea assured him that he would not be called upon to help in any way henceforth; but though her words were kind enough, there was in her voice and her brilliant eyes an ominous annoyance which brought him up with a sharp turn. He tried to be friendly and sensible then, and enter into this new arrangement to wind up the whole affair. But his evident distaste for it all, his lack of practical

insight and grasp, and what his wife considered his utter inability to realize what this meant to her—all put him in an unfavourable light beside Tom, the strong and generous and understanding friend. Finally, from the very start, her husband was unable to conceal his jealousy at finding her old suitor here. And this was brought to a climax, when, in a friendly fashion, McKane explained what he hoped to do still for Llewellyn through the *Chronicle,* and asked him to suggest some names of scientists to be interviewed. Llewellyn's face went suddenly white.

"Good God Almighty!" he exclaimed, in a low, exasperated voice. "Has there got to be more publicity?"

As Dorothea, angry at this rudeness to her friend, was about to intervene, Tom stopped her, with the tolerant smile of a man who sees everything coming his way.

"I don't blame you a bit, Llewellyn," he said. "I'm glad there's one man left in town who isn't hunting for free ads. But this," he went on, "is only a way to let you down before we stop, and bring in the kind of patients you like, men who don't want miracles but only a damn good doctor, and are willing to pay him well." On he went into details. With a hostile, set expression, Llewellyn listened, and at the end he gave a most ungracious assent. So the strained little meeting came to an end. But when she was alone with her husband, Dorothea proceeded hotly to give him a piece of her mind.

"Well, Llewellyn, my love," she began, "if you're going to be as rude as that, and as inconsiderate and blind to my feelings in this whole affair, the time may come when you and I simply can't get on at all! Here we're only trying to wind up this whole campaign—which might have been such a big success—which failed because you wouldn't keep on. All right. I saw your point of view

and gave in, and we're only trying now to avoid a complete fiasco—to keep you and me and all of us from being made a laughing-stock! But when Tom comes in with a plan for that, involving no help whatever from you—and an idea, too, for giving you exactly the sound and sensible and utterly unexciting kind of reputation you seem to crave—to bring in money and pay our bills—even then you show you are only annoyed! And so utterly blind to my feelings here, that I——"

"Stop, Dorothea, please!" he said. Watching her face while she was speaking, his own expression had rapidly changed to one of torment and despair. But he spoke to her quietly now: "You're perfectly right—I was rude to McKane—and I hope you'll forgive me, if you can. I had a foolish little idea, after the crisis we've just been through, that you were going to let it change you. I see I was wrong about it now—that you can't change—that as you say, you have your interests, feelings, too, and that I was a fool to interfere. The plan's all right—it's sensible," he went on, with a slight, bitter note. "We do need the money, of course, and I'll try not to stand in your way. But please don't talk about any deeper trouble between you and me. No talking will help, one way or the other—so let it work itself out, as it must. You'll be busy enough and so will I. Thank God, I've plenty of work to do."

Watching intently in her turn, Dorothea had seen his strong, sensitive face gaunt and grey with the strain of this; and so in a penitent tone she said:

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't mean to hurt you so. Let's forget it now," And she kissed him. "But Llewellyn darling—are you sure you can stand this work? Hadn't we better run away—even if only for a week?"

"No," he said, "I need work now. And besides," he added, with a smile, "most of these people who come to me—especially the ones who are poor—still believe what they've read in the *Chronicle*. And some of them are desperate—it isn't easy to turn them away. So we'll both go on and finish up these jobs of ours as well as we can. And then, in a couple of months, perhaps, if you still feel you'd like to go, we may think of that trip to the Orient."

* * * * *

So, in the weeks that followed, each of them went his own way. But Dorothea's way was hard, even harder than she had guessed. For although those interviews did appear, and though in her begging Dorothea did succeed in some degree—still, among her wealthy friends the feeling seemed to have gone about that this was a failing cause; and it was so hard to get more funds, that she grew not only sick of it but even uneasy and afraid—for by long experience she knew what a dangerous thing it is to beg for a cause which is on the decline. She felt her friends rapidly passing on to new things, new celebrities. Emile Coué had already arrived, and was making a tremendous stir; and another general from France was being fêted all about. In brief, new gods had come to town; and not only Dorothea's young god but she herself, she felt with dismay, were being quickly shoved aside. This process was being hastened by certain enemies of hers—and some of the things they were saying came to Dorothea's ears, brought by loyal, anxious friends. Not only had her miracle-working husband failed to save her child, he had balked at all her plans as well, and now even refused to go out at night. "They're even saying," she was told, "that you'll either have to divorce him or lose your

whole position, my dear." The girl laughed at this, at first; but as time went on she was made to feel, by little bits of evidence, the grim, unpleasant truth of it. Even her friends began to fall off; the invitations to dinners and various other social affairs declined, to an alarming degree. This would not have troubled her so much, were it not for the still more ominous fact that the innumerable appeals which had formerly come for her help or advice, in work her friends had taken up, were also fast decreasing now. A gorgeous bazaar was being planned, to fill Park Avenue for three blocks, a benefit for crippled children. It was quite the affair of its kind, that year. Dorothea had helped, the year before, and through her efforts the *Chronicle* had given it space on the front page. And yet they did not ask her now! In sharp uneasiness, she probed into the reason for this slight, with her friend, Kate Waddington.

"Oh, I wouldn't let that bother you," Kate answered, a bit awkwardly. "They know how busy you are just now, and that you are none too strong, as it is."

"Oh, Kate, for God's sake come out with it! That isn't the reason. What have you heard?"

"Well," said her friend, reluctantly, "I did hear that the medical men, in charge of this crippled children's work, weren't very favorably disposed—toward Llewellyn, I mean. They think he has been too much in the limelight."

"Well!" exclaimed Dorothea, with an indignant little breath. The loyal Kate looked at her in an anxious, calculating way.

"Well," she said, "I'm sorry, dear, and I don't just know what to advise." For an instant a memory flashed on them both, of how Kate had fought against this mar-

riage. "So long as you're still in love with your husband——"

"I most certainly am," was the curt reply, "and I don't mean to be influenced one way or the other by this! It's all too stupid for any words!"

Rather offended by her tone, Kate soon took her departure. "There goes *another* friend of mine—about the best I ever had," Dorothea told herself. "She made it just as plain as she could that I've either got to drop Llewellyn or be dropped myself. All right, let them—they can go on, and be as nasty as they like!" But they were not nasty, it appeared; and as soon as she cooled down, Dorothea faced the truth. They were simply busy, occupied in the old, familiar rush from one new thing to another—and she was being left behind, as the luckless wife of a man who had failed, a beggar for a dying cause. Even Tom was getting sick of it. He had finished already his part of their work, and with no longer that excuse for coming to the apartment, he did not come so often now. Loyal? Yes, to the last degree, he did not make a word of complaint. But still, it was pretty hard on a man, after the way she had treated him once, to be kept dangling again, by a girl who could not make up her mind to admit that her marriage was a failure.

Dorothea's unhappiness increased. It was exasperating now to feel Llewellyn's plain relief at no longer being asked to go out with her at night. It was not that he stayed home in the evenings or that he tried to keep her there; he let her go out as much as she pleased, and barely seemed aware she was gone. For the avalanche so long prepared had rolled down upon him and simply buried him in work. In spite of those *Chronicle* articles, he got few patients who could pay; but "the good old

outside public," as Tom had predicted, still poured in; and instead of trying to keep them off, something in Llewellyn now seemed to his wife to be driving him fairly to revel in it all! It did not bother him in the least, the fact that they were hard up again and that Dorothea had to go to her father for money as before. "No, he never thinks of that—nor of me, nor the trouble I am in!" the girl reflected angrily. And as her own work came to an end, and she began to have time on her hands, more and more she felt his neglect and utter disregard for her. "All right, if he will be so blind, he can take the consequences," she thought. She went out in the evenings more and more; and without admitting it to herself, she knew that her friends would soon read this as a sign of divorce on the horizon.

But then one evening she had quite a shock. Coming home a little before twelve and letting herself in with her key, she noticed a light in Llewellyn's study. Glancing through the open door, she saw him sitting motionless there. And he looked so thin and gaunt and frail, and his face, when he looked up with a start, showed such utter loneliness—that Dorothea with a rush felt again that ominous compassion, which had risen more than once since the night when his limitations appeared.

"Llewellyn darling!" she exclaimed, coming quickly into the room. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"Oh, nothing—I'm all right," he said. But as she kissed him, she caught in his eyes a flash which made a sharp appeal. She had come that night from a group of people who took no pains to hide the fact that they cared very little indeed whether she were there or not. Here was a man who wanted her, to a desperate degree; and though the thought of this contrast never entered

into her mind, it was there, and she found herself suddenly glad. Swiftly on she talked to him, with a solicitous tenderness which for the moment made even herself believe she was in love with him still.

"What's the trouble, dearie? I thought you were so wrapped up in your work, so completely contented again," she said, in order to lead him on. How she wanted him to make love to her now!

"No, not contented," he replied, as his arm around her tightened. "I never can be, without you." Then, as Llewellyn drew away and looked directly into her eyes, the old radiant power leaped into his own. "Dorothea," he asked, in a low, clear voice, "are you so sure it's over now?"

"But it isn't!" cried his wife. "I never said—I never meant——"

"Let's be honest!" he replied. "Let's remember—just for a minute—how it was six months ago—and how it has been in these last weeks! It has been different—it has been cold! But are you sure it has to be—that you're not simply blind, blind—to what's still there, deep down inside? If it is, you can still be happy—even in the kind of life you told me was so dull and small! Because then it wouldn't be small, my dear, but big as the mountains—and the sea—and the heavens at night—with this love of ours—this flaming life which only comes when you and I are together like this!"

As again he held her tight, she trembled and grew suddenly weak. She felt the tug of his appeal upon her very heart-strings, and with it came a baffling sense of loss, which made her cling to him and vow she loved him as before. "I can't let him go—it would kill him!" she thought. "He isn't cold, he's only queer—a genius

—as I've always known!" Angry now at all her friends and the forces drawing her away, Dorothea tried to get back. And it was all so simple that night, so astoundingly clear to her, that she asked why she hadn't seen it before. What a blind little fool she had been, she thought, just before she fell asleep. Here was the one real force in life; clear and strong in the back of her mind was the wishing only to love him now and to be loved—yes, and to give him another child.

But she did not want to stay in New York; there were too many complications here. They came crowding back on her, the next day, and she found herself restless as before. Breaking a dinner engagement that night, she stayed home with Llewellyn and spoke again of the trip they had planned, to India. Eagerly he told once more of the things he had seen in the East, and of all he wanted still to explore. She felt his old vitality; it gave her the old tingling thrill. And then, upon an impulse so strong it startled them both, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I do so want to go! Let's start as soon as we can, dear boy! Let's not put it off!" It was as though she had added: "Until it's too late!"

Llewellyn caught that; and with anxiety leaping back into his eyes, he promised her to do his best to get off in just a few weeks more. He would take on no more new work and would wind up what he had; but there were certain cases so desperate they might go insane, if suddenly turned to other hands. Oh, that work, that work of his! But she hid her impatience and agreed—with a little inner smile of amusement and annoyance, too, because he had never stopped to ask where they were to get the money to go. She did not care to face that question herself. Before she did, to arm herself with

redoubled desire and so get ready for the fray, Dorothea went out the next morning and made the rounds of the travel bureaus, picking up folders everywhere, with tempting pictures of life in the East. Then she came home and lunched alone, and sitting grimly down at her desk, she brought out her cheque book and her bills; but after a little figuring she swept them angrily aside. "This is a plain matter of Llewellyn's life!" she thought. "If he loses me, it will kill him, that's all!" She did not add that he would lose her, if she had to stay in New York. "No bills shall stand in our way," she resolved, "if we have to leave them *all* unpaid!" Back to the travel folders she went and began to figure out roughly what the trip would cost them. "All right," she thought, when she had finished, "now I'll go to Dad again."

She went to her father the same afternoon. And when she emerged from that plain talk, with a hurt, set expression, she thought, "Well, that was about as unpleasant and sordid and ugly as a talk could be!" He had told her in so many words that he was sick of supporting her husband; and he had gone on to imply that Llewellyn was a sinking ship, that he would soon be nothing but a humdrum little doctor, wholly unfitted to have such a wife. "Well," she asked, "now what shall I do? Give in to that—that view of things? No, I won't, and I won't give up this trip! I mean to have it, I tell you!" She had always had everything before —not easily, by any means, but somehow or other reaching out, and planning, planning, racking her brains, she had managed to get what she wanted each time. She reached out now, on every side; she even thought for a minute of going to Tom McKane for a loan. But no, that would be a little too raw; even in her desperate

mood, it made Dorothea ashamed of herself and brought the colour to her cheeks. "No, let's leave Tom out of this!" And then, with bitter hardness—"I may need him later on!"

"Where can I get some money?" she asked. Try Kate or some of her other rich friends? No, they were down on Llewellyn now, and this would only make it worse—another signal of defeat. "No, I hate them all!" she cried. Well, then, give this trip right up—and settle down to having a baby! Good! But how about those bills? And how about this impossible job of living on five hundred a month? And he might even come to earn less than that! "All right, let him! I'll take a job—one of the old publicity kind!" But that would not be so easy now. With a feeling of sharp uneasiness, she realized how her name had been declining in value of late. Besides, she had never asked before for money for her services, and to ask it now would be an admission of failure again. She had come at last to the one plain course that she had avoided all along—to settle down and admit her defeat, to lose her position with her friends, to take no pride in her husband's work, to be a nobody in New York. "And hire myself out," she thought, "on any publicity job I can get—anything to pay the rent!" A dismal outlook! What chance there for any growth or happiness?

Tired but still angry, as she felt how she was caught, Dorothea rebelled against it all. "I want Llewellyn," she cried to herself, "and only him!" And she loved him that night—in a way which for the moment swept all troubles aside. But the next day back they came. She was even ashamed of the night before. "I tell you I *won't* be a wife like that! Why need I have such a

dunce of a mind? I've simply got to find some way to understand this work of his, and enter into it so deep that I can steer him to a place where we'll get what I need without doing him harm!" She had nothing whatever to do that day; she was restless again. On an impulse, she went into his study and there hunted along the shelves till she came upon a book that Llewellyn had once suggested she read. She took it out and started in. But as she read, unconsciously her features set in a frown of distaste. How utterly dry and cold it was, and technical! Again and again she came on words she did not understand. Impatiently the girl turned back and began the book again. She was not going to let herself be beaten by this beastly stuff! On and on and on she read, then grimly ate her lunch alone, came back and worked till five o'clock—when suddenly she laughed at herself, put the book back on its shelf, then went to her room and took a bath, and for over an hour gave her sole attention to her physical charms.

"This is where I shine, it seems," she thought, as with a curious smile she surveyed herself in the glass.

* * * * *

But while she was dressing, Tom called up and asked if she were free that night. He knew she was going out alone, for he had met her at several dinners; so what could be more natural than to ask her now to go with him to the Chauve Souris? But his suggestion gave her a start, and just for a moment she did not reply. It tempted her so!

"Thanks, Tom, I'd love to—but I can't. I'm busy to-night—I've got a date."

"Can't you break it—possibly?"

"No!" But she thrilled to what she felt in his voice; and instantly angry with herself for being such an absurd little saint, she was on the point of changing her mind, when he asked:

"If you can't go to-night, how about to-morrow afternoon?"

"All right," she answered. "Where shall we meet?"

"Will you lunch with me?"

"I'd love to, Tom."

And they agreed upon a place. When he had rung off, she began to think of what this might mean. It could mean, of course, whatever she liked. What did she really want, she asked. Tom had not been to see her of late, and Dorothea realized now that his absence had more than a little to do with her recent scornful attitude toward all her former worldly life. For Tom was the part of that life she loved—Tom and his work, and all he stood for. That was what she wanted now, and what she had wanted all along! But the very realization of this, with a little rush of happiness, had a curious result. For she was used to feeling strong—and the very sense of strength, which came tingling through her now, with the knowledge that she could have all that, if she so much as raised her hand—made Dorothea suddenly sorry for Llewellyn again, so sorry that before she knew it, she was almost loving him—in that new maternal pitying way. "I'm not going to give him up," she thought, "not yet at least—not till I'm sure there is no chance for us to be happy." And she was happy with him that night—solicitous, almost tender, too. In these last days, she had noticed that Llewellyn from time to time would glance at her with an anxious intentness. She tried to dispel his anxiety now, and insisted that he

go early to bed. She slept herself, a good, long sleep. In the morning, she woke up refreshed, and with an instant consciousness of something pleasant close ahead.

And she did enjoy her day with Tom—their luncheon together at Pierre's, his evident gladness at seeing her, and his blunt, clever talk of his work. But when she saw two or three of their friends, and realized how the gossip would start, once more Dorothea drew back. And so rapidly did she change, that without thinking she blurted out:

"Oh, by the way, Tom—Llewellyn and I are thinking of going to India." Ignoring his quick look of surprise and disappointment, she went on to speak of the money troubles which stood in their way. "I've been wondering," she said, "if I couldn't eke it out by doing work as a correspondent—special articles from the Far East." As she spoke, she was looking down at her plate. Bitterly she asked herself: "Oh, why don't I come right out and ask him to *give* me the money?" With a flush of colour, she looked up impatiently, and saw that Tom was watching her.

"All right, Dodo," he replied, "if you do decide to have a try, I think you could write some damn good stuff. We'd like it for the *Chronicle.*" But his brown eyes were saying, "No. To take your husband to India at the *Chronicle's* expense is a little too raw—it's not in your line. You won't do it—you can't—you're not really that kind."

"No, and I'm not," she told herself. How well Tom knew her! The realization gave her a pleasant little glow. "Thank you, Tom," she said to him, "I just wanted to get your advice. I doubt if we'll take any trip at all—

but"—she hesitated—"I seem at times to be getting pretty near the end of my rope."

"In the matter of money, you mean?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Aren't those last articles of ours bringing Llewellyn work that pays?"

"Yes, a little, but not enough. He has so many free cases that are desperate, these days, that he can't find time to give the others all the attention they demand!"

"That's pretty rough on you, old girl."

"Oh, it isn't that he doesn't work—he is working, day and night! And I've made up my mind that I've got to work, too! I've got to, and I want to!"

"All right," said Tom, "then how about this? You were saying that you wanted to write. Why not start now, and let me help? There's a trick to it that has got to be learned—and for the kind you want to do, there's no better way than to come on a paper. How about the *Chronicle?* Come down and try it. Take a real job and see how it feels."

"Oh, Tom, I'd love it!" she exclaimed. Instantly it flashed on them both, how much of a step this would be—but the thought was impatiently swept aside.

"I know you would!" he had answered.

"But do you think I really could? I don't want to take this, Tom, unless I can be of real value down there!"

"I'm sure you could—if not in writing, then in some other way," he said. "You know what a big shop it is, with how many kinds of openings. And you've got the flair for news. You've always had it. You like it all."

"I adore it all!"

And on they talked, so engrossed in the plan and this

life they both loved, that they did not even notice now the observant smiles of two or three friends at a table over across the room. Nor did they notice how late it was, until glancing at his watch, Tom exclaimed:

"Hello—it's nearly four o'clock! How about the Chauve Souris?"

"Let's go!" said Dorothea, with a happy little laugh. So they went, and for an hour or more were exceedingly gay. But when he took her home that night, Tom came back to his new idea.

"Well? How about the *Chronicle?*"

"Let me think it over, Tom."

"All right. We're ready any time—but the sooner the better," Tom replied. He had come with her up to her apartment and was standing in the hall. With a grip of his hand and a happy good night, he left her. The door closed with a jar.

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And then, as she stood a moment there, Dorothea thought she heard somebody stir in one of the rooms. She looked into the living room. It was empty. But the next moment the voice of Llewellyn's mother came from the study, and then his own voice in reply. She remembered now! He had told her this morning he wanted to ask his mother to-night, and she had cheerfully agreed. So here they were, and had heard, no doubt, her little talk just now with Tom! With an instant realization of how hurt Llewellyn would feel, with pity and then a quick resolve to try to make the best of it, Dorothea forced a smile and went in and greeted Mrs. Dorr with a warm, bright friendliness. She could feel how both were watching her.

"Where have you been to-day, my dear?" asked Llewellyn's mother.

"To the Chauve Souris, with Tom McKane."

"He was here just now, wasn't he?" Llewellyn asked in a quiet tone.

"Yes," she said, "he brought me home. We've been discussing a plan of mine."

"A new one?" inquired Mrs. Dorr, with a slight sarcastic note. Dorothea disregarded it.

"Yes. You see, Llewellyn and I have been hoping to go to India, dear." As she delivered this little thrust, she enjoyed his mother's start. "But on looking into it I find how horribly expensive it is, and we're desperately in need of cash. So I suddenly thought that I might help by writing, while we are over there, special articles for the *Chronicle*." She saw Llewellyn's tension increase. "And," she added carefully, "Tom seemed ready enough to agree—but I found I didn't like the idea. It was a bit too raw, you know. After all, I've never done any writing, and Tom would have been taking the stuff simply and solely to help me out. And I won't have that. On the other hand, I know I could write just the sort of thing a newspaper would want, if only I could learn the trick—get some good hard training first. So I'm thinking now of a newspaper job that will give me just the work I need."

"On the *Chronicle*," Llewellyn said.

"Yes," said his wife. "I've simply got to do something, you know! The bills keep piling up and up—and I'm sick and tired of this idea that you should be doing all the work while I sit here and fold my hands, or get restless and run out to shop!" Abruptly she turned from him to his mother. "It's perfectly absurd!" she ex-

claimed. "Here I am simply dying for work—while he is slaving day and night!"

"I know he is," said Mrs. Dorr. "I can see it plain enough."

"Oh, now, Mother," he began. But Dorothea cut him off.

"What do you mean?" she asked Mrs. Dorr.

"I mean," said his mother implacably, "that a very few weeks more of this will land Llewellyn flat on his back—as I have just been telling him."

"I wish you would!" Dorothea exclaimed. "I've talked to him till I'm blue in the face! Please do your best to make him see he has got to take things easier—and don't let him try to stop my plan to do a little earning myself! You do agree with me, don't you, there?"

"Yes," was the mother's answer. "I've earned my living all my days—and I haven't a doubt the expenses of the sort of life you lead are as heavy as you say. I don't see why you shouldn't help out."

"Good!" Dorothea left them then and went to her room to change her dress. Poor Llewellyn! How he would hate it! She thought about him for a while—and then suddenly she asked: "But I wonder whether, after all—after the first pain of it—he wouldn't forget and be fairly well contented to live as he did before—never to think of money again—or even a wife—his whole existence free for his work? It's only a year since he lived like that. Couldn't it satisfy him now?"

That night she began to think that he could. For what a tremendous passion it was, this interest Llewellyn had in that strange, inner world of his. Moment by moment she felt his mother drawing him out of his tortured state by the questions she asked about his work.

As he described his cases, the progress made in some of them, in others the baffling obstacles and enigmas he had met, by degrees he seemed to lose himself in a jungle through which he pushed his way, cautious again and holding back, precise and accurate and dry. As Dorothea listened now, she saw what a long dusty road she would have to travel by his side. Sit back for the best ten years of her life, as the wife of an unknown scientist, having to count every cent, losing every friend she had? No, she couldn't! Yet when she tried to go out and take some work of her own, Llewellyn plainly did not like it! . . . Yes, but that was two hours ago. Look at him now—how engrossed he'd become! Only now and then, by a little glance, did he show he knew she was there; and even then, it seemed to her as though, in that strange, wistful and yet ironical way he had, he were smiling both at his wife and himself. "Such foolish little people, my dear. Life and death—it's so much bigger than these little plans and pains."

"Yes," thought Dorothea, when he had taken his mother home, "I do really think he'd change. It would hurt him terribly at first—but later, living again with his mother and wrapped up wholly in his work, he might even forget me so soon that I would be the one to feel hurt!"

She liked this thought and dwelt on it.

* * * * *

"Suppose we take a taxi," Llewellyn said to his mother, when they reached the street below. She glanced at him.

"All right," she agreed. But to herself she added: "He didn't used to ride, he walked—but he doesn't dare to

now. He knows that I am watching him." When they came to her building, and he started to say good night, she interrupted. "No, Llewellyn, I want you to come up," she said. He followed her. "No—you go first." There was no elevator here, and she wanted to watch him climb. Up those three short flights of stairs he went steadily, slowly, not stopping to rest—but at the top he could not hide the fact that he was breathing hard. And as his mother heard it, her hand began to tremble so, she could barely fit her key in the door. But she did so and went in, and fought to regain her self-control, standing silent in the dark. Then abruptly she switched on the light, and turned to him a face set hard.

"Look here," she said, "Llewellyn, there's just one thing for you to do. Wind up your work as quick as you can and go back up to the mountains—and stay there—clear through till the fall!" Unconsciously in her tension, the New England accent and quality in her voice came out even more than usual—and so it did in the voice of her son.

"I'd already thought of that," he said, "but then this India idea——"

"India, fiddlesticks!" she exclaimed. "Dorothea would never go, to begin with!" A hopeless expression came in his face.

"Yes—I know that now," he said. "It looked as though she might, at first——"

"She couldn't, I tell you! She hasn't it in her—to leave this town, and all this life!"

"Don't," he said, in a dull low tone. But his mother went on sharply.

"And all she likes and stands for is just what's taking your heart's blood! All these get-rich-quick schemes of

hers—for shoving you up before your time into the limelight—making you cheap! It's got to stop, I tell you! She has just about taken your life as it is!" A look of indifference came in his eyes.

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as that."

"Don't you? Have you had yourself examined lately?"

"No," he said.

"You don't dare! You know as well as I do what condition you'd find if you did! So instead of that, you go right on—loading yourself up with work—hoping it will help you to forget your precious wife!"

"I can't forget her," he replied, in the same dull voice as before. His mother shot a desperate look.

"Not now, you can't—not while you're here—hanging 'round her every night! I can see it plain enough, how it's tearing you inside! But get away from her—go up home—get back your strength in your own queer way, up in that old cabin of yours—and then you'll feel the difference!"

He smiled at her. "There's snow there now—deep, deep snow."

"The first of May?"

"There is," he said. "You've never been up there, Mother—it's high. And in my condition now——"

"All right, then think of some place else! Go anywhere! You've got to go! I'll drop my work, if you say so——"

"No—only that one place can do anything for me now," he said. "And I'm not certain even of that."

"Then go there, and don't waste any time!" she urged him, with increased alarm. "We'll go to our house below at first. There's no snow there. The apple blossoms must be coming on the trees."

"All right, I'll go, in a little while. But I can't just yet. This work of mine——"

"No, it's your wife!" was the harsh reply. "You just can't bear to be out of her sight!" All her New England bringing up went into Mrs. Dorr's next words: "So you're hanging 'round and letting her see it!" And the same New England feeling was to be heard in Llewellyn's reply.

"No," he said, in a low, dogged voice, "I'm not letting her see it any more—not if I can help myself."

CHAPTER XIX

But he could not help himself, it appeared; for two weeks later, with his young wife, his inner tortures long pent up burst from him with a violence which served to clear the atmosphere, but left them even further apart.

For Dorothea, those two weeks were crowded with activities which brought a very real relief. After the long winter's strain and those humiliating failures, it was so good to feel herself back once more on her own ground. For she was on the *Chronicle* now; into her work she threw herself hard; and in the enthusiastic vigour of the first few days, she was being allowed to see the ins and outs of the whole great shop. Curious eyes glanced up at her in shrewd appraisal wherever she went, and everyone was friendly and kind. With any one of the heads of departments, she had only to question a bit for him to respond by showing her all through his section of the work. And what fascinating work it was; what a brilliant, bold and swift attack on life in every possible phase! All from the surface, if you please; but she could feel a power here, and a sure reality of to-day, that made the things her husband did seem unsubstantial as a dream. She began to get back her sense of proportions. How narrow she'd been in this last year, deaf and blind to everything but Llewellyn's strange career—while life in the great world outside, turbulent and fascinating, had gone rushing on as before. A thousand big stories there had been, and Dorothea had missed them all. But

she was missing nothing now. And when she could feel a current of excitement go all through the shop, as some big story broke in the news, more than once she exclaimed to herself: "Oh, I adore it!"

The work that had been given her first was just the kind she could do well. A torrent of items large and small, news of the gay social world, came to her desk for her to check up with the intimate knowledge that she possessed. No dull routine was thrust upon her, nor did she ask the reason why; for it might have spoiled this sense she had of being a real part of all this, rendering value for cash received. She had not been here more than a week, when in a casual tone Tom asked if she would not like an advance upon her first month's salary; and when, with an amused little smile, Dorothea said that she would, she found on her desk that evening a cheque for such a tidy sum, that without stopping to bother her head as to the whys and wherefores, she gladly took it, treated herself to a taxi back uptown, and on the strength of her new position bought a new spring hat, and a suit, a French model which she picked up at a sale. She knew very well how becoming they were, and how smart and beguiling she now appeared. She saw the effect on Tom himself. But still, whenever they met in the office, she kept to a friendly businesslike air; and Tom seemed satisfied with that. Again and again the feeling came of how different her relations were with him than with Llewellyn. Tom wanted not only her beauty but her brains, she told herself. Frequently he called her in, to get her reaction on some story that brought in the names of people they knew—just as he had done in the past. As they weighed and considered, old memories rose, so many, many memories, all warm

and gratifying now. And at times there came a feeling, too, of a future looming close ahead—of what she could have whenever she liked.

Yes, but did she want it—yet? Was she quite, quite sure enough? She found her new position so satisfying, as it was, and she did not like the thought of hurting Llewellyn by a break. He was no longer annoying her now; she saw him only late at night, and sometimes not even then, for he never came into her room. Better wait, she told herself, and let things take their natural course.

But one day Dorothea, having a nasty headache, kept to her bed in the morning; and when she did not appear at the office, Tom came up that afternoon. Her headache was much better by then; so she put on a fetching little gown, and when he came she made tea for them both. Tom was a bit anxious at first. He thought she was looking tired and strained, and he quite plainly told her so. He put it down to the new job.

"Can you stand the pace?" he asked. "You've been going so hard, for the whole last year. And with the hot weather soon coming on——"

"Oh, Tom dear, booh! I love it!" she answered, with a winning smile, pleased by his solicitude. "And I feel now," she added, "as though I wanted to stay in town and work right through till autumn."

"Well, you won't," was the blunt reply.

"Oh? Who'll stop me?"

"I will. Yes, I will—I'll fire you!"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," she said, with a diverted little glance, "for if you did, I'd never come back. And you wouldn't like that, would you, Tom?"

She felt his instant tension then. It was the first time she'd permitted herself any little remark of that

kind—and as he looked up and started to speak, she stopped him with uplifted hand.

"Now stop it—stop, right where we are—and be sensible," Dorothea said. "Don't try to spoil my summer's plans. I know just what I'm doing now—and if you'll only leave me alone, you may find that things will work out finely."

With a quick, hungry glance of understanding, Tom agreed. He began to tell her then of a clever new writer he had in Rome, watching the Fascisti there. Their talk soon ranged all over Europe, and they both grew so absorbed that they did not hear when Llewellyn came home—until suddenly they were startled by a low cry from the hall. Springing up, Dorothea saw her husband lurch into the doorway, his face convulsed and dark with pain.

"Llewellyn! What's the matter?" she cried, as she went to him quickly. He motioned her off.

"Nothing!" he answered, between set teeth. "Only—this damned heart of mine!" With a harsh unnatural little laugh, he got to a chair and sank into it. He was breathing fast and hard. "Ask your friend to go!" he snarled. "Do you think I want to be seen like this?"

"Yes, yes, dear! . . . Please!" She turned to Tom. He nodded and went out at once, and Dorothea came back to her husband. She was badly frightened now. "Now tell me—quickly! What shall I do?"

"Nothing—nothing—it's all done!" He suddenly buried his face in his hands. "I've been down in the very hell of the damned!"

"Llewellyn! Oh, I didn't know!" Dorothea had dropped on her knees at his side. "You darling boy, I never dreamed!"

"You mustn't dream!" Sternly he gripped both her hands, with a force that almost made her scream. "You've waked up now and so have I! For God's sake leave the dreams behind! There's nothing left but pity—I know! And I don't want that—it's done—I'm through! I tell you I'm not blaming you—it was all my fault from the start! You had your life and you had McKane! I took you away—now he's getting you back!" The wild despair she felt in his voice went into her like a wave of flame.

"Why didn't you try to keep me?"

"No! A thing like this decides itself! It was your whole life and mine—all reaching up—with iron hands! Mine wouldn't let me do as you wanted—yours wouldn't let you be patient and wait! You loved me—yes—but a deeper you, that had been there since you were born—took that love and moulded it—into a craving almost mad—to get me what you thought was fame! And it was just the same with me! I loved you—it swept into me first like something strange—from out of the skies! And it made me blind—blind—blind! Me with all my wisdom—probing other people's minds—while all the time, in my own case, I was like a greedy little boy—who ate up all the candy—then wondered why it hurt him so!" He was shaken by a bitter laugh. "I thought you could change and so could I! But I couldn't! I tried—but my mother was there—and other figures—all unseen! You never saw them, never heard them—but they were speaking—all the time! And I couldn't change—and seeing that, you hardened! I could feel it grow—could feel you wanting more and more—this life of yours, this friend of yours—his paper—all the grab and bite of this whole crazy rabid age—this grab for the money,

this rush for a place—this heart-breaking straining to win, to win!"

"Stop!" she said to him. With his gaunt features glowing white, he had poured out the words in a torrent so fast she could not stop him. Now she did. Dorothea laid her hand on his arm. Though he started back, her touch seemed to break him. Violently shaking, he collapsed and sank down again, with his head in his hands. All at once he looked young to her—terribly so! "Poor, poor boy! What a perfect child! Why, dearie, how crazy you've been!" she said. Again he was frowning, breathing hard; she could see he was suffering frightful pain; and in her compassion and alarm, throwing all other thoughts to the winds, she kept fiercely telling him of her love and how all the pain would soon be gone. He grew quieter—she could feel him relax. And then, in a low voice, he said:

"Forgive me, Dodo—I spoke like a fool—just like an angry little boy. It's over now." He looked up with a smile. "I've got myself by the scruff of my neck." Impetuously she bent over and kissed him, smiling, too, but with tears in her eyes.

"Then, darling boy, please forget it all, the whole hideous nightmare!" she implored. He was smiling still.

"Perhaps I was wrong?"

"Of course you were wrong! You're all broken and ill and tired out! And now you must rest!"

She helped him to rise, and he went to his room. There again he begged her to leave him alone, and without undressing he lay for some time on the bed in the dark. Then he called to her, in a quiet tone; and when she came in, he said:

"One thing is sure. You must make no change in what

you are doing. I've been thinking and thinking here—but there's nothing else to be done." She started to speak, but he cut her off. "Perhaps even yet it may work out to keep us together. We don't know. It's still a bit too soon to tell. But while we are waiting, I shan't be here. I'm going up to the mountains, this week."

The news gave Dorothea a little stab of surprise and pain.

"Don't you want me to go with you, dear?"

"No, you mustn't. My mother will go—she'll insist on it—and that's enough. And it will be better for us both—give us time, my dear, to understand—without any more little scenes like this. Forgive me again." He reached up his hand. She took it and squeezed it; her eyes were bright. "Now leave me, please—I want to sleep."

"Oh, Llewellyn—I'm so unhappy to-night!" she whispered. Then she left him.

* * * * *

Dorothea *was* unhappy that night. The feeling for Llewellyn, which in her alarm and excitement she had thought for a moment was love, soon left her, and she was dismayed. "I'm only terribly sorry!" she thought. She had hoped that her queer husband was growing used to the new state of things and was gradually drawing away from her. But now Dorothea saw her mistake, and back she came to the old dilemma. What to do? As she lay in a torment of doubts, that night, she even thought of throwing up her job on the *Chronicle* for a time and insisting on going with Llewellyn up to the mountains once again, there to make a last attempt to get together as before. But she knew how he would

fight this plan; and the longer she considered it, the more she felt what a wrench it would be for herself, to leave the city now. "No, I don't want to!" she exclaimed. "And so long as I don't, it wouldn't be fair—even to Llewellyn himself—it would only get up his hopes again. The fair thing and the honest thing is to go on, just as he said." Yes, but suppose he couldn't go on? Suppose she found he was too ill even to take this trip he had planned? It was with a sharp anxiety that she entered his room the next morning. She found Llewellyn still in bed. With a quiet smile, he said:

"Not feeling strong as I might to-day. I guess I'll rest here for a while." She offered to stay, but he declined. "I don't need anyone," he said. "I'm going to be all right, my dear."

And after she had left him, Llewellyn lay thinking for a long time. A curious ironic smile came imperceptibly on his face. "They're coming," he thought. He could feel them rise from depths unknown, the two big forces, passions both, one for his work and one for his wife. Back he came to the old decision—to stick to the truth, the truth as he saw it, and make up his mind to *lose* his wife. But now the smile had disappeared, and he grew rigid, hot and cold. The desperate love and the jealousy came flaming, leaping, piercing, stabbing—then left him abruptly, to be replaced by an icy loneliness, like an ache. With beads of sweat on his temples, he cried to himself: "I can't—I can't!" He was trembling violently, but he lay still, with eyes tight closed; he was breathing hard. The breathing grew slower, by degrees a feeling of exhaustion came, and with it a dull sense of relief. "There's nothing to decide," he thought, "for if I tried the other way, even then I'd lose her, too. As

a miracle man I'd be such a failure—irritable, small and mean—that she'd get sick of me just the same. I'd get no happiness, and I'd spoil her chance of any happiness, too. I've got to leave her free in this."

Exhausted, he lay there still some time. A glimmer of curiosity came for a moment in his eyes. He was wondering what the mountain would do? . . . As he slipped at last into a sleep, he heard the wild, rough, joyous sound of a stream upon a mountainside.

He slept only for a little while, and awakened sharply with the thought that he did not want his mother to go with him on this trip. She would only hold him back, smother the one spark that was left. And yet, in his condition now, he knew he could not go alone. Even if he dared to try, his mother would not let him go. Llewellyn puzzled for a while—then, with a quick smile of relief, he reached out his hand for the telephone on the small table by his bed.

And when Dorothea came home that night, she found this note:

"I've gone, my dear. After that wretched scene I made —which did each one of us so much harm—I felt it was better to go at once—and see what the mountain can do for us now. How do we know but what it may have a way to show us, out of your troubles and of mine? Ananda Takoor is going with me. He has been here this afternoon—he has packed the few things that I shall need—and we are just leaving for the train. Good-bye for the present—and please, please try not to let this trouble you. Try to throw yourself into your work—and if you ever find yourself growing sorry for your husband, lift your eyes up to the hills. Think of the mountain and what it may do."

Dorothea read the letter through, then turned back and read it again. Yes, its meaning was quite plain. He was going to try with the mountain's help to get rid of his love and go on alone. Once more she wondered if he could? She wanted him to—she wanted it so, that various points came up in her mind to help her believe he would succeed. How promptly Takoor had come to his aid. And so would the others, all his old friends, as soon as she was out of the way—and his mother, too, and Dr. Lake, his hospital and all his work. If only he could get a start! Could the mountain give him strength enough? She began to picture him up there—not alone, but with his friend; she heard them having long, long talks—planning a trip to the Far East; she saw Llewellyn through the days grow slowly stronger, and at last grow strong enough to answer that call of the wild he knew so well; she saw him climbing slowly up and reaching the cabin in the pines; and she made herself feel how the quiet and peace began to steal deep into him.

"Your supper is ready, Mrs. Dorr."

With a start, she looked up and saw her young maid.

"I don't care for any to-night," she said. She went to bed and almost at once fell into an exhausted sleep.

* * * * *

In the fortnight after that, Dorothea went on with her work, down at the *Chronicle* office; but she saw less of Tom than before. "I'm not going to hurry this," she thought. "I'm going to give Llewellyn time—to let it all come naturally." If only he would stay away—up in the mountains all summer long!

But early in June, Llewellyn came back; and when she found him waiting for her, early one evening when she

came home, she had a curious feeling at once that he had both succeeded and failed. No miraculous fresh hope and life had come to him—he looked gaunt and thin and older. Yes, but stronger, too; he had the appearance of a man who had come abruptly face to face with some tremendous poignant truth, so stark and yet so grandly clear, so surely unmistakable, that it had brought a strange, deep quiet. And she could not understand. His love for her dead? No, Dorothea could feel it still there, every time he looked at her. But the torturing quality of it was gone; his look was different, remote, and some sure instinct told her that now at last he was drawing away. Again and again she caught in his eyes a curious gleam of eagerness, the feeling that a man might have for some adventure wholly new! What had happened, to make him like this? What had he found, up there at his home? Dorothea began to question him; but he gave her in reply only the bare outward facts. Had he gone to his cabin? she asked. No, not yet, but he meant to go on his return. He was feeling so much better now, that he had come down to New York for a time, to wind up what was left of his work; but after that he planned to go back to the mountains and stay there till the fall. "Well!" thought Dorothea. "And what does he mean to do after that? Run off to India with his friend?" But she did not press her questions far. Let well enough alone, she thought. It was such a relief to have him like this. The next day he went back to his hospital; and in the month that followed, she saw him only in the mornings, and again sometimes late at night. Even then he seemed to her often engrossed and far away. "One thing is certain," she told herself, "he doesn't care for me as before." And as she felt him

going on in his strange life without her now, there came to Dorothea at times a wincing little sense of loss.

But such poignant moments were very few and far between—for she had herself to think of now, and all her life Dorothea had been more interested in herself than in anything else on the face of the earth. "What is this to mean to me?" As the days went on, the answer was growing rapidly more and more clear; for with no sharp pity to hold her back, she saw the way opening once again. She was working hard on the *Chronicle* still, again she saw more of Tom McKane—and not only at work, they dined together; and often late in the evening, when the paper had gone to press, he would take her up the river in his big comfortable car. She was all the more glad to go with Tom, from the fact that most of her other friends had apparently forgotten her. June was almost over now; it was the time when in former years the most delightful invitations had begun to come pouring in, by mail or urgent telegram. So many big, luxurious homes along the Sound or up the coast had wanted Dorothea. They did not seem to want her now. "Wait!" the girl would tell herself, each time she felt her annoyance rise. For they would want her! How they would change, as the news began to travel about! The picture of herself as Tom's wife grew more and more desirable.

Tom did not speak, however; and more than once, when Dorothea gave him little openings and yet he did not take them, she had a twinge of uneasiness. What was the matter with him, she asked. But the reason for his holding back was made clear to her one night. She had come home from work, blue and depressed; and while she was feeling very forlorn, her father called

up, and asked if she were free that night. When she told him that she was, he asked her to come and dine with him. "Get on your best bib and tucker, my dear, and we'll see what we can do for ourselves." Dorothea agreed with alacrity; and then, while she was dressing, she wondered what it was about. For of course he had some reason for this. Since that ugly little time when he had refused her the money she asked for, she had seen him barely at all. But his voice over the telephone had sounded genial and kind. What did he want, she asked herself. She did not gather it at first. In an easy, friendly manner, as they dined together at one of the best places in town, nodding gaily from time to time to friends who entered the big room—he questioned her about her new job down there at the *Chronicle,* listened in an amused sort of way, then turned the talk to other things. His wife was out at Huntington now, and he spoke of various summer plans, gave Dorothea bits of news and gossip about some of their neighbours. But later, when he had lit a cigar and given his daughter a cigarette, watching her with a smile, he asked:

"Aren't you working a little too hard, my dear?"

"No—I love it."

"Tom thinks you are."

"What?" New interest showed in her eyes.

"He dropped in on me the other day, and I could see it worried him. He made me feel a bit guilty, in fact." Mr. Farragut paused a moment, and then said, with a change of manner: "I haven't been much of a father of late, and I want you to know the reason why. I tried to help you out at first—you'll remember—quite a number of times. And I'm sorry the last time I had to refuse. It wasn't only the constant drain—my main

trouble, these last months, has been the growing conviction that no little money assistance from me could help very much, one way or the other. I've felt that you're not happy, my dear—and I do want to see you so. I'm beginning to get old, you know, and you're the only child I've got. I'd like to see you in a position better suited to your needs—your future happiness secure." As for a moment he hesitated, Dorothea helped him out. With a tense little smile, she said:

"Let's be honest, Father dear. Are you advising a divorce?" Mr. Farragut frowned a bit at her bluntness.

"That depends on whether you feel that your marriage was a mistake," he said.

"I do," she replied. "It's perfectly plain."

"You're certain of that?" The eagerness hidden in his tone made her frown a bit, in turn.

"Quite," she said. "It isn't that I blame Llewellyn——"

"Not at all. Nor do I," he agreed. "I'm grateful still for all that he did for me last year. There is no doubt whatever that he's a lad of unusual force—and some day, in the course of time, I still believe he'll make his mark. But that may be years from now."

"Exactly! And I haven't got the kind of patience that will wait!" said Dorothea sharply. "On the other hand, I do feel for him still. I don't want you to think that I'm being soft and sentimental in this affair. I do pity him, but it's more than that. He has a kind of queer fascination!"

"I know he has! But it does only harm—harm to you both!" Mr. Farragut said.

"Yes, but not so much as before. I think we're managing pretty well. He understands as well as I, and is being perfectly sensible. We barely see one another, these

days, he's deep in his work and I in mine. And I want to let it come like that. It's easier—it's kinder. And so far as I'm concerned, this new work interests me so—and I can so plainly feel it leads to something larger later on——"

"Yes," said her father, in a low tone. And as his slim little daughter talked on, of her work at the *Chronicle* office and of how Tom was helping her there, she could feel that the same picture which she herself had seen of late now rose before her father's eyes. But all this time Dorothea had been curious to learn just what Tom had said to him. She was even rather indignant about it. "What is he going to Father for? This is our business!" she told herself. But now the explanation came.

"Look here, my child," Mr. Farragut said, "of course I'm glad to learn all this—it's a greater relief to me than you know. But what about these summer months? Don't try to stay all summer in town—it will tire you completely out. You've had a hard enough year, as it is. Why not come out to us for a time, and give yourself a good, long rest?"

A look of enlightenment came on her face. "Did Tom suggest that, by any chance?"

"Yes—he did bring it to my mind." And Mr. Farragut went on to urge his plan upon her.

"I'll think it over, Father dear," Dorothea said to him, but her thoughts were all on Tom McKane. What a dear Tom was, she told herself—so hard and yet so sentimental; so completely up to date, yet with such an old-fashioned streak in him still. "He doesn't want to speak." she thought, "while I'm still living here with Llewellyn. He wants me at my father's home." So that was the reason for Tom's delay!

The uneasiness, which she had felt in these last days, now swept aside, Dorothea's thoughts came back to her husband. What would Llewellyn say to this plan? She would have no trouble there, she thought—he had already made up his mind to this. But later, when she had gone home, and sat waiting for Llewellyn's return, Dorothea began to dread to tell him. Various recollections rose, of that evening when in spite of himself his inner tortures were revealed. "It won't be easy!" she exclaimed. For a time she considered putting it off. But no, it was better to finish this; it would be kinder in the end. So, when he came home at last, in a casual tone she said:

"Oh, Llewellyn dear—Father has been here to-night, and he seems to think I look rather played out. I laughed at him, of course, but he kept on. He wants me to go out with him to Huntington for a little rest."

The next instant, in one flash, she did catch in her husband's face a bit of what she had dreaded so. But after that he made it even easier than she had hoped.

"Well," he answered quietly, "I should think that was a good idea."

"Don't you want to come, too?" she asked, on a sudden impulse. He smiled at her.

"No, I'm planning to get off to the mountains again before very long, and I've all I can do in the meantime here." As he went on to speak of his work, he did it in such a natural tone, and seemed already to have left her so completely out of his plans—that in spite of herself Dorothea exclaimed:

"Llewellyn Dorr, if ever again I meet a man as queer as you——"

"You'll run," he said, with a whimsical smile. And then, with a touch of irony: "But I'm not really queer,

you know. It seems to me that only all the rest of you are, and that I alone am seeing just exactly what is here—how absurdly small it is, compared to all that's coming."

"What do you mean?" she sharply asked, as again she caught a gleam of that strange, new eagerness. It vanished, and in a quiet tone: "I mean discoveries," he said. "I was thinking of all we are going to find, as we go exploring on and on. In this little life of mine, I seem to be coming to something now that will make all I've ever learned seem like the shadow of a dream." There was something in his face so poignant, that with the quick tears starting in her brilliant eyes, Dorothea said to him:

"Llewellyn, if I could only see some way I could help, or be of use——" He cut her off.

"You can't," he said, "for you don't understand. And I honestly want you to go, for a while. It will be better—so much better."

"I don't like leaving you here alone——"

"I shan't be alone. I'll get Takoor to come and stay with me," he said. "It's going to be all right, my dear."

And so Dorothea left him.

CHAPTER XX

She went out to Huntington on the following afternoon, and for days and days she did nothing but rest. It was funny, she thought, how tired she was. She had not expected to be like this. On reaching home, she had told herself that this whole torturing affair would be decided now in a week. Oh, to have it over! Everything seemed so plain and clear. But to her surprise she sank at first into a lethargy so deep that she wanted only to be let alone. She did not even want to think. She was sick of all this questioning, and it felt so good at last to rest—to sleep late in the morning and breakfast in bed, to doze again, to have a maid at her beck and call, to dress perhaps and go with a book out under the trees, to read a few pages and then let her mind become a perfect blank again. She did not care to think of Llewellyn, or even of Tom. She cared only for this familiar sense of luxury and ease—to be back in this home which her mother kept up in such perfection of detail, its whole life from morning to night flowing on so smoothly, with every little sign of friction put so quickly out of sight. Money? Yes, it needed a good deal of money to keep it like this. But even the thought of money, too, or of anything else to be scrambled for, seemed here to be so far away.

There were no visitors, that first week; even her father stayed in town. But to her surprise Dorothea found that she liked to be with her young mother alone. Mrs. Far-

ragut sent her own maid to her daughter's room each night, to help her dress for dinner. It was good to take one's time at dressing, and to do it with the sense that not an absent-minded man, but a clever woman who really knew, would be waiting downstairs and would show her quiet appreciation of one's looks by a smile or a little word of praise. As they dined together, they talked about clothes, of Paris styles for the coming autumn, and of various neighbours and friends. The talk flowed on so easily. This beautiful, gracious mother, still so young in physical charms and so serenely at her ease, did nothing whatever to break the spell, but strengthened it—for more and more Dorothea could feel Mrs. Farragut's calm and smiling assurance, as though she were saying in so many words: "This, of course, is the life you love, my dear; the life you were born to, and the life you are going to lead to your dying day."

As Dorothea's strength returned, this assurance annoyed her a little at times—but never for long; for always in the back of her mind was the thought of Tom, and the kind of life she could have with him—so different, so much bigger than this! As the days wore on, she found herself thinking more and more of Tom—and also of the gossip which she was sure had already begun. People knew of her job on the *Chronicle,* and besides she had been seen in various places alone with Tom. And finally, now she had come home. Gossip? There was bound to be. She could plainly feel how her vigilant friends, and equally vigilant enemies—(for oh, what a young egoist she was still!)—with the power of Tom's name and money stirring their imaginations, were watching now to see the next move. Would Tom come out and show himself here, in his old rôle? The second week passed,

and still he neither came nor sent her any word. And though Dorothea impatiently laughed at her vague uneasiness, she began to be grateful, nevertheless, for her mother's air of serene assurance that all would work out for the best.

"Dorothea, my love," she said casually, one evening, as they were dining alone, "suppose we let your father bring Tom McKane for this week-end?"

With an inner start, but then a slight frown as casual as her mother's tone, "Oh?" said Dorothea. "I suppose we might, perhaps. I always like him. Who else will be here?"

"I haven't asked anyone as yet."

With a touch of her old abruptness, the girl asked her mother then: "You're thinking of having Tom alone?"

Mrs. Farragut smiled. "Why not?" she asked amusedly. And her lovely, clear soft eyes appeared to add: "Yes, I know just what it means. But, my dear child, why delay any longer?"

"All right," said Dorothea, "if his week-end isn't already filled."

* * * * *

But it was not filled; or if it was, he broke any other engagement he had—and came out with her father on Saturday noon. In the meantime, Mrs. Farragut, as soon as she knew he was coming, had asked quite a number of friends to dine—and her nervous young daughter was keenly annoyed. "Tom won't like that!" she told herself. "It isn't fair—it's showing him off before he knows just where he stands!" The old, old game of dangling him! But when Tom arrived, and she mentioned at once that a few people were coming that night, he took it quite as a matter of course. Moreover, he suggested

that she have some horses saddled; and on their ride that afternoon, it was Tom who proposed that they stop for tea at the big country club near by. Scores of people saw them there. In short, he did it thoroughly. She was grateful for this public show. He could so reasonably have asked for some decision from her first. But after tea, on their ride home, Tom put it bluntly.

"Well, how about it, Dodo?" he asked. "I don't want to use any club on you, so I've already thrown it away. I'm here again—Exhibit A—and they'll all know it by to-night."

"It was generous of you, Tom."

He smiled at her. "Was it? I don't know. As I size you up, I've probably doubled my chances," he replied.

"Yes, I think you have," she said.

"Well? Are you ready yet?" he asked. For a moment she did not reply. To her surprise and even dismay, all her thoughts rushed back to Llewellyn, and that whole torturing year of dreams! Clearly she could hear him ask: "Are you so sure it's over now?" She was trembling; tears rose in her eyes—but they were almost angry tears, and in a moment she frowned them down. "What a little idiot I am!" She waited—got control of herself.

"Yes—I'm almost ready, Tom—but not quite yet," she answered.

"What's the trouble still?" he asked.

"Oh, just the old little trouble," she said. Her voice quivered a bit, but again she frowned. "The knowing how you look at this—that it's for life or not at all——"

"Yes," he said, "it is like that—and unless you can be certain that you can be happy with me for life, there's no use, Dodo, it's no good."

"I know, I know——"

They rode on for a few moments in silence.

"No use in going over it all—that life, I mean—its various points——"

"None," she said. "I've got them pat."

"But you still feel you want to wait." With a slight irritation in his tone. She turned to him.

"Just one week more! Is that too long? I promise you I'll know by then! . . . There's Llewellyn, of course——"

Tom looked at her quickly. "I've got a whole lot to say about him—his side of all this!"

"I don't want to hear it!"

Again they rode on.

"All right," he said, "I'll wait a week." And then, after another pause: "But look here, old girl, if that's how we stand, are you sure you need me here to-night? Won't your mother be satisfied with my performance this afternoon?"

"Yes, she will, she'll have to be!" was Dorothea's warm reply. "You've done *too* much! And if you feel——"

"I do—I hate it like the devil!"

She laughed at him then and let him see how very much she liked him.

"All right, you poor dear!" she answered. And Tom went back to town that night.

* * * * *

Though the people who came to dinner that evening, and others who casually dropped in, were all a bit disappointed to find Dorothea's visitor gone, with keen satisfaction she soon felt that they took his departure as a sign that the question had been asked, and that Tom

had been told again to wait. And despite a little compunction, Dorothea could not resist hinting to her anxious friends that they had guessed correctly. She did it through Kate Waddington, who motored over on Monday, having somehow heard the great news of Tom's appearance at the club. For when Kate, in a fever to learn the whole truth, wanted to take her back to Southampton, Dorothea answered:

"Thanks, Kate; you're a darling. But I'm rotten company just now. There's something that I've got to decide —and I'll have to think it out alone."

With a jubilant light in her loyal eyes, Dorothea's old follower kissed her then, and it needed no words to convey the fact that Kate would make the most of this. "So *that* has been attended to!" Dorothea told herself, after Kate had gone away. A feeling of repugnance came. "Oh, damn all that—and damn my scheming petty little self!" she thought. "Let's forget it now and face this thing! I've got to be more honest than ever in my life before!"

And grimly, in the next few days, for a last time she went over it all. Llewellyn? Any chance with him, for any happiness for them both? None whatever! Only once she found herself one afternoon letting her thoughts and fancies go rapidly over their whole adventure—so strange and wonderful in ways, in others so full of pain for her, and of disillusionment. Again and again a feeling of having missed something tremendous in life came stealing over Dorothea. "But I tell you it's all impossible!" she cried. "It was so from the very start! And I don't propose to be ninny enough to torture either myself or him with anything of the kind again! He has made up his mind to losing me now, and a mighty good

thing it is for him, too!" Toward evening, coming back from the beach that had made her think of a certain dawn, she told herself, "Well, *that's* disposed of!"

Now for Tom. To be happy for life? She took up one by one all the parts of that life, its work and its play, its luxury and its vigourous driving force. Yes, there could be no doubt at all. Here was no mere social world, but something so much bigger—the very apex, as it were, of all that she had ever craved. She turned from such pictures to Tom himself. Had she ever once disliked him? Hadn't they always been wonderful friends, boon companions, two of a kind? And the warm, impatient eagerness which came to her at the thought of him now, if it was not love exactly, was certainly something pretty strong! "Do I want to live with him? Yes, I do!"

Suddenly, very late one night, Dorothea chucked it all as so much needless fuss and feathers! Impatiently getting out of bed, she took a good, long drink of water, smoked a cigarette at the window, then came back with a sigh of relief and was soon in a dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

As she lunched with her mother on Saturday, just before Tom was due to arrive, in Mrs. Farragut's eyes she caught again that serene assurance, and once more it annoyed her a bit. "Why be so cocksure of me?" asked the girl. But then with an inner laugh at herself, she added: "Well, why shouldn't she be? That was rather young in you, my dear! And you *are* young—though you think of yourself as so hopelessly mature. As a matter of fact, you are just twenty-seven, with oceans of time to make a fresh start." Suddenly it came over her

that this sense of being young, which she had lacked a year ago, had been restored to her again through her marriage with Llewellyn Dorr. It had given her the shake-up she needed. Yes, but at what a cost to her husband. "Remember," she admonished herself, "you're still to think of Llewellyn in this. You've simply got to make the change as easy for him as you can."

And so, when Tom came and she had him alone, Dorothea began abruptly:

"Well, I've thought it all over now, about as honestly as I can—and I do want to marry you, Tom. But before you and I get one step closer, I must know just how and where Llewellyn gets off."

"Of course," said Tom. "I've thought of that." The exultant happiness in his face was plain to see, but he held it in check. "You want to be fair to him. So do I. But for that very reason, it seems to me, the sooner this is settled, the better." She started to speak, but he stopped her. "Let me do the talking. Do you mind? I want to try to tell you now just what I think of Llewellyn Dorr—and to own up to the game I've played, with both of you, right from the start."

"No, Tom, I know—I can guess all that! And I don't want to hear it! It hurts!" she said.

"You'll have to hear it!" he replied. "There's been guessing enough between you and me—I want everything in the open now. Let's be honest with ourselves. If it's hard on you, it is on me—and I'll cut it just as short as I can. But I want you to realize just what I am. When you took Llewellyn, it hit me hard—but when I came to, I told myself: 'There's still a chance she'll get sick of him. My little game is to stick right by as the generous friend, and help her—help her boom the man, get him

into the limelight as soon as I can, and take off the bloom.' I thought he'd get cheap, that he'd take to the headlines —I'd seen so many do it before. Well, I guessed wrong —he didn't. Instead of getting fat on it all, he got thin, it worried him day and night. He couldn't fake—he hadn't it in him—and as our little avalanche of publicity came rolling down, I saw it was just plain hell for the lad. I began to respect him then, and that respect has grown and grown—till now I think Llewellyn Dorr is real and big, with a queer deep genius in him I don't pretend to understand. He has even made me feel that there is a lot of truth in this whole psychic jubilee. Some day it may be the biggest news on the face of this Christ-forsaken earth. But the day hasn't come—it's still way off. To get to it, fellows of his kind will have to slave their lives away—doing endless dry, monotonous things —like the lads who worked their hearts out before they ever learned to fly. And while they're doing it, if they're real, they won't want to be bothered with headlines— they've got to lead lives so dull and small, that to think of you as such a man's wife is simply a joke, and a poor one at that!

"You couldn't be happy," he went on. "You couldn't, no matter how hard you tried. Sooner or later you'd blow up—it simply isn't in your line, any more than it is in mine. You want the big stuff, Dodo, and you want it all the time—one big story after the other—ocean rollers, so to speak. In they roll and break with a roar that can be heard from here to China. You like that and so do I. Thank God, this has opened your eyes to it—to what you really want and are—and if there's anything in you left of that queer fascination you used to feel for what Llewellyn Dorr is doing, the sooner you

hit it between the eyes the better for both of you it will be. It's kinder to him. Remember he *wants* that life of his—wants it so, that I don't believe he'll be hurt by this half as much as you think. He's getting back into it even now—and all you've got to do is to keep away —make it easier for him to forget. You're too close to him, even out here—it's better and safer to get 'way off."

"Where?" she asked. With a grim, half-pitying smile, he said:

"You've tried the queer life, Dodo, and come to your senses—you're back among friends. Let's try the ways that all of us know. Go out to Reno for a while."

Dorothea laughed at that, with a hard little tension which made him add: "Oh, it isn't so raw as it sounds, my dear. So many good friends of yours and mine have been there before you, that when you arrive you'll be surprised to find what they have done, to smooth the ugliness away. And I'll come out later, if you don't mind, to that ranch where we were together before. It isn't far from Reno—only a few hours' ride."

In one swift leap of memory, Dorothea saw herself riding with Llewellyn, up in the mountains, a year ago. She set her lips.

"All right, Tom, I see all that. But how am I going to break the news? Do you know how to smooth that over, too?"

"I do—if you're willing to keep out. Let your father handle this. Llewellyn and he have always been friends, and he knows the legal side so well. Leave that to him, and leave it to me to keep the whole business out of the papers. The whole affair can be managed all right, if only you'll keep out of it. I hope you won't even see him again."

"What?" At the sharpness in her tone, Tom turned on her quickly.

"Yes," he said, "I know you want to! You're curious still—and drawn to him still! You're not quite through!"

"I am!" she said indignantly. "But to break with him like that—without even a word——"

"Don't risk it!" said Tom. "Don't see him—write! It's easier, safer—kinder to him! Let's make this easy and safe as we can!" There was a little silence.

"Yes, I can see just how it will be," said Dorothea softly. In that moment she realized how all the forces of her world would rise up now to smooth her path and shut Llewellyn out of her life. Instinctively she cried out against it. "I don't want to let my father tell Llewellyn what I should tell him myself! I don't like being sheltered like this!" she exclaimed.

"I don't mean to shelter you!" he replied. "I'm urging this for the good of you both—it will be easier all around. But when you talk of sheltering, don't forget that he was the one who wished you to be that kind of a wife! He had no place for you in his job, he wanted you to sit back at home! But I don't—and I don't want to shelter you! Let's leave him out of the picture now—I've tried to be fair to him, God knows! Let's think about you and me for a while! I want you—every bit of you! Beauty, brains, your flair for news—I want everything you've got! We're going to build the *Chronicle* till it's read in every country on earth! And I know, in the deepest part of me, just where you come in on that! You come in with your brains, down at the office, and with your beauty, running our house, entertaining people who'll arrive from every corner of the globe—come to New York with an ax to grind and wanting the

Chronicle to help! But most of all," he ended, "you come in, if you only can—with me alone—with a love like mine! I want you, old girl—I've wanted you so, that no other woman has had a look-in—it's been you and only you! I've been hungry—sore at times—but always hungry—starved to death!"

He was close to her now. With a low cry, she turned to him and he held her tight. Then after a time they began to talk, in low, excited voices, of their life as it would be; and as the picture rose again like some gigantic poster, Dorothea grew so sure of it, that she laughed at herself, with tears in her eyes, for ever having been such a fool as to leave all this, risk losing it.

And when, at the end of the afternoon, Tom left her and went back to town, having won at last her consent to his plan for dealing with Llewellyn—though her thoughts returned again to her husband, this time her compunction did not last. Tom was right—it would be easier and kinder to make the break at once. "I must write him," she thought. She began to feel the immanence of her new life now. She felt it with her parents that night, and with two or three of her best friends who came to see her the next day. Though she told them nothing, she saw that they guessed; and in the glad relief in their faces, Dorothea felt intimations of the new position in life opening for her just ahead. Oh, if the bridge were only crossed! Back to that letter she forced herself; shut up in her room, she tried to write. But as she strove to frame it all in as kind and easy a way as she could, Dorothea remembered Tom's words: "I don't believe he'll be hurt by this half as much as you think." And she paused again. She did not want to write as if she felt it would be a crushing blow. But mightn't

it be? How *did* he feel? The old exasperation came back upon her in a wave. What a queer baffling man, to the end! "How will he take it? Why don't I know? What is it in him I don't understand—and never have, from the very start?"

The next morning, while she was still in her room, a maid brought up a telegram. It was from Llewellyn, and it said: "Can you dine with me to-night at the Ritz? I have found the way out I was looking for." As she read it through, and then again, her frown broke into a little smile. Of all incongruous places—the Ritz! . . . But what way had he found? What did he mean? Her curiosity rose again, this time to a higher pitch—so strong indeed, that even the uneasiness, which came at the thought of meeting him now, was not enough to hold her back. She forgot her agreement with Tom, and replied that she would be there about eight o'clock.

CHAPTER XXI

All the rest of the day, and on the train which took her to the city that night, Dorothea's curiosity grew more and more painfully acute. What did he have to tell her now, and what had induced him to choose the Ritz? Was it because, for the talk he had planned, he wished to avoid any intimate place, one so filled with memories as their small apartment? Yes, that must be it, she thought. Then she turned to the point of his message—"I've found the way out." And puzzling over it again, suddenly it flashed on her mind that a trip to India might be his plan. Suppose that he appealed to her to go with him, she thought, in dismay. If Llewellyn had set his hopes on that, how hard it would be to bring him down! Now indeed Dorothea dreaded this talk! "And suppose I find him tired and ill, keyed up to the very breaking point!"

When she came into the hotel and saw Llewellyn waiting there, her first glance at him gave her a start. He was watching the other entrance door, standing with shoulders slightly bent; and he looked to her both frail and lithe, a boyish figure, his strong, thin face pale but luminous, and in his eyes that great new eagerness again —now even more intense than before. "What does he expect of me?" she asked herself, with her heart in her mouth. The next instant he caught sight of her, and a brilliant smile flashed over his face. He came to her quickly.

"Hello, there—thanks for coming!" Llewellyn said; and he took her hand. "Didn't give you much warning, did I? But I couldn't, you see—I hadn't time!"

"What is it, Llewellyn?"

He drew her along. "Let's have our dinner first," he proposed. She followed him into the restaurant; and when they were seated at a small side table there, to relieve her own suspense, Dorothea began talking rapidly, asking about the apartment, the cook, and how he had been getting on. Ananda Takoor had been with him, he said, and various other friends had come in, and they had had some wonderful talks. Work? Yes, he had been working hard, winding up to be ready to go away. "To India!" she exclaimed to herself. She had never seen him so alive, so tingling with vitality. The sense of his old fascination came stealing back upon her. Gone was any compunction. Her curiosity increased, and with it the acute suspense. What was his plan? What was his plan? . . . As though he felt her asking that, abruptly he stopped talking, and in the hubbub of the big room, both sat silent for a while. She could feel him gather himself. Then in a moment, she heard him say, in a clear, low tone:

"You have some news for me, haven't you, and you don't like to break it? Let me try to do it instead." As Dorothea looked quickly up, Llewellyn strongly held her eyes. "You have found you can't go on—with me, I mean—and it has been hard. You've tried so hard, for weeks and weeks, to do your very best for me—but all your trying did no good. There was too much pulling from behind. Sometimes you broke away from that—I could feel you coming back to me. But the pull on you began again, the pull of all those crowded years. You

felt them in your father's house even stronger than before. And then, as I grew unreal to you, and this whole year of ours like a dream out of which you had just awakened—then you had a talk with McKane. He came out to see you there."

"Who told you that?" she asked, with a start.

"Did I need to be told?" With the touch of sadness in his tone, came the old amused ironical smile. "You see? A miracle," he said. "Just one more, the very last. But let me talk—please don't break in—there's so much that I want to say. He came to you and asked you if you would take him in my place. You weren't quite ready, you held back. I could almost feel you doing it." She looked up at him quickly again, with a start. "You told him you must think it all out—and you tried to, when McKane had gone. But there'd been enough of that, you found; and look as you would in every direction, you could see no other way. You found that all your love for me had changed to pity, nothing more, and you knew I had no use for that. So, when he came to you again, you told him you would marry him. But how to make the break with me? I think he must have told you then that I would soon forget you—was bound to, in this work of mine—and that I could go on, perhaps better, alone.

"Well, he was right. I can go on—and I have a way to do it now. But before I tell you of that, I want to get into your mind something I'm sure you'll want to know. You wouldn't *like* me to forget—not too easily, I mean. And I haven't, you see. All these weeks in this life of mine, you've been here, deep down inside, so close and very real to me that I could see you, hear you speak. And I've liked that—I've liked to think and think of this

whole year of ours and all that it has meant to me. Oh, I've grown so sure of that—so sure, that even when I felt it all go up in thin air—as I saw how inevitable it was, the things in each of us that made it fail—still I felt it hadn't gone—for me, I mean—could never go. And because I was selfish, I was glad—in spite of the worry and pain to you. For our year has been so wonderful. You've taught me so much about loving, my dear, that I'll never explore into that again, for I have all I need to know. If a patient ever comes to me in the joy of the first weeks of love, I'll know just how that radiance feels —and if one ever comes to me, tortured, half mad in the agony which comes with loss, than I'll know how that feels, too. Wait! Oh, please!" he added quickly, as he saw tears start in her eyes. "This isn't a plea for your pity, my dear. What I'm telling you is that when such a one comes, I shall know how to help him; I shall know the one big thing—that a man can pull through, and leave such tortures all behind—as I have. For it's gone, you see. And when I tell you now you're free, I can say it honestly. I mean, *all* free—not only in action but from any regret as well, and from any occasional pity—for me. Because there is no longer any reason—that's behind! So far behind that it seems to me to be in a world that I am leaving—to go on to another!"

Once more she gave a start; and catching that, Llewellyn talked on even more rapidly than before. "I'm going to the East!" he said. "I've had enough of this world of ours. Those years I had in France—the war—the death of millions—then New York—these people nearly mad with living! I'm sick of it all, the noise that's here —I've had enough! And even you," he added, with a sudden poignant smile, "I've even had enough of you!

I'm glad that I had you—you've been to me like some young goddess of it all! But through you it was brought so close, it almost took my life away. You see how I am—near the end of my rope. And I need both rest and a change, my dear—a change so deep, to a life so new, that I can hardly wait to be off! It's what I've always wanted, you know—to go again—and I'm going now!"

"Alone?" She was watching, tense and still.

"No, Takoor is going, too. He's taking me back to that village of his, to his Holy Man beneath the tree. And there, when I am rested, we shall wander off, all three—exploring and exploring." As smiling he stared into her eyes, she could feel him look through her, far away; and after the first rush of relief, which had come with the knowledge that she was free, back to Dorothea came an intense and curious interest, and even exasperation, too, because of his glad impatience.

"When are you going?" she sharply asked. With a quick laugh he answered:

"There speaks the Western world, my dear!" He pulled out his watch. "To be exact—to-night at ten o'clock!" he said. Dorothea leaned forward suddenly.

"You're starting for India—to-night?"

"In less than an hour," he replied. "Even now, Takoor is waiting outside."

"But——" As she looked back in amazement, just for a moment Dorothea did not know whether to laugh or cry. "You queer, ridiculous boy," she asked, "why decide it all ahead, without even giving me a chance? Why be so sure I'd *want* you on the other side of the earth?"

"Don't you? Don't you want to be free? And

wouldn't you rather have me there than in New York?" he challenged her. "Won't it be better for us both?"

"Yes, perhaps it will," she said. "But why be in such a hurry to go?"

"You don't understand. I haven't much time." She saw that his face had gone suddenly white.

"What on earth do you mean?" she asked, in alarm. Llewellyn smiled at her and said:

"Some day perhaps my mother will tell you."

"Your mother! I'd forgotten her! What does your mother say to this?"

His features tightened. "She agrees. She'll miss me —she'll be lonely now—but this is a question of facts, my dear, and Mother always bows to facts—she knows that I must have a change."

"You've left her already? Where is she now?"

"Up in the mountains. We're stopping there to-morrow, just to say good-bye."

Dorothea stared at him, bewildered, almost frightened —she did not know the reason why.

"You're actually leaving to-night?" she exclaimed. "And this is your good-bye to me?"

"Yes," he said.

"Llewellyn!" She found it hard to think. The whole talk had been so swift and incoherent. What did it mean? Was he really going to the East? She spoke at random, fighting for time. "But all your things—your books and clothes!"

"I've given them away," he said. "Where I'm going I'll need nothing, except what I can take inside—in what some people call the soul. In mine I shall be taking so much, so many, many memories—but best of all, this year with you—those days and nights—those radiant fool-

ish plans of ours!" Trembling, he sharply rose. "We must be going now," he said. Catching sight of the waiter, he gave a little laugh and added: "Wait—I must pay!" He took out some money. "You do have to pay for things, you know!"

As she followed him out of the restaurant, it seemed to her still she was dreaming all this. But when they came to the lobby, she saw the young Hindu waiting there. Seated motionless on a lounge, he appeared absorbed and far away. When he saw them coming, he rose with a smile and took her hand; but even as he spoke to her, she felt him intently watching them both. The next moment he turned to Llewellyn and asked:

"Well? Shall we go?"

"Yes, it is time." Llewellyn turned back to Dorothea. "Will you come to the train?" he asked.

"Of course!" She found it hard to speak. "Where are your bags?" she asked Takoor.

"Our bags? Yes. Wait. Ah, now I remember." He turned to Llewellyn. "Yours, I suppose, is there at the station. Mine is not. I found I had lost it in the crowd. But it is no matter. We shall go," he said, with a quiet wave of his hand.

As they walked to the big station close by, in the crowded, noisy street they did not speak, and Dorothea was glad of that. She found herself frightened, quivering now. "There's something I don't understand!" She shot a look at her husband's face. It was pale and set, and it seemed to her as though once more he was gathering all the strength he could summon from the very innermost depths. At the train, when Takoor had left them alone upon the platform, Llewellyn turned and took her hand, and held it tight.

"Where I'm going now, I don't want to take you. You wouldn't want to come," he said. "You and I are not the same, you see. You're going to be happy here." In his pale, glowing, smiling face, his poignant, fascinating eyes, she caught a last flash of love and pain. He suddenly kissed her. "Good-bye, my dear!"

The next moment, he was gone; and as she stood cold and trembling there, the heavy train began to move. She watched it. "Where is he going?" she asked. From the incoherence of that night, she tried again to gather the real meaning of it all. With a wincing smile, she told herself: "It wasn't I that was leaving him, it was Llewellyn leaving me!" He had made her feel once more his force. Yes, here indeed was something queer—but real, tremendous and all new—and she had missed it, lost her chance! And Dorothea all her life had hated to miss anything! On the empty platform, she was walking slowly now. "And so I'm free again, it seems. . . . Am I glad of that? . . . Yes, I'm glad. Be honest." As she looked into herself, slowly, slowly, by degrees, her old desires took control, and in deepening relief she felt how all she had heard and seen that night was already receding far away. She came into the great main hall of the station, so filled with the bustle and rhythm of life. She glanced at the clock. It was nearly eleven. What to do? Go to the apartment? No, she decided, to some hotel. But as she came out of the building, she saw a heavy motor truck coming thundering uptown. With a deafening screech it passed close by, and swung around the corner with a sudden whine of brakes—a *Chronicle* truck with an out-of-town edition, on its way to the train.

A few minutes later, in a telephone booth near by, she was speaking to Tom, who was still at the office. She

would come right down, she said. She called a taxi and started downtown. And later, at the entrance to the editorial rooms, she stopped for a moment, watching, feeling the rush and power there. Unconsciously she was smiling now, in a self-absorbed, half-poignant way.

"Yes, this is the life for you, my dear!"

CHAPTER XXII

MEANWHILE, in a crowded Pullman car in which most of the passengers were asleep, Llewellyn lay in an open berth, whose curtains had not yet been drawn. He was still dressed, and he looked as though just coming out of some collapse. He opened his eyes and saw Takoor, who, sitting on the edge of the berth, had been watching with an anxious intentness. Llewellyn smiled.

"Not yet, old boy. Thank the gods for strychnine."

The young Hindu took his hand, and said to him in a low, clear voice, scarcely audible in the noise of the train:

"It can be hard to leave a woman." He waited. There was no reply. "You told her that you were going with me—to India?" he ventured.

"Yes," was the answer, "I told her that. In this Western world, you know, a doctor has the right to lie."

"I wish you *were* going with me."

Llewellyn lightly pressed his hand. "What a wonderful journey it will be. . . . But mine may be more wonderful."

"Yes, it will be!" As he spoke, into the young Easterner's dark eyes came a gleaming passion of desire. And in a low, vibrant tone: "I, too, shall take it some day!" he said. "But I wish we could take it together, my friend!"

Over the luminous face of young Dorr, crept again the faint, ironic smile.

"While now," he softly answered, "you will only see me off—from the mountain—when I take the leap—out into the darkness."

"There will be no darkness!"

Once more the phantom of a smile. "Who knows?" Llewellyn challenged him.

"You will know," was the prompt reply. "It is only your mother, in you still, that holds you back from knowing now. I am sorry that she will be there."

A little spasm of regret shot across Llewellyn's face, but in an instant it was gone. "Poor Mother," he said quietly. "Yes, it will be hard for her. She's so sure there is nothing but the dark—and my going will prove to her that she is right—that the life of the body is all there is, and that it is bound by natural laws—which if you break, no power of mind can ever possibly keep you alive—in this or any other world."

"And yet she is wrong!"

"I hope she is wrong——"

"But you should know!" Takoor replied.

Again the faint, ironic gleam. "Oh, this terrible Science of ours," Llewellyn softly answered. Takoor's grip tightened on his hand.

"Its domination will soon end!"

"No—it will only open its eyes—a little wider," said young Dorr. "But I am so sure of that, that often I've wished I could stay with you here—on this little planet whirling through space—with all of you glorious youngsters, half mad—both in the East and in the West—in the exploring you will do." Once more he smiled. "You will need me here to keep you in line—to keep you doubting, testing—waiting always until you are sure which is the truth and which the lie. There are so many lies, you

know—and some so grand—they open up such dazzling vistas—boundless! It is hard to hold back. But when such an opening appears, remember me, your cautious friend, the hard, doubting Yankee who had to be shown. And say to yourself, 'No miracles.'"

"There is a miracle—coming soon!"

"To me, you mean? Again? Who knows?"

Takoor bent over. "Please do not smile! This is the end!" he whispered. "And you have been so much to me! Be open now—at last confess! You have already told me you were sure of this infinite journey that lies ahead——"

"Did I say I was *sure* of that? Oh, no, my inaccurate mystic friend, I said: 'It *may* be!' Still the doubt! . . . But in the very uncertainty—there the fascination lies!"

"Yet you are glad! You are glad to go!"

"Yes—impatient to find out! The old, exploring instinct still!" Llewellyn said, with one more flash of that great eagerness in his eyes. But the next moment he seemed to relax. Though their talk had been almost in whispers, the tension of feeling had tired him now. His face had gone white. With a last whimsical glance, he said:

"But we must stop our talking now, or we may keep somebody awake—some worthy drummer who needs his sleep—to be ready to-morrow to drum up trade—just as they did once for me. And if you would have me alive in the morning, you must leave me now to sleep, myself." Takoor looked at him, with an anxious intentness.

"Only sleep? Are you sure?" he asked. With a long, fearless, smiling gaze, Llewellyn retorted:

"How can I know?"

With the curtains drawn, as he lay in the darkness—

sleeping or waking, he could not tell—faintly at first, from a distance, but then louder, fresh and cool, came the sound of a brook on a mountainside. He smiled and relaxed, and by slow degrees passed into unconsciousness.

Some hours went by. Then, just before dawn, Llewellyn was awakened by voices outside. The train had stopped, and close by his window he could hear a trainman talking to some mountaineer. Presently, as they moved on, their nasal voices died away. He waited. The train did not start. With an impatient movement, he raised the curtain and looked out. Before him lay a cup in the hills, misty and strange, at the end of the night. Behind and above loomed a shadowy mountain; and as his eyes swept up its slope, they were arrested suddenly by one little gleam of light. Llewellyn gave an inner start.

He began to feel, as the train moved on, that it was hard for him to breathe—so hard that very soon he thought he was climbing a steep, crooked path, which rose twisting in and out among the trunks of the motionless pines. He could smell them—but the air had become so thin and cold he fairly gasped. It was growing darker rapidly. On he climbed, impatient now to reach the hut—in time to see the sunset—and then to rest—and to be warm! . . . And he did reach it, just in time. Panting still and trembling with weakness from that desperate climb, he got there just in time to see, through the opening in the trees, the warm glorious flood of light which was moving like something alive swiftly over the tops of the hills. And yet it was strange—for he could not tell whether this were real or a dream; nor could he be sure, as exhausted he lay in his bunk in the old log hut, whether or not this light were real—this fresh astounding radiance which now came stealing into him.

Into his body or into his spirit? Mysterious! He could not know! . . . But now he did not care to know. He was so absorbed in feeling it grow. He had felt it so many, many times, up here in the past when he was a boy —but never as he felt it now. Warm and clear, it seemed to fill himself and the whole world with light! "Where is the dark?" he asked himself. The radiance swept on and on, from the earth to the heavens, as though it must in very truth be infinite. "Where is the dark?" he asked again, and his voice was gay and loud and clear! Then some tremendous wave of light seemed to lift him suddenly upward!

An instant later, in the next berth, Takoor sat up, with a flash of alarm. He sat stiff and motionless, listening there—then very slowly he relaxed. He bowed his head and his lips moved.

"Prēhi—prēhi," he whispered. "Pathivi—sukrita antarikshē." Which means, when translated into our tongue, "Go—go on dustless paths of mystery—between rivers of eternal light."

But in all those other berths—where so many tense and restless people lay immersed in little dreams, or wakeful schemes and speculations—no one of them was aware of any larger journey than this, that they themselves were making, as with a dull, relentless roar, the train rushed onward through the night.

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